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JACOB VOORSANGER MEMORIAL



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✓

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

TO THE
ASSOCIATES



YAHVISM

AND OTHER DISCOURSES

BY
THE LATE RABBI ADOLPH MOSES

11

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
H. G. ENELOW, D. D.
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**Lovingly we give to the
world that which ourselves
hath blessed.**

**Louisville Section
Council of Jewish Women**

439466

PREFACE.

The issue of this volume is due to the desire of the Louisville Section of the Council of Jewish Women to show its reverence and affection for the memory of the sainted author. The editor appreciates the honor of having been entrusted with his task. He has had delight in rendering this humble service of love to the undying soul of his late colleague and friend. His only regret is that he has been unable to fulfill his duty less imperfectly. But it has not been easy to choose out of a mass of material the portion most valuable and fit for a book such as this. Moreover, few of the discourses were left by their writer in a state appropriate to publication in permanent form, and the editor, while seeking to present the text in most readable shape, has not dared to take liberties with the matter at hand. It is his fervid hope, however, that his work may further the aims and ideals of his lamented friend, to whom, surely, naught might have been more pleasing, as a sign of love and gratitude, than the publishing of such a volume.

Also, the editor wishes to give thanks to the members of the Publication Committee of the Louisville Section of the Council of Jewish Women for aid in various matters; to the several friends who kindly lent him some letters unveiling the depth of feeling and friendship that was in the author; to Rabbi Isaac S. Moses, for data bearing on his lamented brother's early life; and, above all, to Mrs. Moses and her family for valuable help, especially to Mr. Melville Moses, who for some years had been collecting most piously the writings of his father, and thus unconsciously cleared the way for the present work.

H. G. E.

LOUISVILLE, December 18, 1902.

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INTRODUCTION.

'The highest reward which mankind can bestow upon the self-sacrificing promoters of human progress, the pathfinders of humanity and the revealers of wisdom, is to keep their personalities and the story of their achievements enshrined in the grateful memory of all generations.'—
Page 207.

FAR from the scenes where the best part of his life was spent and where he fell asleep amid devoted friends and followers, Adolph Eliezer Asher Moses was born. It is in a strange environment that he got his early training, that his first impressions were formed, and the seed of culture and piety was thrown into his receptive soul. But to those remote and quaint spots we must turn in order to appreciate fully the learning, the idealism, the innate piety, in brief, the complex character which rendered

**The
Author's
Complex
Character.**

Adolph Moses so unique a figure among the rabbis of America. For his character was complex, as all who have known him would attest: his soul presented an uncommon commingling of power and frailty, of tenderness, ambition, simplicity, sternness, passion, hate and love, each trait in turn appearing in his work, cropping out very often in his speech and action. Abstract thought, critical inquiry, radical ideas, and arctic analysis of the objects of knowledge alternated in him with a tropical emotionalism and unseverable attachment to the traditions of the past. Moreover, though in later life he was wont to enshrine the memories of his youth behind the curtain of silence, he was one of those men in whom the past is never dead, who again and again live over the events and

the thoughts and the feelings of the long ago, and who, like the giant Antæus in the myth, must ever touch afresh their native soil in order to regain valor and might. Indeed, it was but a year or two ere he passed away that he avowed, in a letter to one of his sons, that in the essentials of faith and longing he felt himself the same still as when a mere boy in the old-fashioned orthodox Polish town: a confession that may be taken as a key to his whole nature and work.

The plain fact is that the townlet which once meant the world to Adolph Moses—with its varied scenes and multiety of talents and tempers, with its many-hued examples of human character, with all its patterns of pettiness and greatness and shrewdness and cruelty and love and idealism and holiness—left an indelible mark on his spirit. Are not small towns, as a rule, most comprehensive microcosms, and profitable centers for the true study of human nature? At least, the impressions they make upon the observer's mind are much more definite, owing to the ingenuous way they have of revealing the faults and the virtues of their denizens, than the ambiguous knowledge of one another men acquire under the politic reticence of the worldly-wise metropolis. I doubt whether among all the ideas gathered by Adolph Moses in the course of his travels and studies, whether among all the opinions he formed in his later life, in the period of his noblest achievements, there were any as potent and abiding as those implanted in his soul by the townlet in which he played and prayed as a little child.

Kletchevo may be too small for geographic honors, and one seeks its name in vain on a map of old dismembered Poland. We are told, however, that it lies close upon the Prussian frontier, and that there, on the third day of May in the year 1840, Adolph Moses was born. He was the

oldest son of Rabbi Israel Baruch Moses, who, though a young talmudist of distinction and rare piety, as I shall

presently have occasion to point out, was
Parentage. loath to occupy a rabbinic position, in accord

with an old Jewish antipathy to the exploitation of Sacred Knowledge for a livelihood. More honorable it was deemed in those days and among those folk—so near, and yet so far—for a young scholar having wedded a rich man's daughter to accept the hospitality of his father-in-law and to pursue his holy studies while dwelling under the roof, and eating at the table, of the latter. That Israel Baruch's father-in-law, Rabbi Joseph Graditz, should have been able to indulge in such a pious luxury as a scholarly spouse for his daughter, is a surprise; for, from the writings of his grandson we gather that Reb Jossel, as R. Joseph was named in the dialect of provincial familiarity, served as precentor at the synagogue, an office not designed ordinarily to enrich its devout occupants. However, as those were not the days of American fortunes, Reb Jossel was rich in his way. Besides, unlike the majority of his cantorial confrères, he was a dauntless man of independent disposition, who would truckle to none, not even the proverbial rich man of his community, and who was peculiarly disenmeshed of local superstitions—a quality of no mean merit for those times. And under his thatch it was that R. Israel Baruch Moses lived while, despite his marriage with Eve Graditz, he continued faithful to his old supernal Bride, the Torah; and there his children were born and grew.

Is that humble Polish cottage still extant in which one of our most famous rabbis passed the morning of his life? We doubt it. But, albeit ruined, the noted son that issued from it has drawn its picture and built it anew in his memoirs. It is quite natural that Adolph Moses, though master of a forceful and limpid English style, should have reverted to German, the language of his youth, in writing his reminiscences. From them, however, we

derive our familiar knowledge of his early years, at least of the surroundings in which his character began to build and the basis of his education was laid. Now, the chief event in the life of the Jewish child in Poland—and what events

seem more momentous than those busying
 in the Morn- and irradiating our childhood?—is the inau-
 ing Glow. gural day at the *Heder*, the elementary relig-

ious school. To parent and child that is a wellnigh sacred occasion, the first landmark in a life dedicated to solemnity and godliness, an incident opening vistas of piety and learning and good deeds. A devout father will wrap his child in his own *Tallith*, or praying-shawl, and carry him to *Heder* on the first day, thus investing the occasion with holy significance. Adolph Moses was but four years of age when that event took place. The *Heder* was located in the very house of his birth, which was the communal edifice. The latter was bipartite. The eastern portion, inhabited for some thirty years previous to the birth of Adolph Moses by his grandfather, contained a large living-room, with a huge hearth and two low windows, and one or two smaller chambers, not to mention the closet adjoining the main hall in which Reb Jossel's good wife—kindest soul, most selfless and helpful of women, according to her grandson—was wont to store her Passover preserves and hide her savings. The western half, however, was allotted to Reb Haskel, the much-branched beadle of the congregation, who also acted as "Dardekemelamed", or instructor of children in the rudiments of Hebrew and religion. The bulk of his residence consisted in a low-windowed apartment, which served also as schoolroom for some two-score children. The latter were arrayed along the wall, seated on stools or on the floor. Little Adolph's favorite spot was under the table, where oft he sat with his mates and mused on future glories, counting on his fingers the years that must pass ere he became a full-fledged Jew, *Bar-Mitswa*,

and might enjoy the grown-man's right to wind the *Tefilin* round arm and brow. The hall connecting the two dwellings harbored the public scales, on which R. Jossel used to weigh the wool the Polish nobles were selling to the Jews. Behind the house, in fine, there stretched a vast orchard, cultivated jointly by the two families and separated by a ditch from the huge meadow of the local count.

The squabbles and loquacious encounters that took place on occasion between the wives of the two communal dignitaries, the precentor and the beadle-schoolmaster, and ruffled the halcyon atmosphere of the vicinity, we shall not pause to divulge. We must hasten on to the gloomy event that turned the whole town to mourning, that called truce for a while to all petty brawls and scuffles, and left the memory of every witness aghast for many a day. It was when in the year 1849 the cholera invaded the town, and as a ferocious beast hurled itself upon the panic-stricken inhabitants. Terror, superstition, and stupid medication, all served to increase calamity and confusion

among the hapless victims. From every window issued groans and wailing; there was scarce a house where there was not one dead. At that hour of common distress the whole town was tied together by nature's sable bands, and a wave of sympathy swelled through all breasts. Then many a heart was truly uncovered, and many a soul dropped the veil of convention, and many an unforeseen deed of heroism and love surely was done. But when naught seemed to avail and, spite prayer and charity, children and adults continued to be sucked into the insatiable maw of the epidemic, a desperate man, versed in the time-honored creed of the common people, counseled recourse to a charity marriage. Popular belief had it, namely, that the marriage of some impecunious couple arranged by the dwellers of an afflicted town, would serve

to halt the dread arm of Death. Such religious nuptials, celebrated most auspiciously at the cemetery nigh some fresh-hewn grave, it was said, often had stemmed the tide of calamity. The suggestion was received with approval by the townsmen gathered in the market-place, and what with gifts of money from men of wealth and culinary offerings from pious women and all kinds of counsel from varied sources, a wedding forthwith was resolved upon between Refuel, the tailor's apprentice, and Sprinze, the capital, albeit oldish and ungainly, cook. The date for the efficacious event having been set, the entire community united in splendid preparation toward it, and all personal woes and desires were drowned for the while in the grand co-operative endeavor to conquer Death by a large deed of communal charity.

The wedding feast, which was held in fine style, both presents a picture of Jewish life unknown to the western world and introduces us to the society in which Adolph Moses spent his early years and caught his primary, never-fading inspirations. In fact, he was himself, a boy of nine, present at the repast, and when many years later he wrote down the story of the event, the memory of the guests was still green in his mind, and the wedding

dainties, we might add, still luscious in his

The Wedding-Guests. mouth. Prominent among the guests was Reb Siel the Nagid, or Nabob, proud of his

place and title as the richest Jew in the province. According to the scholarly standard of the time—which was the chief system of character measurement—he was described as one who knew a little of the Bible, less of the commentaries, and nothing at all of the Talmud. However, he was possessed of rare shrewdness and mother-wit, as well as some innate lordliness. A money-lender, he numbered many indolent and reckless noblemen among his debtors, who frequently settled their accounts by transferring to him portions of their wooded

estates. "His house," writes Adolph Moses, "according to my conception in those days, was a fairy-palace. It seemed to me regal in its fitments: there were cloths on the tables even on week days; there was a couch in 'the good room', and curtains hung on the windows. A large orchard lay behind the house, stretching almost to the lake. In winter, R. Siel wore the finest sables, and he had a number of caps of the same fur for use on the Sabbath. He had the most lovely and cultured daughters who could read High-German, and even novels, who were kindly and gracious to the poor, so much so that when a beggar was yelled at by their irate sire they were wont to hasten to his rescue and give him alms." Beside the Nagid sat Reb Ifferels Moshe, the tall, broad-shouldered, powerful smuggler, who had had many a scuffle with the frontier-guards, whose house was full of burying-holes and had suffered repeated raids at the hands of armed officials of the custom-house. The latter at times found forbidden goods and led the handcuffed smuggler away from his sobbing family; but usually the raiders could unearth nothing, seeing that most of them were in the pay of the bold tradesman. And yet, despite his illegitimate business and his rude face and harsh voice, the audacious smuggler possessed a tender heart, was ever charitable and helpful, and during the dominance of the plague he ministered to the sick with unmatched devotion and intrepidity. Moreover, it was he that had suggested the charity marriage and gave a good round sum, as well as cloth for the groom's coat, toward its consummation.

Among those present at the repast were also: the insolent and hard-hearted Lemmels, noted for their red hair, which legend traced back to a curse some rabbi of old, wronged by one of their ancestors, in his dying hour had lodged upon the family; Reb Melech, the Nagid's son-in-law, versed in the Talmud, but crafty and shrewd, with a

goat's beard which he never ceased twirling between the thumb and the index of his right hand; the rabbi's stepson, Duved—a conceited fop, an idler and parasite owning a venomous scoffing tongue, who, though an ignoramus, deemed himself cultured because he violated some trivial

traditional customs, wore high heels, and
A Fop and a Pretender. never walked without a cane, who, for his obscene talk, was dreaded and despised by most women, and whose contribution to the

marriage was a pair of new boots worn but three times, with the hope that they would not prove too small for the unknown beneficiary. The rabbi's son-in-law, Reb Yakev, was there also: a veritable whipper-snapper; a superficial talmudist who played the great scholar; looked upon himself as a poet, because occasionally he made Hebrew rhymes, but more often recited poems out of rare volumes as his own productions; likewise, considered himself a philosopher, because he could decipher the lighter portions of Maimuni's "Guide of the Perplexed;" withal, a sweetish, eely individual, currying favor with the rich, generous in words but niggardly of money to the poor, a usurer popular with the noblemen because he spoke their language fluently and always appeared well-groomed and in glitteringly blackened boots.

On the other hand, the feast was attended by a large number of truly devout men, idealists of the purest stamp, men of learning and piety, to say nothing of the godly and benevolent women who many a day and night had toiled to make the wedding a joyful occasion and now were enjoying it in their own modest way and place. Above all, we must name Reb Sruel (Israel) the

Marshalik, the Wedding-Bard, the coaxer of
The Wedding-Bard. tears, the creator of merriment, the player whose instrument was the heart of man.

His powers were manifold and far-famed: speaking before the enveiling of the bride, his pathetic

rhymes, blending, as they did, a weird chant and moan, so affected the hearts of the women that wellnigh they passed away for woe and tears; at night, however, when during the merry feast he stood upon the table and called out the wedding-gifts and the names of their donors, none could keep from laughter: then his jokes flew like rockets, in limping rhymes he besang bride and groom and their kith and kin, as well as all the grandees seated round the board; upon the rich miser he poured the vials of scorn, was none too timid to allude to the failings of the rabbi and his clerical associates, while the frailties of the women and of the stutterer Kleuske, an ignorant and insolent moneybags, formed his unfailing fount of wit and satire. Equally noteworthy was Yankel Lomser, the tall scrimp-bearded leader of the band, with big black eyes out of

which the fiery soul of music seemed to
A Born stare, though their owner could not read a
Virtuoso. note. To him, as to that other Jacques in

Dr. Van Dyke's story, music was life's ruling passion: as holy as the Holy Law, a divine gift designed to brighten the sad hearts of Israel languishing in exile, a power by which he felt related to David, the royal minstrel of old. He was the musical genius of the neighborhood, where people were accustomed to comment that under his magic hand you could hear the violin speak and weep and moan in a human voice. When some years later he died, it was rumored that he had been summoned from earth to the choir of the saints above, to play before the throne of God. But, above all, there was in the assemblage R. Israel Baruch, an incarnation of the finest Jewish qualities, in whose portraiture, albeit idealized, we have good ground to think that Dr. Moses drew the features of his own father, whom, by the way, he never named save with profoundest reverence, describing him as the saintliest man he ever knew.

Israel Baruch—if we may copy more minutely Dr. Moses's picture of that ideal character—was tall and slender,

with delicate, spirituel, and nobly-formed features. His big brown eyes were of rare beauty, beaming, as he spoke, with a wondrous lustre and charm. On his lofty brow the thinker's majesty sat enthroned. His hair was brown and the beard of a reddish tinge. After the banquet, the rabbi and several worthies having spoken, some friendly voice called to R. Israel Baruch athwart the table, spurringly: "Come now, Reb Isruel Burech; give us some Torah!" At first he declined out of modesty, but finally had to yield to the importunity of the assemblage. At the outset, then, he spoke for the benefit of the scholars present, discoursing keenly on the Halacha, the legalistic portion of the Talmud. He startled and enraptured his hearers by the eagle flights of his thought, by the acuteness and the amplitude of his dialectic. Not after the errant, frantic fashion of the Polish rabbis, but in the terse, clear, logical style of the Lithuanian sages he handled the talmudic problems. Moreover, having paid the compliment of priority to Harifuth—the sharp, juridic themes, which scholars alone could follow, he turned to Maggiduth—the lighter homiletic subjects, for the sake of the humbler folk. Like honey the words now flowed from his lips. Richer and ever richer speech streamed from the deep and quick source of his soul. With eyes aflame and a burning tongue he spoke of God and His boundless love, he spoke of the holy duties which, though in exile and spite suffering and persecution, the Jews were called on to fulfill in order to glorify the Name of the Eternal in the eyes of all men. All that were there, the rich and the poor, the learned and the simple, were deeply moved. With bated breath they listened, feeling in the depths of their souls that a great and noble heart was speaking to their hearts. "And as for me," writes Adolph Moses, "who standing behind my grandfather's chair harkened to the orator's kindling words and

The Power of Oratory. shared in the deep excitation of the spirits, there dawned upon me for the first time the vision of the might of eloquence and of the dominion of the higher spirits over the souls

of men." While he spoke, numerous women crowded round the door of the tent in which the men were feasting and listened attentively. None might describe the emotion of the speaker's wife, who, with cheeks crimsoned, stood at the entrance and, love and pride glowing in her eyes, beheld her gloriously gifted spouse. Thrilled by his triumph, the young and fair woman deemed the laurels of such a moment ample pay for all the cares and pains and burdens of life, and inwardly did vow to teach her sons to emulate their sire and follow in his path of virtue. For, not only learned was her husband, not only versed in both talmudic and philosophic lore, but also he was a man of purest heart, capable of the greatest self-sacrifice, and most tender towards the poor and the suffering. "One of those spirits by the grace of God was he, who feeling the pangs and the misery of mankind and enduring great agony in their own hearts, strive restlessly and with ardent yearning after the good and the true, and, disdaining the woes of the earth, build up a better world in the realm of the ideal." When Israel Baruch made an end of speech, there was a rustle of approval everywhere, and "Yasher Koah" it rang through the tent, to-wit: "God increase thy strength!"—the ancient Jewish substitute for the hollow noises of applause. The old rabbi of the community, however, intensely affected, with a venerable slowness rose from his seat and holding out his aged hand to the devout and wise orator uttered the old blessing: "May there be many like thee in Israel!"

I shall not apologize for giving so much space to both the charity wedding and its prominent guests, seeing that they have disclosed to us to some degree the early surroundings of Adolph Moses. I can not leave the

incident, however, without deploring the fact that the pious scheme proved a hope deferred. The plague was not stopped, and was yet to bring a deep and unforgettable sorrow to young Moses. His mother was attacked by the

disease, though she made a brave and winning fight against it; but tragic was the fate of his little sister, Sarah Vögelche, whom

the ravaging plague seized while she was at play with her comrades in the big meadow, and devoured in a day. "Unforgettable to me is that sad morning in July one-and-thirty years ago when I stepped from my grandparents' sleeping-chamber into the family hall and beheld my dear little sister Sarah Vögelche lying on the floor, her feet towards the door, and covered with the black cerement!" It betokened Dr. Moses's tenderness and depth of affection that he could never forget the little sister that died as a child, and it was the memory of her play and sudden death that moved him to write the story of the plague and the queer marriage it had brought about.*

Shortly after that event, R. Israel Baruch, forced by reverses, left the home of his father-in-law and moved to Santomishel, in the province of Posen, where he occupied the rabbinic chair for a number of years. A similar position he held later on at Dobrzyca, where his devoted son paid him a visit in the year 1892, and where he died on the 6th day of May, 1898, to be survived only two years by his wife. At Santomishel, Adolph Moses continued his education until at the age of thirteen he was commonly looked upon as a boy of such particular promise as merited the special talmudic training which could be secured nowhere save at the Polish seats of learning, the far-famed *yeshiboth*. For that purpose he recrossed the frontier, and three years, we are told, he devoted to the sacred toil, exhibiting all the

**The Death of
His Sister.**

**The Quest of
Knowledge.**

* Cp. *Zeitgeist*, vol. 1, pp. 894 *et seq.*

patience and the capacity for struggle and the hardihood which have made the Jewish student in Poland, the *Bahur*, famous. When he came home, he was sent to Schrimm and Militsch in pursuit of secular studies. After three years of close application, he was prepared to enter both the Rabbinical Seminary and the university at Breslau. At both schools ample opportunity was offered to his intellectual avidity as well as his indefatigable zeal: he attended lectures on history, philosophy, and philology, subjects that remained his favorites to the very end. It is easy to imagine what an intoxication the new environment: university lectures, intercourse with men of broad culture, the intellectual atmosphere: must have meant to the provincial disciple of the wise. In a sense, the experience of the individual young Jew, thirsting for knowledge and suddenly transported to the great common founts of wisdom, was analogous to that of the whole Jewish community that

**The New
Light.**

in the nineteenth century emerged from the confines of the ghetto into the wide world of western culture. Like many another youth, reared amid the old Jewish traditions, Adolph Moses, brought to Breslau an alert mind, a heart aflame with intellectual ambition, a soul swayed by a lofty, vague, and variegated ideality. Ideality, grand, impassioned, indefinable: this is the key to the nature of numberless young Jews who these many years have been rushing from the old isolated quarters of Israel toward the vast, roaring sea of modern civilization, swelling its waves with their own yearnings and powers, and causing us all to ask whether needs they must be swallowed by the great universal ocean or may flow on through it as a distinct unabsorbable stream.

To such abstract idealism must be attributed some of Adolph Moses's most unique experiences—his enlistment in two foreign armies in order to fight for freedom. Scarcely had he had time to orient himself in his new

world and readjust his mental life, than the cause of liberty in Italy began to stir the senses of the young enthusiasts throughout Europe. The visionary student from Santomishel, fired by a noble zeal, resolved to follow the flag of Garibaldi. In an article published some twenty years later in the *Zeitgeist*, he describes, with a fine touch of humor, how in 1859 he left Breslau and went to join the patriots of Italy, with no companion save his walking-stick, which though it traversed with him some of the world's most inspiring scenes remained as dumb and dull as ever, resembling in that regard certain human travelers. "Happy, impetuous, enviable, fanciful youth," he exclaims in his habitual introspective manner, betraying a bit of tender regret, "when for the sake of an idea, out of sheer desire to take

Soldier of Freedom.	part in a work of historic moment, I stole away from Breslau, with no other comrade save my stick, without means or knowledge of the language, wandered on foot from
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the Lake of Constance to the southward, and at Genoa besought Dr. Betrani, Garibaldi's right hand, with tears in my eyes, not to reject me, but graciously to enter my name on the list of future heroes!" At Naples, whither he was sent with a number of similar enthusiastic recruits, he was given the military uniform, "the livery of freedom," as well as an old rusty musket and a cartridge-pouch with real cartridges inside. Thus, "the erstwhile Bahur, but lately a student at the Rabbinical Seminary now was a champion of liberty, with the cross of Savoy at the baldric, the formidable gun on the shoulder." The actual transition, however, of the scholar into the soldier was much more checkered: there was training and serving at various outlandish places, at Aversa, Santa Maria, Sant' Angelo, Caserta, and Capua, where the metamorphosed rabbinic aspirant was obliged to endure many a jolt and blow and heathen oath ere he knew how to wield his gun and

lift his limbs. But what are stumbling-blocks, however numerous, to the knight of an idea? Suffice it to say, that the idea conquered in this case also, the rabbinic devotee of Garibaldi coming forth from the season's campaign crowned with laurels, to-wit, a corporal's title. The return march to Breslau then set in, a veritable triumphal procession, we may be sure, for his throbbing, jubilant, ardent soul. There was more leisure now, a broader capacity for enjoying the ravishing Italian sights, the nervous haste to get to the field of battle having passed away: he lingered a while amid the undying charms of Naples, drank in the snowy grandeur of the Alps, visited the art galleries at Genoa and Milan, and bathed his soul in the enchanting loveliness of the lakes. The youthful idealist, thus, wound up his term of soldiery with several inspiring lessons in the love of Nature and Art, the first of the sort he had ever had. "My mind then opened for the first time to the beauty of art. In Italy and in Switzerland I acquired a sixth sense, the open understanding, the immediate appreciation of the beauties that are in Nature."

But, alas! the conquering hero, upon his return to Breslau, was met with nothing so little as the honor and the applause he had anticipated. Here was a champion of freedom, a stalwart knight home from foreign fields; but, whether his motives were misread or his cause did not appeal, certain it is that by his old associates he was welcomed home as an erratic individual rather than a hero to be admired. The whole incident was put down as quixotic. To Moses—always a combination of power and sensitiveness, ready to battle for an idea, yet deeply sensible to public opinion—this was a period of bitterness and shame. He felt himself weighted down by the worst of curses, ridiculousness. He felt himself derided, maltreated, forsaken. There were just three men whose kindness in those sad days he never forgot: the immortal Abraham Geiger, his magnanimous master, who took his part and supported

him both morally and materially; Hermann Cohen, now professor of philosophy at Marburg, his fellow-student and faithful companion, who shielded and comforted him; and Isaac Bamberger, afterwards rabbi at Königsberg, with whom he studied Talmud and Italian and from whom he received sympathy and appreciation—the two gifts Adolph Moses always required and prized most. Nevertheless, the unpleasant upshot of his military adventure seems to have affected very little his attitude towards champions of freedom: for, in the year 1863, during the Polish uprising, what should Garibaldi's young corporal do but turn his back upon Talmud and theology and hazard his life anew in the name of Liberty! However, luck was against him; he was soon captured by the Russians and put in prison at Warsaw, where he had occasion to gain personal knowledge of those aspects of Russian barbarity which he has depicted in his story **Russian Experiences**. "Luser the Watchmaker." Thanks to the Prussian consul, he was released on parole and sent back to his studies. The present homecoming, no doubt, was even less triumphal than the previous one, especially since the cause of Poland was not popular in Breslau. At any rate, this was the last adventurous incident that interrupted his studious and scholarly life.

The story of the interval between this event and his embarkment for the United States, may be told briefly. It comprised several years of intellectual growth, of profitable and delightful intercourse with men of light and leading, of preparation for a noble life-work. As Abraham Geiger meanwhile, in the year 1863, had gone to Frankfort-on-the-Main, Moses followed him thither, to continue under the influence of that giant mind—the Isaiah of Reform Judaism. Subsequently, he spent two years at the University of Vienna, coming in contact frequently with Jellinek, the scholar-preacher, and with Dr. Güdemann.

Learning and Teaching. Necessity finally forced him to give up the claustral pleasures of study and pure idealism and to seek some practical occupation.

He accepted a position as teacher at a noted educational institute at Seegnitz, in Bavaria, where he worked from the year 1868 to 1870, amid most pleasant surroundings and within a stone-shot from some of the chief centers of German culture. It was thence that, through the influence of some American friends, he was called to the rabbinic office at Montgomery, Alabama.

In that cheerful Southern State Dr. Moses passed eleven years, serving only over a year at his first post and a decade at Mobile. It was a period of great moment to him, another period of transition, crowded with work and attended by an aftermath of delicious memories to the very last. We have seen what manner of culture and traditions he brought from the eastern shores of the ocean: the impressions and the training of his childhood, the memories of the various characters that had composed his unique early world, the talmudic discipline at the Polish *yeshiba*, and the broader culture, as well as the experience, garnered during his eventful student years. With all that was coupled an uncommon power of concentration and industry, as well as accessibility to new knowledge. Though he was not long in impressing his congregation with his eloquence and depth of thought, his eyes were turned toward the future. He was the student still; perfectibility was his dearest dogma. A common sight it was to observe him on highways and byways "transported and rapt in secret studies." While German was the language at that time commonly used by the Jewish preachers in America, he realized at once, with Isaac M. Wise, that the future of the Jewish pulpit in this country was bound up with the English tongue. To the mastery of the latter, as well as to the improvement of his oratory, he devoted himself, we are told, with the determi-

nation of a Demosthenes. The English classics became his companions, especially Shakespeare who was his benign master, whose words he memorized copiously, and on whose foremost dramas he preached a series of sermons later on. Also, he had enough leisure at Mobile to continue his purely scientific studies, as a result of which he wrote, in German, a number of articles, on anthropology and folklore. Most of the latter were published in the *Zeitgeist*, a weekly journal he edited, from the year 1880 to 1882, in conjunction with his brother, Rabbi Isaac S. Moses, and Dr. Emil G. Hirsch. In the same periodical appeared, likewise, his partly autobiographic story "Luser Seigermacher" (Englished by Mrs. A. deV. Chandron, as "Luser the Watchmaker, an Episode of the Polish Revolution") and his other reminiscences. On the 29th day of November, 1876, he married Miss Emma Isaacs, in whom for the rest of his life he found a genuine and self-sacrificing helpmeet. In sum, he had good cause for counting the years spent at Mobile among the happiest he knew.

It is impossible to depict in detail the process of evolution through which the mind of Adolph Moses passed. We do not know to what degree he had declined from the traditional view of Judaism before reaching this country—the new Land of Promise so glowingly, prophetically, extolled by the dying Esther in "Luser the Watchmaker." Unfortunately, the habit of extemporaneous preaching adhered to by Dr. Moses in the early years of his ministry, has left us without written records of his religious views during that period. But it can not surprise us if after a lapse of some years—years, we are tempted to say, spent in the holy of holies of study, within the veil of research and devout inquiry—the man who had drunk at the fount of Abraham Geiger, should be found in the camp of radical rabbis. The decade spent at Mobile, Moses applied to a survey of the Jewish problem in the United States, to a

scrutiny of the essence of his religion, and to the ascertainment of the rôle which the latter might gain in the modern interplay of spiritual forces. Into his solution of those grave questions both his carefully cultivated scholarship and his glowing imagination, Law and Vision, *Torah* and *Hazon*, the two sources, as Professor Marti has pointed out, of Divine instruction in Israel: entered as determining factors. And when, as member of the editorial staff of the *Zeitgeist*, he began to contribute regularly towards the elucidation of the Jewish problems, he showed not only a supply of clear and firm convictions, but also readiness to state his views with unwonted vigor and dauntlessness. His position as champion of a lofty and liberal Judaism could not be mistaken, his style possessed the power of attraction, and he was at once recognized as one of the foremost figures in the arena.

Times change swiftly in our land, and how we change with them! When we allude to old conditions, to problems of the past—phrases in the Old World big with the associations of centuries—we have in mind things that held the stage some ten, twenty, or, by reason of strength, thirty years ago. Questions that but a decade since were the sovereign monarchs of rabbinic minds, and divided all Israel into hostile camps, today lie ghostless on the ground, tokens to the silent art of the Age. Time has of bringing low the lofty. A score of years have taught many a lip to frame the shibboleths which erstwhile forbiddingly held the fords in Israel, severing the Gileadites from Ephraim, the reform “fugitives” from the orthodox. Conditions that in the seventies and the eighties of the last century taxed all the ingenuity of our public leaders, and vexatious problems such as set them by the ears, to the children of today sound like fables of the long ago. No serious person

would dream to turn into an issue now any of the topics that were most fertile themes of controversy when Dr. Moses entered the field. His contributions to the *Zeitgeist*, therefore, are of paramount value both as the testimony of one who took a leading part in the shaping of events and as a portrayal of what one might style a past age.

Particular interest abides in a series of articles suggested by a question propounded in that periodical by a noted Jew, as to the immediate duties of the rabbi. Dr. Moses in his reply, first of all, points out the differences between the ideal rabbi of former days, still surviving in "Half-Asia and Asia"—the judge of proper and improper diet, the expert examiner of Old and New. eatable fowl and beast, the preceptor of housewives in the religion of kitchen and Passover pots, the talmudic chauvinist, the incarnation of unworldliness, of whom no higher praise could be sung than that he could not tell one coin from another—and the ideal rabbi in this country, where the Jewish minister is expected to possess aside from talmudic scholarship a large measure of general culture, where a rabbi never is interviewed in regard to the old laws of diet or divorce (unless it be by an enterprising newspaper reporter occasionally), and where a rabbi unable to distinguish a five-dollar bill from a ten would be placed under a guardian. Having pointed out in some such way this radical difference, he proceeds to indicate those characteristics of the old rabbi which his modern successor should emulate. The old rabbi's foremost duty was to live an ideal personal life, ever to serve as an impeccable embodiment of the piety and the religion he represented. And upon this cardinal duty Reform Judaism should lay greatest stress, which if it failed to do "all the changes, or, if you will, all the progress made in the domain of Judaism in civilized lands during the last half-century, were to be condemned without mercy." The genuine leaders of Reform Judaism, he witnesses, have lived up to this idea,

always distinguishing themselves by the highest ethical conduct and a godly life in the spirit of the prophets and the wise men of Israel. "To the writer," he

Geiger and continues, "it was granted for many years to
Einhorn. be the disciple and protégé of the sainted

Abraham Geiger. My lengthy intercourse with him enables me to bear witness that Geiger was a man of boundless benevolence and charity, just, truthful, and amiable, a soul free from guile and guise, and that the pure doctrine he preached was to him no empty sound but a vital doctrine, determining his actions and thoughts. The most inveterate orthodox even who may have cursed his endeavors on behalf of reform, did not deny his goodness and greatness of soul. Similarly, David Einhorn, the typical creator and representative of American Judaism, by friend and foe alike was recognized as a man of blameless integrity, of wellnigh antique purity of morals and spirituality, and from his adamant character, his sincerity of conviction showing in the greatest and the least matters, issued the mighty influence which his life and work exercised upon the development of Judaism in America."

Men of dubious character were frequent in the Jewish pulpit at the time, and Dr. Moses
False the Jewish pulpit at the time, and Dr. Moses
Prophets. pinned the blame largely to the congregations: "As often happens, they choose as ministers hardened sinners, unscrupulous hypocrites, men without principle and character, simply because the latter have good mouths, thresh phrases with ease, assault Orthodoxy with insolent scoffery, and in hollow sounds lift Reform to the skies."

Having emphasized the ethical side of the rabbi's character, he demands from him evidence of deep faith in God. He deprecates the preachers of the day in whose sermons God is mentioned but occasionally, out of shere deference, as it were, playing the part of nothing so much as a *roi fainéant*: they speak of humanity, progress, freedom,

brotherhood, development, ideals, all of which is very good and pretty, but where is Religion, where is God? "If you ask me," he continues, "What do you mean by Religion? I am not ashamed to show myself in my reply as a very plain, humble, old-fashioned individual. By

**What is
Religion?**

religion I mean faith in a living omniscient, all-seeing God to whom I pray not out of metaphysic subtlety, neither in order to soothe my heart with an unctious emotionalism, but rather because I am convinced that the Creator and Guardian of men will hear and heed my prayer. By religion I mean further a firm faith in a God of Revelation, who has shown us the good and the true, has disclosed to us His doctrine of salvation, His laws, by the spirit of the prophets and the sages of humanity. By religion I mean the inward conviction that the omniscient God knows all our deeds and the hidden secrets of our soul, a joyous trust in His aid and succour while we are in misfortune and sorrow, and a sincere sense of gratitude for all His goodness and love." It is such an unsophisticated conception of religion that wellnigh had vanished among the American rabbis affected by the contemporary conflict between Science and Religion. Ere the rabbi could regain his proper influence and do honor to Judaism, he must revise

**The Rabbi as
Scholar.** his opinions and steady his mind on the old essentials of his faith. To that end, he must be a scholar. As no functions of a priestly

or redemptory character appertain to the work of the Jewish minister, which consists rather in the intellectual and spiritual training of his congregants, he must make learning his chief pursuit. The Jew unconsciously respects scholarship, the rabbi always has been the center of learning to his community, and though our ideals of culture may differ from those held by Jews in former days and other parts, culture alone, in the highest sense, will secure the influence of the rabbi. Just as the Polish rabbi heads the talmudic scholars of his town, his

American compeer should lead the aristocracy of intelligence. Unhappily, the demands upon our rabbis in those days were of such a variegated and laborious sort as to rob one both of time and bent for scholarly self-development. In the majority of towns, namely, they were expected not

The Rabbi's Tasks. only to preach in two languages, German and English—to feed, so to say, the confluent streams of two generations—but also to conduct the Divine services, to teach, with

hardly any aid, all branches at the religious schools: Hebrew, biblical history, and religion, and in some instances—*mirabile dictu*—even to instruct several classes, often numbering from seventy to eighty scholars, in the German language. None the less, Dr. Moses lays stress on the unavoidable duty of the true rabbi to perfect himself in knowledge and not to leave the Jewish pulpit in this republic to the mercy of ignorant congregational electors, likely to seize upon any shrewd beadle or sleek butcher or unctuous cantor who had learnt to mumble sanctimonious cant and to recite, phonograph fashion, other men's eloquence, and turn him into a "reverend doctor."

Meanwhile, the ideal of scholarship kept on growing before the mind of Dr. Moses. The burden of the modern Jew weighed upon him heavily: the desire to remain faithful to Israel, to cultivate loyally the old Jewish knowledge, to cherish its ideals, and at the same time to seek the joys of

Hebraism and Hellenism. modern culture, to absorb the ideals of the West, to be in touch with all the varied and bewitching aspects of the civilization of the day. Nowhere, perhaps, has the modern aspiration to harmonize the ideals of the Hebrews and the Hellenes manifested itself with such frequency and force as in the house of Israel. And amid the Jews this passion has burned long ere Mr. Hugh Black gave it embodiment in his eloquent essays on "Culture

and Restraint," or even Matthew Arnold had made it a literary topic. Not to speak of its oldest exhibitions, which would take us back to Philo the Neo-Platonist, it flamed up anew, as I have hinted above, as soon as the Jew was delivered from "the ghetto's plague," from "the garb's disgrace," in Robert Browning's phrase, and was given a part in the life and the work of the world. Not one of the Jews of the nineteenth century who became prominent in the realms of art or literature, but underwent this struggle: the harmonization of the Jewish heritage—the feelings and ideas drawn from the deep well of old Jewish world-concepts—with the Hellenic disposition of prevalent western culture. Mark Antokolskoy, a prince among contemporary sculptors, is typical, in this respect, of a great many modern artists and poets of Jewish descent. To all, even though formally some had forsworn

Judaism, the poor mother, it was no easy task to symphonize the inherited, conscious or unconscious, Judaic ideas with those that were current in the family of Art; and throughout their work the two strains vibrate together. The distinctive feature of Antokolsky's work is not only that in his early days he took his themes entirely from the life of the Jews, and that some of his most famous statues, as "The Inquisition," were based on Jewish history, but rather that all the products of his genius, whether it be "Ivan the Terrible" or "Spinoza" or "Socrates" or "A Talmudic Controversy," are permeated by the Jewish element, saturated with the Jewish world-attitude, which puts the accent in life on the idea, on mind, on the soul, on the sanctity and the invincible strength of righteousness. In his endeavor to combine depth of idea with beauty of form, nay, to have the soul speak to us, importune us, out of a fine statue, rather than the deft moulding of clay, to have the idea conquer the observer: in this fealty to the spirit Antokolsky was unique, revolutionary among the

sculptors of his day. In him, after a long struggle, unveiled in his autobiography, the so-called Hebraic and Hellenic forces blended harmoniously. His cosmopolitan culture was dyed in its very texture with the colors of Judaism.

In his own sphere and style Adolph Moses passed through an exactly similar experience, and reached the same conclusion. The temptation to single out all the points wherein his life resembled that of the illustrious artist just named, I shall resist: a similarity apparent in the influence of childhood upon the later work, in the effects of contact with university culture, in the growing sympathy with humane ideals, the gradual absorption of universal enlightenment, the interfertilization, as anthropologists would say, of Jewish and common knowledge, as well as in the moments of doubt, struggle, and darkness, to the very death in the midst of dreams and unfinished labors. The fact is that in the measure in which Dr.

Moses's horizon of culture expanded, his conception of Judaism, also, broadened, shaking off the shackles of ceremonialism and racial exclusiveness. Whether or no his

Culture and Judaism. cosmopolitan culture served to modify his views relating to his faith, true it is that his faith proved adequate to his culture. Naught there was in the vast domain of Greek thought and poetry, which he had grown to cherish, or in the history of the world, which he studied assiduously and with rare sympathy, or in modern literature, of which he was ever abreast, or in the discoveries of science, but to him seemed to lead up to, and to attest, the truth of Judaism. The Ideals of Humanity, as reflected by Homer and Dante and Shakespeare and Tennyson, to him had found their essential expression in the ideals of the prophets and the sages of Israel. All the knowledge he had gathered he co-ordinated under the name of Judaism. Not a truth but found a niche in the sanctuary

of his faith. And that faith was sufficiently broad to welcome all men and house all knowledge. For, to him Judaism was not the religion of any one race or chosen people ; it was not the mechanic mirroring of a certain congenital Semitic monotheism, as Renan had insinuated ; it was not designed as the peculiar property of any set of men bound together by physical kinship. He deprecated most strenuously such "physiological Judaism." He inclined, we might say, towards the midrashic view that the Torah was given in the wilderness, belonging to all men alike, so that everybody might come and claim an equal share therein. Judaism to him was the supreme doctrine of truth and morality, based on the belief in the one only God, founded by Moses, developed by the prophets and the rabbis, enriched by the thoughts and the divine ideals of all wise and noble men, witnessed by all the martyrs to Truth, and destined at some golden day to unite all human hearts and minds by the sacred ties of righteousness and love.

Such he held was the quintessence of Israel's ancient faith. As the rabbis took the Divine mission of Abraham to have consisted in "teaching the families of man the ways of life and making clear to them the unity of the world", even so Dr. Moses understood the purpose of his ancestral religion. The name Judaism he regarded as a misnomer and misfortune. Its origin, he contended, was exotic; it was fabricated as a countermark to Hellenism by Josephus, a man who tried to congee to the western world, just as the ambitious Lord Beaconsfield, under somewhat similar circumstances, became the originator of modern Jewish racialism, of "the physiological Judaism," the Judaism of noble ancestry, of blue blood, fit to stand side by side, in point of pedigree, with Anglo-Saxon aristocracy. The name Judaism, he argues further, has grown associated in the minds of men with a

**The Ways of
Life and the
Unity of the
World.**

narrow racial creed, with the particular soul-business of some real or fictitious Hebrews, Semites, nay, with a complicated system of effete, oriental ceremonies and outlandish practices. And such certainly was not the nature of the doctrine the prophets taught, of the old world-wide religion founded on the unity of God, Nature, and Man. Yahve, the God of the prophets, whencesoever the name may have been borrowed, to the enlightened minds of Israel had come to designate the Creator of the world, the Father of mankind, the Lord of nature, the Source ever-living of Justice, Righteousness, Truth, and Love. The service of Yahve must needs embrace belief in the unity of the world, the furtherance of the brotherhood of man, the sacred quest of Truth, and unswerving loyalty to the cause of Righteousness. "Whom have I in heaven, but Thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee," as the Psalmist has sung. In this absolute subjection of the whole universe, of all life, of Man and Nature, to one only God, to Yahve, lay the spiritual majesty of the Religion of Yahve, or Yahvism. This differenced it from paganism, which was wont to parcel up humanity and the universe

among a host of wrangling deities, and this has distinguished it from every other faith that in any manner whatever has tampered with the idea of the Divine Unity. Not that these other creeds had had no mission: on the contrary, every system of religious thought has had in its bosom a sacred germ of truth; "there is no break in the development of the spirit of mankind;" "God has left none of His children without a ray of His light." "There is a soul of truth," as Herbert Spencer reminds us, "in things erroneous." Nay, with Jowett, Dr. Moses might have asked: "Are not all true sayings and all good thoughts, in all times and in all places, the anticipation of a truth which is shining more and more unto the perfect day?" But all other faiths, in his judgment, have been merely preparatory to the one universal creed which

regards all men as brothers, all nature as the work of one Creator, and the whole cosmos as the servant of one dominant law of Righteousness; all other religions are mere broken arcs of idealism in relation to the one perfect round of Yahvism which encircles the whole throbbing, striving, yearning heart of the world.

And Yahvism, rather than Judaism, Dr. Moses would name his doctrine. The resumption of the prophetic title, he argued, would connote the true character of our religion: it would be mistaken no longer for the peculiar creed of a dispersed oriental tribe; it would cease to be, as unluckily Judaism has been these many days, the weapon of vicious anti-

	Semitic bigots, on the one hand, and the
Revival of	jejune slogan of ignorant, race-proud Jews,
Old Name.	on the other; it would be rescued from the
	misuse of sentimental venerators of anti-

quated superstition and of the idolaters of obsolete ceremonies; it would arise before the world in its true nature, as the light of nations, as the reflexion of the universal Spirit, as the principle of unity in the world and humanity, as the rule of righteousness and love amongst all men, as the knot of all culture, truths, and ideals; and it would draw to its bosom many a man who, though quite in accord with its sublime aims and tenets, now shrinks from its embrace by reason of old erroneous associations. The preaching of this idea, the advocacy of Yahvism, may be called the distinctive work of Adolph Moses in the full-blown summer of his life. While Yahvism is a word that has been much in vogue among students of the Bible, it is his special merit to have taken it out of the cold atmosphere of criticism, out of the vocabulary of objective scholarship, to turn it into a warm doctrine of life. To him this idea became the sun round which all his knowledge and all his visions circled: by its light he read the history of man, studied the tasks of Israel, interpreted the meaning of American civilization, forecast the

future. Poetry, philosophy, science, art, nature—the spirit of Yahve moved upon the face of all.

The pulpit of Temple Adath Israel, at Louisville, was the place whence this new Yahvism radiated into the world. When in the year 1881 Adolph Temple Adath Moses, in a most honorable manner, was Israel. called to the rabbinate of that congregation, though he left Alabama most unwillingly, he knew of the larger opportunities the metropolis of Kentucky had to offer. And he did not err. While the increased congregational duties entailed a sacrifice which he never quite ceased lamenting—the partial discontinuance of purely scientific work—he succeeded in accomplishing what very few in a similar position have been able to do. He continued to publish articles on anthropology and current topics in the *Zeitgeist* and other Jewish periodicals. Biblical criticism remained one of his favorite studies, suiting his analytic bent of mind, and, though he was too busy to work out in full the various ideas with which his brain was alive, he managed to publish, as precursor to a larger work contemplated, a pamphlet on Nadab and Abihu,* which has attracted the attention of scholars. Similarly, his booklet on “The Religion of Moses,” issued at Louisville in the year 1894, gained friends for the idea of Yahvism of which it contains an eloquent exposition. Moreover, spurred by scientific curiosity, he gave himself up for a number of years, from 1887 to 1893, to the study of medicine, taking a regular course at the medical school of the University of Louisville, and obtaining a doctor’s diploma. In his discourse, Why I Studied Medicine, which we fear, however, has been left in incomplete form, he describes the effect of that enterprise upon his religious views, in a style which, in its bizarre blending of faith and

* *Nadab und Abihu oder der Uebergang der Sauliden*, Berlin, 1890.

poetry with the facts of science, will remind some readers of Maurice Maeterlinck. However, it was on his preaching that Dr. Moses centered all his time and the riches of his mind. To him the sermon was the medium not only of edifying his actual listeners, but of improving the world. Humanity was his congregation. Yahvism was his text perennially. Unto the ages he lifted his voice, which was strong, thunderous, oceanic. His eye, with a prophet's mysterious power seated in its depths—an inescapable, lustrous, pathetic, haunting eye—pierced the abyss of the past, swept the realms of the present, and boldly looked into the hidden halls of the future. To him one might address the words in which Ben Sira apostrophizes King Solomon: "Thy soul covered the whole earth and thou filledst it with dark parables." The torch of his teaching was

The Preacher. lit at the flame of the eternal and infinite Yahve, who was ever nigh to his heart and mind. When he preached he was not like a man speaking to the individual hearer only, though that he did exceedingly well when occasion served: at his best he was like a prophet addressing the world, trumpeting forth a sovereign truth that is sure to triumph some day; like Jeremiah, he was as the mouth of Yahve.

America he regarded as the Canaan of his cherished religion. It is here, he held, that Israel has gained the unhampered opportunity of diffusing the doctrines of genuine Judaism, or Yahvism. On the one hand, the Jew in this enlightened republic has ceased to trouble on account of his religious convictions, and is able to act as missionary, not only as martyr, of his faith; on the other, the Atlantic Ocean, has weakened, as it were, if not swallowed up, all the ceremonial habits and petrified rites which in the Old World still circumscribe and encumber the work of prophetic religion. The Jewish ceremonies, no doubt, served a good end in their proper age, but now they are nothing so much as the illegitimate encroachment

of the past upon the territory of the present and the future.

The Old Faith New circumstances have bereft them of the spirit of life; they linger on in our midst in the anemic manner of the shadows moving
in the New through Sheol. All attempts to revive them
Land. must fail; why babble about a return to

rites and ceremonies which willy-nilly we have outgrown, why seek to raise up artificially things that are dead, to wheedle ourselves into obsolete beliefs which can no longer stir our breasts or better our souls? Dr. Moses was opposed—as a man holding his views of Judaism could not help being—to the schemes of the political Zionists, as well as to the nebulous movement of the New Orthodoxy with all its oracular watchwords relating to the past, historic continuity, the claims of the ancient literature, and such-like. He knew that watchwords and romantic phrases and the kickshaws of theorists were not synonymous with life, that they would never respond to the vital needs and the spiritual yearnings of men living in the heart of American civilization. None revered the past and its sanctities more than he, but he believed that “religion,” in the words of Robertson Smith, “can not live on the mere memory of the past.” He looked upon himself not as a slave ironed with the chains of dead centuries, but as a chosen servant of the present and the future. His was not a voice coming out of the sepulchres. “A new time has begun,” he cries, “and new work must be done by us!” The spirit of the bold pioneers lived in him. He fought with those who, like King Arthur’s knights, were “the fair beginners of a nobler time.” Fervently he espoused every cause that augured well for the ideal work of Israel and humanity. Though in his mode of thought he was much more radical than our sainted teacher, Rabbi Isaac M.

Isaac M. Wise. Wise—the Ezra, and the Nehemiah also, of American Judaism—he was an ardent supporter of the latter in all the momentous movements he

inaugurated, and his friend through thick and thin. The Hebrew Union College from the day of its foundation had a staunch champion in Adolph Moses, who foretold at once that it would become the fount, if possibly not of the highest academic learning, certainly of vital teaching and spiritual upliftment to the Jews of this country, as, indeed, time has proved it to be. In fine, recognizing that a Divine Service on Sunday mornings might be turned into a profitable agency for the spread of his religion, he caused it to be instituted in his congregation. In the autumn of the year 1892, he began to hold such a service at his Temple, and thenceforward he had an enlarged opportunity for the delivery of his lofty message. Indeed, he became the apostle of liberalism to Louisville. Mixed congregations of Jews and Gentiles—brethren in ideals—came to hear the word of Yahve from his lips, the broad, universal, exalted faith he preached. Who knows but those assemblies fulfilled partly and partly foreshadowed the days when, as in Zechariah's vision, "ten men shall take hold, out of all the languages of the nations, shall even take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you"!

Of course, none could expect a following of thousands for a man at the core of whose teaching lay what we have described as Yahvism. Embodying, on the one hand, a very lofty religious idealism that drew vitality from the remote founts of metaphysic thought, and urging, on the other hand, what could not but seem to the masses a bold breach with the past, the peculiar doctrine of Adolph Moses had to content itself with the precious appreciation of the few. For is there aught, in such matters, that men in general are less willing to yield up than old names? The rather, it would seem, we would surrender the substance than the time-honored title, the picture than the frame. Though various men be at one in their views of life and

**Apostle of
Liberalism.**

**A Leader of
the Few.**

faith, yet will each cling stoutly to the name his fathers have called holy. It is a species of family-tree. In this instance, moreover, the new name, Yahvism, was advocated simply as the revival of an old term for an ancient truth, as a tie that possibly would unite men of similar thoughts and ideals who now are separated by the ill-luck of mutually exclusive labels, as a title that might serve to reconcile the highest forms of Judaism and Christianity. On the other hand, the discourse, "Why I Am a Jew," is clear proof of the fact that Dr. Moses was not minded to turn his back upon Jews and Judaism, even in name, as long as a single human being, be he never so humble and distant, were caused to suffer by reason of loyalty to the faith of Israel. It is here that we see in juxtaposition the diverse dominant elements of his character: the frankness of the unbiased scholar and the fervor of the universal idealist combined with an unexpugnable fidelity to the cause of his co-religionists. His soul ribboned by the mystery of the centuries, by most tender sympathy, to the Jews, could never—as who could?—grow unconscious of the fact that it was the man known as Jew, not as Yahvist, who, despite his baggage of oriental ceremonies and medieval superstitions and occidental corruptions, had through all the darkness of the ages kept alight the lamp of monotheism and morality. Pending the world's acceptance of the ideal name he advocated—"for the sake of the way of peace," as our sages would have said—it was a small minority only upon whom he might rely for full sympathy and help.

Neither did Dr. Moses possess the qualities which ordinarily fit a man for the leading of large hosts, those qualities of intrepidity in the face of the world, and self-faith, and tact which distinguished, for example, the divinely gifted Isaac M. Wise. Powerful and fearless in the realm of ideas, in the conquest of the kingdom of thought, he had much lesser skill in the practical world. Not only

was he naturally possessed of an almost childlike naïveté, but also he depended to the very last, in a rare manner, upon the buoying and the support, one might almost say, the commendation, of his fellows. Without Aaron and Hur staying up his hands, he would grow faint and unsteady in his fight with Amalek. Sensitive to an unusual degree—a trait disclosed nowhere so touchingly as in his ironical discourse on "What a Minister and Layman can do in Half-an-Hour"—he could never disenthral himself from the bondage of Public Opinion, hard though he struggled against it. Ofttimes this was to him a source of grief and

doubt and tears. "To you," he wrote but a year before his death to Mr. James Lane Allen, in reply to the latter's praise of "The Religion of Moses," "I make bold to confess

that I have hitherto had a very poor opinion of my ability and what I have done towards building up my own character and the better life of my fellow-men. We poor preachers are so easily misled to gauge our success by the number of people who come to hear our sermons. This is a false standard which vitiates our whole life and distorts our vision as to what is truly valuable in a man's activity. Depending for success upon 'Public Opinion,' we come to believe that the final judgment rests with the masses." In the course of the same letter he thanks Mr. Allen for having raised him, by his commendation, to a "higher level of self-consciousness." "This is the highest privilege of superior men," he continues, in a strain that recurs in his writings. "After they have come to occupy a very high station, they are able to lift up, through their esteem and love, many a struggling pilgrim." This quality of self-depreciation, outdoing humility, this spiritual nervousness it was that rendered Adolph Moses deeply appreciative of the least token of sympathy and encouragement shown him by his fellow-men, that made his letters to his friends veritable love-letters. But it will be seen easily how it was bound to hamper the practical work and

the worldly success of a man whose philosophy was radical to the core, requiring aggressive leadership to win for it the adhesion of numbers.

Thus we have traced the life and the labors of Adolph Moses from their humble, wellnigh hidden source in remote Poland, the old homestead of Jewish scholarship, to the place where they emptied into the infinite ocean of humanity and civilization. We have seen him pass through many a struggle in the service of the ideals of truth and holiness. Some things, of course, we have refrained from touching, especially the emotions and the experiences which men are wont to hide from the eye of

their fellows, but which Dr. Moses had an ingenuous way of unbosoming. His soul, in the main, was a stage upon which was enacted a drama not at all infrequent in the history of

Résumé. Israel: the drama of two civilizations seeking each other's hand, the so-called civilizations of Hellas and Judea, Western Culture and Judaism, with all the agony and bitterness and conflicts and joys that ever have attended such inter-marriage. It was the drama that was known, though under a different form, in biblical times, that Philo lived through in ancient Alexandria, and Maimuni, also, who admonished his disciple that "he ought to know all that is fit to be known," and Jacob Anatolio who, in the twelfth century, with Michael Scot served the cause of culture at the court of Naples, and Spinoza who harmonized the Bible and Maimuni and the Qabbalah with Descartes and founded modern pantheism, and Moses Mendelssohn in whose intellectual garden the plants of the East and the West grew up in such charming promiscuity, to say nothing of thousands of others that have gone through the same experience "in the clefts of the rock, in the covert of the steep place", "unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung." And like Moses Maimuni and Moses Mendelssohn, his more illustrious predecessors, who would not allow their metaphysics to thwart

them in the practice of their religion as they had received it, Adolph Moses, whatever his philosophic ideas, was ready to abide by the colors of Judaism as long as the world was not quite fit for the ideal faith he preached. At the bottom of all his thoughts and meditations lay the true Jewish piety, that blend of Rationalism and Mysticism, that chant of a hidden nightingale among the boughs of Reason, which formed the faith of the Prophets and the Psalmists, of Jeremiah and Job and Hillel and Nahmani and Isaiah Horowitz and Elijah Gaon, and which—who knows?—yet may come to form the faith of the world.

Studied closely, in sooth, the writings of Adolph Moses, notwithstanding their radical tenor, will be found to contain naught save a reassertion of old Jewish tenets. He resembles in this regard all true reformers who, to quote again Robertson Smith, "do not claim to be heard on the ground of the new things they proclaim, but rather because they alone give due weight to old truths." The basic ideas of his philosophy are those selfsame concepts upon which the thinkers of Israel ever have builded. Throughout his discourses there pulsates the elemental Jewish sentiment which might be summed up in the benediction of Judah ibn Tibbon, the illustrious medieval translator: "The Name of our God be blessed now and forever who by His wisdom brought forth being out of naught, and created all by His might, and chose man to be the most exalted of His creatures, the jewel of all beings, and put upon him of the spirit of His own understanding, and illumined his eyes by the light of His own Soul, and set him apart by wisdom and knowledge from all created things, and made him to rule over all living beings!" Whatever seas of knowledge and culture Dr. Moses may traverse, his mental vessel never leaves behind the anchor of Jewish monotheism. Clothed in modern attire, he presents to us afresh the spirit of the ancient world-wanderer, the Religion of Israel. We behold anew the miracle of mutability constantly recurring in the life of

Judaism: its power of adaption, and absorption, and self-loyalty; the genius of remaining the same, true to itself, amid all changes. Dr. Moses himself may not be aware of all the ties of kinship that bind him to his spiritual ancestors; he himself may not know how oft his new terms, borrowed from modern thought and poetry and science, are really the old syllables recombined—a new version of the things learnt openly or covertly at the *yeshiba*. And certainly the casual reader, a stranger, unfortunately, to the magnificent library of medieval Jewish thought, will not suspect how oft the modern utterances are but the echo of the mighty voices of the past—an echo, it is true, constantly modulated by the varying environment, as are the echoes amid the diverse scenes of the Gap of Dunloe. He may not imagine that the doctrines imparted by the Science of today, relating to “the organic conception of society” and “the historic conception of continuity,” were sacred thoughts to some old mystics who dreamed in Safed or in Prague or on the banks of the Main in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, and whose books were composed in a language not commonly studied and understood. But the initiate will not find it hard to recognize—and doing so will marvel afresh at the fundamental oneness of the mind of man—the fine silken thread which links the thought of Adolph Moses, inwrought with the rhymes of Tennyson and Goethe and the ideas of Darwin and Spencer, to the quaint fabric of the old Jewish mystics. They will know that when he descants on the interrelation of all men, on the secret ties of sympathy that unite the universe, and on our yearning to be at one with the Universal Father, he clothes with new vigor the cherished concepts of old Judaism. They will divine the mysterious relation to other teachers and times of such phrases as, “Through knowledge the currents of the universal Mind flow into our individual mind,” or “All minds are one in the Eternal Mind,” or “All nature is the incarnated thought and will of God,” or “The individual finds God near him

because he seeks Him in the universal life," or "Religion means to feel the kinship of all souls in God," or "God is the pre-established harmony of the spirits of all beings."

We see, then, that, despite his seeming Radicalism, Adolph Moses remained faithful throughout to the fundamentals of Judaism. With Tennyson, one of his favorite poets, he was convinced, that

"That man's the true Conservative
Who lops the moulder'd branch away."

The ceremonies, the husks, he forsook, but the kernel, the spirit, he treasured more than all earthly goods. He was a studious inquirer, an analytic examiner of the contents of Tradition, and ever in search of new light upon the meaning and the truth of his faith: but therein he fulfilled what enlightened Jews always have deemed the chief duty of man. "This matter," says Rabbi Bahya ben Joseph, "is like to a servant who was bidden by his king to collect money from the officials of the State, and to count the receipts, and weigh and examine them. Now the servant was an adept in all that the king had commanded him, but the officials conspired against him, and by much persuasion caused him to place confidence in them. Thereupon they were wont to bring the money to him with the assurance that all was correct in amount and weight, as well as coinage. He trusted them, being too lazy to look into the veracity of their words, and thus made light of the order of the king. When the matter came to the hearing of the king, he commanded that the money be brought before him. And as he questioned his servant regarding weight and quantity, the latter could give no clear account, and the king charged him with disobedience, in that he had relied upon the say of others in a matter which, though their words were true, he was able to ascertain for himself. Only if he had himself been unequal to the task, he might have been free from blame for depending on others. Simi-

larly, if thou wert unable to comprehend by the aid of thy reason the nature and the causes of the religious obligations, thy excuse for refraining from examining them might be an excuse indeed. Also, if thy intellect were cramped and thy cognition too feeble to grasp it all, thou wouldst be free from punishment for thy failing, and wouldst be accounted like women and children who have these matters by way of tradition. But if thou art a man of knowledge and understanding, and art able to look into the meaning of what thou hast received from the wise men in the name of the Prophets, namely, into the roots of religion and the principles of conduct, it is thy duty to employ thy faculties until thou has become master of the subject and it has grown clear to thee both by way of tradition and reason. If so be that thou hidest thy face and failest to do this thing, thou fallest short of what thou owest to thy Creator."

The consciousness of such a sovereign duty animated the research, and the radicalism, if you choose, of Adolph Moses. But throughout his quest of knowledge and beauty, in presence of Wisdom and History and those wonders of Nature which always thrilled his heart, he never failed to be

"Reminded how earth's greenest place
The color draws from Heaven."

His innate piety, his staunch belief in God and immortality, moreover, stood him in good stead during the several years of suffering that preceded his death. That quality alone was able

"To pluck the amaranthine flower
Of faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind."

The way he fought against the disease which as early as the year 1892 had begun its fatal attack on his life, evinced his energy and the rare heroism of his mind. A trip to Switzerland in that year brought him but temporary relief. But with titanic tenacity he clung to his post of duty, despite

the agonies of his body. The pathos of his life's closing years, the contest of his vigorous and unrelenting mind with the sorely ailing body, the effort of the dove to fly whose wings were cut, as he put it once, I shall not venture to depict. Neither his firm will to live, however, nor the balmy air of California whither he resorted several summers, nor the love and the skill of his physicians could restore him to health; it was clear to his friends that they were losing him, and in the early part of the year 1901 it was resolved to relieve him of the bulk of his ministerial cares by the call of an associate rabbi. Yet, whilst he was walking through the valley of the shadow, an ever clearer view of the stars was vouchsafed to him, his spirit seemed to mount ever higher to the throne of his Maker. What devotion and pain and piety and faith are merged together in "Jacob's Dream," the New Year's message he sent from afar to his congregation! His body was in distress, but his soul in heaven. On the seventh day of January, in the year 1902, his struggle came to an end, and when three days later his body was borne to rest out of the house of God in which for twenty years he had ministered, there were but few hearts in Louisville that ached not at his going. With his congregation, which loved and revered him, all Louisville mourned for the passing of a man who had wrought to ennoble and uplift his fellows, and ceaselessly had taught them to love one another more deeply than is their wont. Surely, Religion has had in him a noble, selfless servant; Humanity, an ardent, faithful worker, and Israel a worthy son. The day for the realization of his ideals, alas! is not yet; but let us hope that the specimens of his work gathered in this book will help to bring it nigh, as, no doubt, they will serve to gain for his memory among a host of enlightened and liberal men "that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which," in Milton's words, "God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labors advanced the good of mankind."

H. G. ENFLOE.

YAHVISM.

AMONG the innumerable misfortunes which have befallen the Israelites since they ceased to form a state and a nation, one of the most fatal in its consequences is the name Judaism. In the mind of the Gentiles this name indissolubly associates our religion, which is universal in its deepest sources and universal in its scope and tendency, with the Jewish race, and thus stamps it as a tribal religion. Worse still, the Jews themselves, who have gradually come to call their religion Judaism, are most of them misled to believe, that their faith is bound up altogether with the Jewish race, that it is a religion for Jews alone and not for people of any other race or nationality.

Yet, neither in biblical nor in post-biblical, neither in talmudic nor in much later times, is the term Judaism ever heard of among the Israelites. The Bible speaks of the religion of Israel as "Torath Yahve," the instruction, or the moral law, revealed by Yahve; more fully it is stated to be the statutes, judgments, and ordinances of Yahve. In other places, what we are wont to call the religion of Israel is represented as "Yirath Yahve," the fear and reverence of Yahve. These and other kindred appellations continued for many ages to stand for the religion of Israel among its adherents. To distinguish it from Christianity and Islam, the Jewish philosophers sometimes designate it as the faith or the belief of the Jews. It was Flavius Josephus, writing for the instruction of Greeks and Romans, who coined the term Judaism, in order to pit it against Hellenism as a worthy opponent and rival. By Hellenism was understood the civilization, comprising language, poetry, religion, art, science, manners, customs, and institutions,

which, since the times of Alexander, had spread from Greece, its original home, over vast regions of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Josephus, zealous for the glory of his nation, wished to prove to his pagan contemporaries that the Jewish conceptions of God, of the soul, of morality, enshrined in a noble literature, were in most respects superior to those of Hellenism. And to the totality of their beliefs, moral commandments, religious practices, and ceremonial institutions he gave the name of Judaism. The Christian writers eagerly seized upon the name thus furnished them, in order to distinguish Christianity from the mother-religion from which it had sprung and become differentiated; they were thus enabled to demonstrate to the heathens, who were seeking the true God, that for them to embrace the religion of Israel meant to become Jews, members of the hated, despised, and already persecuted Jewish race. Moreover, the Jews themselves, who intensely detested the traitor Josephus, refrained from reading his works and from adopting any of his theological, practical, or historical ideas. Hence, the term Judaism coined by Josephus remained absolutely unknown to them. It was only in comparatively recent times, after the Jews became familiar with modern Christian literature, that they began to name their religion Judaism.

But why object to this name and try to supplant it by another, if it does most fitly express the facts, the whole of those religious ideas and practices for which it stands? Is it not really the religion of Jews and of no other race besides? Has not your religion, an inquiring Christian may ask, from its dim beginnings to this day, exclusively and jealously been confined to the so-called *chosen people*, the lineal descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob? When did the Jews ever bring the light and truth of their religion, the moral ideas and laws in which it glories, to men of other races and nationalities? To these questions I will reply, not with the fencing logic of an advocate arguing for one

side of a case, but from the depths of my religious convictions: A religion, which has moral monotheism for its basis, the belief in one only God, the Maker of heaven and earth, a religion which teaches that all men are descended from one first father and mother, and, hence, that all men, without distinction of race or climate, are made like their first parents in the image and likeness of God; a faith which proclaims that God is the author, sustainer, law-giver, and judge of all men, can not be tribal and national, can not reserve all its store of light and moral truths for one people alone, to the exclusion of all other races, leaving the rest of the world forever to grope in darkness, and to perish in corruption through ignorance of the right way. Such a religion is bound to be universal in its extent; it must strive, unless it belie its very motive, to bring its good tidings to all men, it must put forth efforts to bestow the blessings of which it is in possession upon all the families of the earth, to educate all the races of men according to the truths it holds, to teach them the ways of righteousness and holiness in which they should go. A tribal or national religion, one that does not cherish the desire to extend its empire beyond the limits of a certain race or people, is essentially a pagan religion, at least it has not yet rid itself of certain ideas which are characteristic of Paganism.

What is the cardinal difference between Paganism and the religion of Israel, or Monotheism? Every nation in antiquity had a supreme god of its own, from whom it believed itself descended through mythical ancestors. Every national god cared only for the welfare of his own people, being utterly indifferent to the material and spiritual interests of other nations, simply because they were not his children and stood in no relation to him. He loved only his nation, and was relentlessly hostile to those nations that were at war with his people. The children of his nation were bound to obey his voice, to fulfill his

commands and ordinances, to seek his favor, and to show their gratitude to him for his protection. The glory of his nation was also the glory of the national god, its defeat was his defeat. With the disappearance of the people, that people's god lost his empire, and vanished into nothingness.

The religion of Israel arose in irreconcilable opposition to this pagan theology. Yahve, He who was, is, and will be, He is the God of heaven and earth, the ruler of all nations. All men are His children, because they are stamped with His spiritual likeness, because they derive their life from the breath of life which He has breathed into them. He is the Lord of the spirits of all flesh. His divine laws of justice are binding on all men, for He is the judge of the whole earth. He visits their transgressions on all nations. His mercy is extended over all His creatures, and He graciously pardons the sins of repentant heathens, that heed the warnings of His prophets, and return from their evil ways. Israel is not His sole possession. From the rising of the sun to its setting is His name to be praised among the nations. Abraham, who sought the true God, and found Him, was chosen to be a blessing to all men, and through his seed should all families of the earth be blessed. Israel was chosen to be the light-bearer of God's truth, His missionary to teach the nations the knowledge of God, and show them the way in which they should walk. The children of Israel were not to enjoy special privileges and favors, but were to be witnesses of Yahve. Israel is the servant of God, that will not grow faint nor become weary until he has established justice on earth. The servant of God suffers for the sins of the nations, he is despised and his visage is not like that of a man, his voice is not raised on high, even the bruised reed does he not break. Laden with sorrows, bleeding from many wounds, he is ordained to gather the lost sheep, the nations of the earth, unto Yahve, their Father and Judge.

Such is the ideal mission of Israel, as conceived by his seers. Nor has the historic life of Israel in its better days, whenever the conditions of the time favored such a course, been faithless to its high universal mission. The best writers in Israel had a more or less clear insight into the fact that Israel had not been formed into a people by race affinities, but by the formative and unifying forces of spiritual kinship. It was early recognized that Israel was not what is called a pure race, but had received large accretions from foreign tribes. Judah, the reputed father of the tribe of Judah, we are informed, married a Canaanitish woman who gave birth to the ancestors of the Jewish clans. This simply signifies, that the tribe of Judah grew out of a union of Israelitish and Canaanitish tribes. In fact, the Calebites, the Yerachmeelites, and the Kenizites, though forming integral parts of Judah, even in later historic times were known to have been of Canaanitish origin. Joseph married Osnath, an Egyptian, or, translated into the language of history, the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh received large Egyptian accretions. A whole clan of Simeon was called Saul, the son of the Canaanitish woman, which means that it contained so many native elements that it was looked upon as largely Canaanitish. Moses married a Midianitish woman, and his children were therefore of mixed blood. The whole Midianitish clan, into which Moses married, was adopted into the Israelitish nation, and played an important part in the religious history of Israel. It is agreed on all hands that the great mass of the indigenous population of Canaan were gradually absorbed by the Israelites, and their blood blended with that of the conquerors. The ancestress of the sacred dynasty of David was Ruth, a daughter of the hated Moabitish people. Already during the Babylonian captivity many converts were made to the religion of Israel, as is evidenced by the fact that numerous families were found among the returned exiles, unable to prove that they were of Israelitish descent. The prophet

Deutero-Isaiah welcomes the strangers, who join themselves to Yahve, to serve Him. Of them He will take to minister in His Temple. Several centuries later large regions of Babylonia were inhabited by native Babylonians, who had become converted to the religion of Israel. The royal family of Adiabene and many great noblemen were proselytes and proved themselves most generous to their co-religionists in times of misfortune. During the last century of the Second Commonwealth the religion of Israel was gaining millions of converts. There was hardly a city in the Roman empire which had not an Israelitish congregation largely composed of converts from heathendom. At the time of Paul almost all the women in Damascus had embraced Judaism. The Pharisees, the most zealous, the most numerous and progressive sect of Israel, are accused by the Gospel writers of traversing wide seas and lands to make a convert. Still later, in the ninth century, C. E., a rabbi converted the royal family of the Khazaars, the whole nobility, and a large part of the common people to his religion. Proselytes were always held in high esteem by the Israelites. It was not till Christianity, having ascended the throne, forbade the Jews, on pain of death, to make or receive converts that the proselytizing zeal of Israel was checked. He that reads the history of Israel with an impartial mind must convince himself that the leading and most enlightened minds aspired to make the religion of Yahve the religion of mankind.

But it shall not be denied that there were other tendencies and forces at work opposed to the universal aspirations of our religion. There occur numerous passages in the Bible, mostly, however, in the historical, not in the prophetic parts, which do not breathe this lofty universal spirit, but betray a spirit of national exclusiveness. We must, however, judge a religion and the literature in which it is embalmed by its highest manifestations. We must go to the root-principles of every religion, to its creative

elements, and then consider whatsoever agrees with them as vital and permanent, and whatsoever contradicts them as a passing phase, as a temporary aberration, caused by the pressure of deteriorating, adverse circumstances. The chief cause in checking the universal tendency of Yahvism, was the ever-present fear that by coming in close contact with the surrounding nations the Israelites would learn their ways and practice their abominations, and, instead of leading men to the true God, would themselves be misled to worship idols and defile themselves with the shameless iniquities of idolatry.

Of such infinite importance was the worship of Yahve and the knowledge of His ways held to be, so great and imminent seemed the danger that the light of revelation, but dimly burning in the heart of the Israelitish masses, might be totally extinguished by the dense darkness of the heathen world, that many writers and law-givers wished to isolate Israel, in order to preserve in its midst the world's priceless blessings. Hence, those utterances and enactments, born of a spirit of exclusiveness, which stand in such glaring contrast with the spirit of universality of the great prophets and with the cardinal ideas of Yahvism. Moreover, Israel, though ideally the chosen messenger of Yahve to all nations, under the given actual conditions formed a people and a state, struggling for independence and often for its existence, surrounded on all sides by hostile nations that sought to subjugate it, and even to destroy its name from the face of the earth. A state of mutual hostility does not tend to awaken feelings of amity, to foster the ideas of universal brotherhood. Yet, in spite of all these tremendous difficulties, the spirit of universality, the belief in the unity of God and the unity of mankind, was forcing its way into the foreground of the national consciousness. In the leading minds, at least, this spirit gained the supremacy over all contending interests and ideas, and especially after the great triumph of Yahvism under the Maccabees it sought ways and means to realize itself.

But there was an obstacle in the way of its realization far more formidable than all the opposing forces mentioned above. Many causes, which can not be enumerated here, had concurred to develop the ceremonial laws to stupendous dimensions. The Jews alone, who had gradually, in a long course of historic training, grown into them, could make the serious attempt to shape their life in accordance with them without feeling them as a burden. The rest of the world, especially the Western peoples, regarded these countless strict ordinances and ceremonies as unnatural and insupportable burdens. These ceremonies formed a wall of separation between the world and Israel. The wonder is that the spirit of Yahvism succeeded in making so many converts in spite of being grievously hampered in its march by the weight of the ceremonial yoke. Christianity sprang into existence and started on its career with the intense strength of, and with the ardent enthusiasm for, Israel's mission to the nations. Freed from the trammels of ceremonial law by Paul, at once it gained an immense advantage over the Mother-church, which dared not break away from its peculiar national forms. This was the tragedy of Israel, that he had within himself a universal soul and a national soul, each contending for the mastery and neither able to obtain it. During the middle ages there was no possibility for Yahvism to spread within the domain of Christendom. The penalty for making converts was torture and death. Thus Yahvism was surrounded within by a high wall made of hard, firmly-cemented ceremonies and without by the dreadful wall of fanaticism, hatred, and suspicion.

How could pure Yahvism dream of making conquests? Yet the belief in a Messiah to come implied not only the future deliverance of the Jews from the world's hatred and cruel persecution, but also the assurance of the reign of universal peace and universal brotherhood under the sway of Yahve, the God proclaimed by Israel. But it was a mere

dream, a far-off vision which had no feature common with any possible reality. For the first time in many centuries an arena has been opened in this country, and in our age, for pure Yahvism to unfold its universal nature, to accomplish its mission as a religion of many races and nations, to gather into its folds those Gentiles, whose reason can not accept the peculiar tenets of Christianity, who are separated from us only by a name.

The Israelites of America, at least the overwhelming majority of the enlightened, the truly genuine American Israelites, have completely emancipated themselves from the yoke of ceremonial laws, have broken down the inner wall, built by the hand of Talmudic and later times, which has kept Jews and Gentiles apart. True, the outer wall, raised by prejudice, ignorance, race antipathies, and religious fanaticism, though many breaches have been made in it, is still far from being demolished. But let us at least do our part to the best of our ability; let us try to perform the task which the God of History has imposed upon us; let us remove every obstacle from the way in which the universal spirit of Yahvism would move, and as a first important step let us give up the name Judaism, which is a hindrance to the spread of our religion. Painful though the truth be, let us not hide it from ourselves, that many who would embrace our faith, because they are already as one with us in belief, refrain from doing so because they do not wish to become Jews, because by embracing Judaism they believe they lose their own race and nationality and become adopted into the Jewish nation and race. Let us call our religion YAHVISM. It is no new-fangled name, it is simply the name by which our faith was called and cherished by our forefathers, who designated it as YIRATH YAHVE, the religion of Yahve. It is the fittest of all possible names for our religion. It is the expression of our cardinal beliefs and the profoundest ideas of our faith. Under this name we adore God as Eternal and Infinite

Existence, as the source of all being. As Yahve we worship Him as Omniscient Providence. Yahve is the Creator, the Preserver and Ruler of nature and mankind. Yahve is our King, He is our Law-giver, our Judge and Saviour. As Yahve He revealed himself to Moses, the founder of our religion. As soon as we shall be accustomed to name and proclaim our religion as Yahvism and to call its adherents Yahvists, it will be set free to begin once more its predestined career of conquest. Many Gentiles who now shrink from religious fellowship with us, though at heart our co-religionists, because they do not wish to become Jews by embracing Judaism, will readily flock to the banner of Yahvism, will gladly call themselves by the name of Yahve, will proudly proclaim themselves Yahvists. Many again, who now claim kinship with us by virtue of Jewish parentage, although they have turned their backs upon our religion, despising its truths and mission, will cease to be regarded as members of our community as soon as our religion, by assuming the name of Yahvism, will be dissociated in thought from the Jewish race. There is a tremendous, a magic power in a name! With a name you may keep alive the demons of contempt, of race-prejudice, of historical hatred; with a name you may conjure up the angel of mutual respect, of union, and universal love.

CEREMONIALISM.

THE Jews of to-day, who live in the most advanced countries of the world, are, with every fibre of their being, part and parcel of modern civilization. At the same time they know themselves to be the heirs of the ancient national religion of the Hebrew people and the foreordained continuators of the spiritual history and mission of Israel.

This twofold life of the modern Jew on the one hand is a high privilege and a source of spiritual power, and on the other it brings on numerous conflicts, some of which appear irreconcilable. The customs, usages, and ceremonial laws of the ancient Asiatic Hebrews and of the isolated medieval Jews are in many respects hopelessly antagonistic to the ways of life of modern Occidental civilization. Let us not in a spirit of levity and self-delusion slur over this fact. Let us full earnestly face it, as becomes sincere men. We may deny it with our lips, but in our heart abides the conviction that the contrast is there, often glaring, between the old and the new order of things, between Canaan and Europe. We are the children of two worlds; with heart and soul we belong to both, and only with the last breath would we renounce either of them.

It is true the Christians are also very largely Israelitish in sentiment, belief, and ethics. Our Book of Life is also their Book of Books. The lofty moral ideals, which were evolved during post-biblical times, and which in many respects mark a considerable advance beyond those of the Bible, are also embodied in the writings of the New Testament. Our prophets and sweet singers, our heroes and

martyrs, are also venerated by the Christians and looked up to as noble types of God-seeking humanity. But Christianity, though at first a national Jewish sect, soon spread westward, from Asia to Europe, from the Jews to the Greeks and Romans, and became in the course of a century or two thoroughly denationalized. In its struggle for existence, growth, and expansion Christianity broke loose from almost all distinctively national customs, ceremonies, and laws which were repugnant and unacceptable to the Occidental peoples. Through this act of denationalization, the abolition of all ancestral usages and regulations which had no moral meaning and educational purpose for the world at large, Christianity got the start of Judaism in the conversion of mankind. Without this bold departure it would have continued through, perhaps, four or five generations as an insignificant Jewish sect, at last to disappear and be forgotten. By casting off the garb of national ceremonialism Christianity succeeded in becoming one of the great universal religions.

The rise and spread of Islam, which almost extirpated the Christian religion in the Orient, caused the latter to be thenceforth for good and evil identified with the life and history of the Occidental nations. During the Middle Ages Christianity came to be tainted with the fierce and gloomy superstitions, inoculated with the savage instincts of the new barbarous nations inhabiting Europe, corrupted with the gross vices of the primitive Teutons and Slavs, and contaminated with the more refined immoralities of the Latin and Greek races. With the resurrection of the sciences and arts and the rebirth of the Israelitish moral powers, it emerges along with the Occidental nations from a state of seeming decadence and degeneracy to new purity and vigor. If it did not lead, it at least followed steadily in the wake of advancing Western civilization, for the simple and cogent reason that the Occidental nations, that are the creators and standard-bearers of modern culture,

happen to be also the highest representatives and acknowledged standard-bearers of Christianity. True it is, the results of modern science and the theory of the universe it holds, in more than one respect seem to clash with some of the vital dogmas, and to negative some of the essential doctrines, of the Christian religion as authoritatively taught by the Catholic and the Protestant churches. But these grave questions concern merely matters of faith and philosophy. As to manners and customs and the general ways of life there practically exists no antagonism between Western Christianity and Western civilization. The antagonism, as has been said, is confined to problems of metaphysics and to differences between ideal ethics and actual imperfect conduct.

When we turn from Christianity to the contemplation of Judaism in its relation to modern civilization, we are met with difficulties of a different nature; one might say with difficulties of an opposite kind. In matters of faith and dogma Judaism finds itself in full accord with the general postulates of modern science. It knows of but one theory of the universe which it is bound to combat to the bitter end, namely, soulless materialism or atheism. In the holy of holies of religious metaphysics the central ideas of Judaism dwell in peace and conscious harmony with the boldest and most comprehensive conception of modern Occidental philosophy. The belief in the absolute unity of God, implying the unity of universal life; the belief that unbounded nature is a perennial and progressive manifestation of the creative Infinite; the belief that justice and love are not accidental phenomena appearing in man, but are the divine revelations of the perfection and mercy of the Eternal; the doctrine that the human soul is godlike in essence and dignity and free from the taint of any imaginary hereditary guilt or curse; the conviction that man is a free moral agent, dependent for good or evil, for self-mastery or self-degradation, on his own free will; the view that

there is a Messianic future in store for mankind, when there will be a perfect humanity spontaneously living according to the indwelling laws of God: these vital tenets of Judaism, professed by all its adherents, by orthodox and reformer, are the very ideas which the greatest and profoundest philosophers of Europe have presented and are presenting as the last outcome and the most precious fruits of their speculation! The ark of the covenant, subsisting between God and mankind, containing the everlasting laws of justice and love, rests safely within the sanctuary of Israel's religion. No iconoclastic hands will ever break it. It will endure as long as the heavens endure. Philosophy and science are the cherubim from between whose wings the still divine voice speaks from the mercy-seat of the human heart and mind! In matters of faith and ethics Judaism has indeed anticipated, or held pace with, the intellectual and moral progress of the most advanced civilization. But when we consider the outward forms and the ceremonial garb of Judaism, its most enthusiastic votaries can not close their eyes to the fact that it has here and elsewhere, but more especially in European lands, very much to throw aside entirely, much to change and modify, in order to be perfectly at one with the ways of life of modern civilization, so as to become in the deepest and widest sense one of its living and universal spiritual powers. With the exception of the numerous reform congregations in America, Judaism is still wearing, even in the most advanced countries of Europe, the ceremonial garments which fitted it well enough in Asia, but which look strange, out of date, and out of fit in the midst of the Occidental nations of today. Though universal to the core, though necessarily universal in tendency, though knowing itself destined by Providence to gather into its fold many millions from all nations, it yet appears to the eye of the fairest observers clad in its antiquated ceremonial costume which distinguished it during the grievous

isolation of the Middle Ages. Millions and tens of millions of Gentiles who are no longer Christians even in name, but are at one with us in all the essential elements of our religion, feel themselves repelled from Judaism. For, by retaining all its national ceremonies, usages, and laws dating from biblical, talmudical, and medieval times, it is made to appear intensely national or tribal, narrow and exclusive, and strangely out of harmony with its Occidental surroundings.

The student of history full well knows why Judaism has thus in *seeming* remained national and outlandish. Like all ancient religions, the religion of Israel was national in origin and scope. It had its roots deep in the heart of the people, it grew out of the spiritual experience of the people, it derived its purest and strongest forces from the vigorous morality of the chosen people; it was bound up with all the forms, customs, and laws of the national life; it was in keeping with the climate, and adjusted to the habits, manners, and occupations of that agricultural race; it was intertwined with all the historical memories of Israel, joyful and mournful. True, the greatest and wisest of God's prophets, in whom His spirit was a lamp shining far into futurity, in whose soul the indestructible essence of Israel's religion, ethical monotheism, blossomed forth into the ideas and ideals of universal love and universal humanity, these wondrous seers in their boldest visions often broke through the bounds of nationality, declaring in accents still ringing through the ages that Yahve was the God and Father, not of Israel alone, but of all the nations of the earth, and that His laws of justice and mercy will one day come to be the laws of life to all the tribes of men. They decried many ancient ways and ancestral usages dear to the people's heart as vicious and ungodly. They sneered at most of the inherited religious practices and ceremonies, thought by the priesthood and the populace to constitute true piety.

Even the institution of sacrifices, which in the opinion of all ancient races was the very essence and life of religion, was held in abhorrence by the foremost of Israel's prophets. The greatest of them all proclaims in the name of Yahve: "What is to me the multitude of your sacrifices? In the blood of bullocks and of lambs and of goats I have no delight. Bring no more false oblations! Incense is an abomination to me. Put away your evil doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil, learn to do well; seek justice; relieve the oppressed; defend the fatherless; plead for the widow." Micah has for all the families of the earth and for all the ages to come defined the true nature of religion in these memorable words: "Wherewith shall I come before the Eternal and bow myself before the most high God? Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Eternal be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for the sin of my soul, the fruit of my body for my transgression? He has showed thee, O man, what is good; what does Yahve require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before thy God?" Such were the religious ideas and moral ideals of Israel's best, of God's own chosen messengers. But the nation as a whole was not yet ripe for so lofty a religion. It was simply a psychological impossibility for the mass of the people to break away from most of its national conceptions and usages and rise to the dizzy heights of the prophet's universal religion of justice, mercy, and love of God! Had not Israel been providentially shattered to pieces and scattered abroad, had not the nation as a body been destroyed and only a remnant thereof been carried away from its native soil into captivity, it is not improbable that the national polytheistic elements, acting with the unbroken force of hereditary habits of thought and modes of action, would at last have overwhelmed the prophetic spirit of a purely

moral monotheism. As it was, a remnant of the remnant was saved and rejuvenated by imbuing itself largely with the ideas, hopes, and aspirations of the prophets. Polytheism, together with all its abominations, was cast out from their heart and life, and ethical monotheism was firmly and forever established in their soul. They formed the nucleus of a new religious community, destined to be the leaven of mankind.

But could that fragment of the nation, concentrating as it did within itself the best and most vital spiritual forces of the past, help cherishing along with the glorious memories of the past also the hope of returning to the home of the fathers and there build up anew the old nationality on the foundations of the divine law? About fifty thousand devoted men and women, among them numerous priests, returned to Palestine and, amid ruins and desolation, began the arduous task of creating a new commonwealth on the basis of Israel's religion according to the laws, statutes, and ordinances of Yahve. But which forms of the ancestral life were to be discarded and which retained? All those ceremonies and customs which were opposed to the spirit of monotheism were wholly done away with. On the other hand, all those modes of worship and forms of life which contained an element of morality or tended to bind the people together and distinguish it from the surrounding heathen tribes, were fondly preserved and embodied in the code of religious and national laws. The Temple was rebuilt and became the rallying center and the emblem of the national existence. Daily sacrifices were instituted anew and the priesthood, the sons of Zadoc, the sole remaining representatives of the ancient ruling families, came to be invested with the supreme guiding power. The priests in course of time learned to consider themselves better and holier and nearer to God than the people, because they ministered in the temple of the Lord, offering daily sacrifices to Him and burning incense in His sanctuary, because

they ate the sacred bread and meat of God, observing certain laws of Levitical purity and diet. Then rose a noble democratic spirit in Israel in opposition to the priestly claim to special sanctity. Great and wise teachers sprung from the mass of the people, proclaimed the doctrine that the whole people is holy, that God is in it and with it no less than in the sons of Aaron; in a word, that all Israel was to be a kingdom of priests and a holy nation. To carry this grandly democratic idea into practice they extended the laws of Levitical purity and diet and, in part, also costume, to the whole mass of the people. All Jews should abstain from eating what was forbidden to the priests; the meat that came upon their table should be of an animal killed in the way the sacrifices were slain. Every layman should wash his hands before breaking bread, just as the priest did before eating of the holy bread. What was impure to the sons of Aaron should be equally impure to the sons of the common people; what contaminated a priest should be considered polluting also to the body of every other Israelite. In these and in innumerable other respects all laymen were made to observe with the most scrupulous care all the rules and laws which regulated the daily life of the priests. The effect of this religious policy was in many ways highly beneficial. It imbued the whole people with the consciousness of its priestly dignity and mission. It made every Jew feel that, as to sanctity, devotion, and godliness, he might be the peer of the high priest himself. Moreover, it fostered habits of cleanliness, temperance, and self-mastery.

But, as does frequently happen in the life of individuals and nations, in the pursuit of means to reach certain ends the latter are often lost sight of and the temporary means come to be treated as ultimate ends. The democratization of Judaism by means of popularizing the ceremonial laws was to serve the high purpose, first to

make the whole nation a kingdom of genuine priests of God, and then, through the agency of this elevated and humanized people, to impart the blessing of Israel's ethical monotheism, the statutes of justice and mercy, to all the families of the earth. The ceremonial laws gradually became so numerous, all-embracing, exacting, and burdensome that a very large portion of the Jewish nation itself, the so-called people of the land, was unable to live up to them, because it could not live under them. Thus there was an ever-widening gulf between the great mass of the uneducated, consisting mostly of peasants, and the learned classes, mostly inhabitants of the cities. Again, the ceremonial laws had gradually built up a perfect wall around Judaism, and prevented the heathen seeking the God of Israel from entering His sanctuary except through the narrow ceremonial gate left open. Even under these immense difficulties and restrictions numerous Gentiles adopted Judaism and took upon themselves the whole burden of its laws. There was the spectacle of a lofty and thoroughly humane religion, which in its very nature and tendency was destined to become universal, yet which, through the concurrence of many historical influences, had become imprisoned within a thick shell of national laws and ceremonies, so that it could not go forth as the messenger of God to conquer the earth by the might of its divine moral powers. May be that if the fatal crisis had not so soon arrived, if the terrible struggle with murderous Rome had not cut the nation to pieces and laid waste Judaism's center of gravity, the process of historical development would have brought on a peaceful or revolutionary solution of the conflict between the universal soul and the ceremonial tribal body of Israel's religion. As it was, the fearful catastrophe, which had more than decimated the Jews and drained nearly all the life-blood of the nation, left Judaism prostrate and sick at heart, even nigh unto death. For

a long time it could not think of spiritual conquest abroad. All that the leaders of Israel could do was to gather together and unite the scattered fragments and breathe into them the spirit of trust in God, of indomitable endurance, and of hope in a glorious future and mission.

Under such critical conditions, during the supreme struggle for mere existence, any attempt to dissolve the national ceremonial laws would have proved sure death both to the Jews and to Judaism. Meanwhile Christianity, untrammelled by national memories, disasters, and laws, was reaping the rich harvest prepared by the parent religion. Then came the ages of Christian dominance and supremacy, but, alas, also of Christian fanaticism. Then was ushered in the sad time when the Jews were driven back upon themselves, ostracised, calumniated, hunted down like wild beasts, robbed of all human rights, and shut up in narrow ghettos. No wonder that the poor, down-trodden exiles, the memories of whose past was their only solace, whose literature, biblical and talmudical, was their only home, whose hope in a Messianic deliverance was their only star in the night of misery, considered themselves an alien nation dwelling for a time among hostile nations, but destined one day to be restored to its sacred soil, to see Jerusalem rebuilt in all her glory, and the Temple of God erected anew, where sacrifices would as of yore be offered daily to the Most High. No wonder, since the present was dark as the darkness of Egypt, that our fathers turned their eye now back to the transfigured past and now lovingly towards the hoped-for national future. No wonder that they clung not only to the moral laws, but with equal devotion to all the ceremonial ordinances and statutes of Bible and Talmud, unconcerned with the question whether any of them had outgrown their time, meaning, and usefulness. Thus it came to pass, that not only were all the old ceremonial laws preserved and observed, as if they were imperishable, divinely-revealed

moral laws, but innumerable new enactments and observances were year by year deduced from the older ones, often by means of hair-splitting casuistry. Ceremonial burden was heaped upon burden, restriction upon restriction, fence added to fence, until almost every step was hampered and every act hedged in by ceremony. The whole life of the Jews was enveloped with the ceremonial laws as with a huge spider's web.

At last, however, the light of tolerance has appeared. Civilization has tamed the dragon of fanaticism, broken down the walls of the ghettos, and with gracious words proclaimed to the Jews: "Go forth from your prison, breathe the air of liberty and equality, mingle with your brethren, live with them as the children of the same Father, work with them and for them, let your spiritual light, which has so long burned in your dark prison, shine in the midst of mankind, contribute your share of intellectual, moral, religious, and artistic work to the store of the world's possessions." We have heard that divine voice of saving and liberating civilization, and have with grateful and joyful hearts leaped forth from the prison of isolation into the arena of modern life. We no longer feel ourselves an alien race dwelling in misery among hostile races. We know that we are flesh of the flesh, bone of the bone, and spirit of the spirit of Occidental civilization. We no longer are a nation within a nation, we no longer hope nor wish to be restored to Canaan and there begin a new national life. We are here to stay forever, to be with heart and soul and might children of Western civilization. We hope for no Messiah, but believe in the coming of the great day when there will be perfect humanity living in god-like harmony and union beneath the scepter of universal righteousness and love. We believe that we, the professors of Judaism, have still the sacred mission to hasten the great day of the Lord by living according to the moral ideals of pure Judaism and to

gather in those many Gentiles whose spirit urges them to walk with us in the ways of the prophets and sages of Israel.

Yet such a consummation, which is devoutly to be wished for, requires the most complete adaptation of Judaism to the views and habits of modern civilization. The inexorable spirit of history leaves us no other choice. The conditions of modern life and the exigencies of the times have in fact already decided the issue in a manner not to be mistaken or reversed. The overwhelming majority of the Jews living in the civilized countries of the world, and more especially the American Israelites, have virtually emancipated themselves from all such Mosaic and rabbinical laws as regulate diet, priestly purity, and dress. Even among those styling themselves orthodox in this country there is not one in ten who strictly conforms to all the ceremonial laws as laid down in the Bible, the Talmud, and later authoritative books. There is not one in fifty among the German and native orthodox Jews in the United States who, under the genuine and unadulterated Jewish orthodoxy of Poland and Russia, does not deserve scourging and worse punishments in accordance with indisputable enactments, biblical or rabbinical. The truth of the matter is, the practice has long ago outrun the theory; or rather, it has pursued its own way without any theory, being blindly determined by social agencies at work. No protest, no grievous lamentation will ever bring to life what has irrevocably gone out of existence for want of harmony with its present environments.

But this very state of things gives much concern to those having the mission of Judaism greatly at heart. This rapid change, the speedy abolition of time-honored and immemorial forms and ceremonies, brought about by no clearly-conceived principle, but by mere stress of unconscious forces, has been and is fraught with great spiritual danger. It has made a breach in the moral consciousness

of the Jewish masses, it has produced a glaring contrast between the living, though unreasoning, practice and the old theory. So many biblical and rabbinical laws being flagrantly and generally violated, the question necessarily suggests itself to many, whether both Bible and Talmud have not entirely ceased to be our religious and moral guides. In place of this unthinking and, hence, blindly destructive practice, Reform Judaism enunciates a great principle, derives from the study of Israel's history a principle, which heals the breach in the moral consciousness of the people by drawing a line of distinction between the moral laws and the ceremonial laws of Israel's religion. Its moral laws are indestructible and universal, binding on all ages and all men. Not one jot nor one tittle of them shall pass away as long as the heavens endure. But the ceremonial laws, biblical and rabbinical, have been and are merely educational means to serve ultimate moral ends. They are timely and full of value only as long as they fit in with the general conditions of society. As long as they are quick with life and purpose they are beautiful symbolic rites, helpful and healthful aids to the working of the religious ideals. But when they have lost all rational meaning and become mere fossilized forms, they are mere dead-weight, obstructing the path of true religion and clogging the spiritual progress of the soul.

Are we advocating the abolition of all religious ceremonies and rites of biblical and post-biblical origin? Heaven forbid! There are symbols which are still pregnant with beautiful significance, there are rites which tend to elevate and sanctify our lives, there are ceremonies which keep green the memories of epoch-making events in Israel's history, connecting by means of living links the past with the present. To abolish these would be like cutting away living and fruit-bearing branches from the tree of Judaism. Do we insist, in a spirit of reforming fanaticism, that all rites and ceremonies, which no longer

exert an elevating and moralizing influence, should *at once* be done away with, even if they happen to be dear to the people's heart from force of hereditary habit and historical association? As long as they are no hindrance to moral progress let us leave to the slow but sure action of time to dissolve them. When they will disappear, as disappear they must for want of spiritual forces to vitalize them, the indestructible essence of religion will nowise be affected, if but the truth be firmly established in the people's heart that the moral laws alone are imperishable, while all ceremonies are transient in their nature.

THE RELIGION WE OFFER TO THE GENTILES.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

FOR the first time since the final triumph of Christianity over Paganism, for the first time since the victorious daughter-church had on pain of death forbidden the Jews to make converts, Yahvism, usually called Judaism, is in our time and country given a fair chance to renew its long interrupted propaganda, to make the attempt at gathering into the fold of our church those Gentiles whose heart and mind are out of harmony with the teachings of Christianity. The only one God, the Maker of heaven and earth, who spake by the mouth of the prophets and revealed Himself as the God and Father, the Law-giver, Judge, and Guide of all mankind, is calling us by name, and bidding us to gird our loins with strength, to bring to all the message of Yahvism, the message of His all-embracing and all-quickenning unity, the message of His revealed laws of universal justice, the message of humanity to be redeemed by love and reconciled by entertaining the covenant of righteousness with God. A new time has begun and new work must be done by us. The God of history is putting to us, the children of this generation, a glorious task which is of infinite importance but also of infinite difficulty. Somewhere the beginning must be made by believing hearts and dauntless spirits. Those who are determined to walk in the path carved out by the inspired messengers of God must take the first bold steps toward assimilation by spiritual conquest—if not immediately in practice, at least in

clearly-conceived theory. The time has come for us firmly to grasp the problem of our missionary calling. If God has foreordained us to be teachers, we should know what we are to teach: what cardinal principles of belief, what ideas of morality, what ideals of private and social conduct constitute the religion which we are to offer to men who do not call themselves by the name of Israel.

But many of those within the reach of our voice, and many more who will read this discourse, will smile at the high-aspiring claims which we make for the destiny of Yahvism. They will call our belief in the conquering future of our religion a pleasant day-dream which is at variance with the stubborn realities of the conditions given by history. "It is not thinkable," they will say, "that Yahvism will ever spread beyond the narrow limits of the Jewish race. Any such attempt is foredoomed to ignominious failure. It is not credible that the Jews will ever make propaganda for their religion. They do not show the least desire for such an adventurous and arduous mission. In their heart of hearts they firmly believe that Judaism is synonymous with the Jewish race. To them no less than to the Gentiles, it seems simply ridiculous that any but a born Jew should profess the religion of the Jews and be a member of the church of Yahve."

To the doubters and the cavillers among my co-religionists I reply: If the Israelites have no wish to make propaganda for their faith, the worse for them, and the worse still for their descendants. Our present position in the world is a most dangerous anomaly. History furnishes no parallel to it. Nothing like it can be traced in the annals of the past, nothing corresponding to it can be found in the present on the whole face of the earth. We live scattered everywhere among the nations of the earth, we are distinguished by them and distinguishable from them. We are regarded as a distinct people, and many Jews, smitten with judicial blindness, accept this

false and fatal view, and speak of themselves as belonging to the Jewish people. If we are indeed a separate nation or people, we have no business and no right to dwell in every part of the world, and to claim everywhere the privileges of full citizenship. We should as quickly as possible try to have a country, a language, and a government of our own, and thus constitute a nation in reality instead of being satisfied with being one in theory. There is consistency and method in the madness of the Zionists. They argue: "We have these many centuries been a nation living in exile. In former days it was impossible for us to return to our Fatherland. Let us return as soon as possible to Palestine, occupy and till its soil like our forefathers, revive our Hebrew language and make it our living national tongue, establish a government of our own, and once more play the part of a nation with our national religion for its basis." You laugh at this phantasmagoria of the Zionists, and consider it a most mischievous folly, little short of treason and blasphemy. For they are putting dangerous weapons in the hands of our enemies and maligners, who declare that the Jews are but interlopers, who ought to be deprived of the rights and prerogatives of citizenship and in every respect treated as aliens living in the land on sufferance, by the grace of the nation.

Let us not hide from ourselves the fact that the spirit of nationality has in this century become more intense, more self-conscious, and more intolerant than it ever was since the days of the Roman Empire. Nationality and race, for good, but more for evil, have come to be in our day the vital principles of every leading European state. They are the crystallizing forces of all new political formations in the old world. Community of race is declared to be the only natural and solid foundation of every commonwealth. The tremendous forces of nationality are rapidly disintegrating great empires such as Turkey and Austria, which are composed of different races and nations. Racial affinities

are recognized as the only power of national cohesion. They alone are held to give to a state a reason and a right for existence. In former ages the ruling family or dynasty, in some cases religion, formed the bond of union between the component parts of a state. Most states, therefore, consisted of populations differing in race, language, manners, and customs. The idea of nationality and race, so strong in antiquity, was feebly developed in the Middle Ages, and played only an insignificant part in the political schemes of the rulers and the sympathies and antipathies of the masses. The reason is not far to seek. The modern nations themselves are of comparatively recent growth. They were very long in the making. They were slowly compounded and recompounded of numerous fragments of races and states. The very fact that the medieval emperor was the head of the Holy Roman Empire, which comprised all Germany, parts of France, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, and Poland, clearly proves how undeveloped the idea of nationality was in medieval times and that it played at best but a secondary part in the political and social life of Europe. While the European nations were slowly evolving, religion was the principal force that united or separated individuals and kingdoms. In those days the Jews were deprived of human rights and cruelly persecuted in the name of religion. There was no racial, no national antipathy against them. In the nineteenth century the slow process of nation-making has been wellnigh completed in the Old World. Nationality and race have been substituted for religion as the dominant principle of unity and separation among men. The fanaticism of religion has given place to the fanaticism of nationality. It has come to stay for a long time. It will for centuries to come direct the course of history, fashion the feelings and determine the acts of men in their individual and collective capacity.

The principle of nationality, the fanaticism of race, has within the last twenty-five years risen in the Old World against the Jews. Anti-Semitism is but the brutal and wicked expression of a most potent force with which we must reckon. Rightly or wrongly the continental nations believe that the Jews are an alien people, and as such are a foreign element in the body politic. The struggle is fierce and disgraceful, the antagonism full of perplexities and dangers. In a pamphlet recently published in Germany, a celebrated Jewish lawyer recommends assimilation in all things save religion as the only solution. His arguments have made a profound impression on many thinking people in Europe. There are far-sighted men in the Old World and in the New who love the cause of Israel better than their own life, who feel infinite love and pity for bruised and tormented Israel, for Israel the scape-goat of the nations. These men, with hearts full of sleepless sorrow, have come to recognize it as the will of God that Israel should, in the course of time, become a universal religion and church, instead of being an isolated race. Still, in the Old World the conditions are less favorable to such a consummation. There is too much narrowness and prejudice on both sides. Israel's new light of salvation must and will come from America. Judaism or Yahvism will start on a new career of spiritual and moral conquest in the New World. Here, in this land of absolute religious liberty and endless possibilities, the faith of Israel is destined to shake off all trammels of race and become in all its activities and aspirations a universal religion, such as it has always been in essence and scope. The historical conditions surrounding us in this country are indefinitely more propitious to the evolution of Israel and Yahvism into the church of humanity. The spirit of nationality fortunately has not yet been developed in America to that degree of intensity and intolerance which has caused it to become in Europe in many respects hostile to the

spirit of broad humanity. The American nation is in a large measure still in the making. Races physically and mentally the most varied are still dwelling peacefully together. The component parts have not yet been fused into a compact national unity, and new foreign elements are being constantly added to the variegated mass. But a time will come when the American nation will be completely formed, when all the heterogeneous elements will be transformed into an homogeneous people occupying in dense numbers the fruitful American land. Then the national spirit will become as strong and intolerant here as it already is in the Old World. The bars will be raised against foreign immigration. In theory and practice the rule will prevail, "America for the Americans." Then the fanaticism of nationality will be as virulent, as suspicious, and dangerous as it is today in Europe. The Know-nothing movement was but a premature prelude of what will come to be in fifty or a hundred years.

Let us bestir ourselves during these years, before the storms will burst upon us. Assimilation by making spiritual conquests, safety by enlarging and transforming into a universal Church, is the advice which far-seeing wisdom gives us. Our religion is dearer to us than life itself. We would rather be the outcasts of the world than become faithless to our faith. But this very religion of ours demands that we should preach its simple and broad truths to the nations. It is our mission to be a blessing to all the families of the earth. It is our calling to teach the absolute unity of God in opposition to all Pagan adulterations of the faith of the prophets. It is our office to join unto ourselves all those who are our brethren in faith, though strangers in blood. The harvest to be gathered is rich, it requires infinite patience, enthusiasm, faith, endless toil on the part of many generations. Say not that prejudices are in the way of our making spiritual conquests. What can not enthusiasm and faith accomplish with the

aid of God? A few Jewish apostles, poor, unknown, despised, overmastered the proud and mighty Greek and Roman World. We have long enough been hiding our light under a bushel. We have, like Jonah, been fleeing from the presence of God and refused to bring His message to the children of men. Let us, even with our feeble power, begin to prepare the day of the Lord. At best it will take centuries and centuries to accomplish the task. But ours is the duty to begin the work and do it with all our heart, all our soul, and all our might. With the all-wise and omnipotent God is left the completion and direction thereof. Let everyone of us consider himself an apostle of Israel's message to the Gentiles. Let everyone endeavor to demonstrate by his deeds and words the beauty and nobility of character shaped by the forces of Yahvism. Let the conduct of each of us be such that men who are not of the seed of Abraham will be led to worship the one only God and flock to His sanctuary, that they may learn His ways and walk in His paths. It is our duty to understand the ways of God and walk as standard-bearers in the path of Yahvism. Inviting the Gentiles to the house of Yahve, we must be prepared to tell them, what kind of religion we offer them as the light and guidance of life individual and social. Driven by a sense of supreme duty we undertake, with many misgivings, the difficult task of answering the question: What kind of religion do we offer to the Gentiles?

Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. These two commandments are the vital and central principles of Yahvism. They are the creative ideas of our religion, from which all other beliefs and moral laws spring. Both together form the supreme idea of Yahvistic faith and ethics. One is the complement of the other. They belong together like heart and head. Without the belief in the absolute unity, perfection, and omnipotence of a supreme Creator, the

unity of mankind and universal love have no eternal basis to rest on. Without the idea of the unity of the human race centered in God, and the duty of love flowing from the spiritual kinship of all men, the unity of God is but a useless metaphysical idea. The solidarity and brotherhood of all the families of the earth, in other words, the love of our fellowmen, is the perfect fruit of Israel's ethical monotheism. The belief in more than one God, the belief in a divine duality or a divine triad or trinity, the belief in no God or atheism, lead to immorality. Any religion but that which teaches the absolute oneness of the Divine power, is likely to generate feelings, thoughts, and acts of inhumanity.

According to the pagan theory of nature and man the universe came into existence and assumed its present form by dint of its own inherent blind energy. The gods themselves were the offspring of nature, subject for good and evil to an inexorable fate, or to an unconscious omnipotent law having its ground outside and above the gods. The world was not the creation of a wise and almighty will. Nature was not the embodiment of a Divine plan of beneficence. The universe was not sanctified and spiritualized by being regarded as the visible revelation of the beauty and love of a holy and all-good spirit. There was no eternal purpose weaving together all forms of existence, all events and times into the living garment of the Deity. Good and evil lay opposite each other in nature, both unexplained and irreconcilable, both accidents, irrational, both acting blindfoldly, capriciously, without a will and without a reason. The gods were merely lucky aristocrats whom a whim of nature had produced and endowed with certain limited powers. They created nothing; their being shed no light on the mystery of existence, nor on the problem of good and evil in nature. They were no types of ideal goodness. On the contrary, they concentrated within themselves all the seeming

contradictions of nature, all her wild impulses and cruel freaks, all her apparent brutal selfishness and heartless indifference to suffering. The gods were at war with one another, because each one represented only a part. Each one was the patron, or father and protector, of a limited section of the human race, and stood to the rest of mankind in a relation of hostility. As there was no unity of the Divine power, so there was no unity of mankind. There were as many mankinds as there were gods, there were as many gods as there were peoples or tribes. Every people looked upon all the others as standing outside the fellowship of its own humanity, because there was to their mind no Divine unity embracing all the children of men and welding them together into a covenant of brotherhood, worshipping the same common Maker and Father.

With profound insight in the origin, nature, and results of idolatry or polytheism, the prophets of Yahve recognized in it the root of all evil and sin, and hated it as the deadly enemy of humanity, as the natural foe of justice and mercy and holiness. The pagan was habitually unjust, and cruel to all men but his own tribesmen. The reason is obvious enough. He did not regard them as his fellowmen. He despised them as inferior beings, sprung from a contemptible ancestry. They did not worship the same gods, nor stand under their protecting egis. The idea of humanity was unknown to heathendom. The word "humanitas" meant politeness, urbanity, gentlemanly behavior. Humanity in the broad sense of the spiritual unity of mankind has its vital roots in the belief that all the races of men have their common origin in one universal God who has dowered them all with equal and unalienable rights, and knit them together in bonds of mutual obligations and loving kindness. The pagan recognized only his compatriot, his fellow-citizen, as his fellow-man. Man as man had no worth, no rights, no claims, no duties. The pagan could not, as the Israelite,

look with awe upon all men as wonderfully and fearfully made, as beings clothed with the godlike dignity of mankind bestowed upon them by the Spirit of all. Right and duty were merely social laws, legal ordinances. But they had nothing absolute and universal in them, simply because in the pagan theory of the world there was no absolute good will, no universal reason, from which to derive the moral laws as eternal revelations of the Divine attributes. Love was merely physical love, the natural family affections or the sentiment of friendship of one individual for another. But it was not the pure spiritual love of man as man, after the type of the love of God for all mortals; it was not mercy for the finite image of the Eternal whose mercy extends over all His creatures.

In polytheism sin in its deepest moral and religious sense was unknown. Sin was dreaded because of its evil consequences. It was viewed as an external injurious act and was punished by the human and divine guardians of the state as rebellion against the established ordinances of society. Sin was not an inward self-debasement, a falling away from the infinite moral dignity of humanity dwelling in us, a wilful breaking away from the life of God, in which we are to share by walking with Him in His ways. Sin was simply an infraction of a statute. It would cease to be sin if the powers that be, divine and human, chose to reverse the statute. Sin is not, according to pagan theology, absolutely abominable, because it is a departure from the holiness and perfection of the one only God, the life and essence of all being. It is not rebellion against the everlasting canons of universal love.

Polytheism must needs foster vice; for it springs from the belief that the different parts of nature have separate lives and powers and are represented by various gods who have the qualities of the phenomena they stand for and typify. Every part of nature that is worshiped must be obeyed. The bestial impulses, as well as the cruelties and

tortures inflicted by nature, are manifestations of divine powers, which should be imitated by man. Hence, the monstrous practices of idolatrous nations against which the writers of the Old Testament and of the New hurl their fierce denunciations.

As has been said before, the pagan mind could make no serious attempt to solve the problem of good and evil. For in polytheism neither good nor evil had a reason for existence, because they could not be conceived as rooted in universal existence. No one God, nor all the gods together, had created the world. Hence no god could be believed to be the source of all good nor of all evil in nature and history. There was no almighty being, in whose manifestations good and evil were pitted as contrasts. Good and evil fell apart as causeless, purposeless, and meaningless phenomena. There was no room in polytheism for the hope that evil would in the fullness of time be overcome and rooted out of the world, since there was no omnipotent power of good to accomplish it. To the pagan mind the history of nature and of man was merely a succession of events. It did not begin in all-wise and all-good omnipotent Will, nor would it end in the unfolding and victory of the universal good. We must not, however, fail to recognize in polytheism the germs of true religion, the beginnings of an exalted ethics of humanity.

II.

GERMS OF RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL TRUTH IN
POLYTHEISM.

Taking a broad view of the spiritual history of mankind as one continuous life and growth, we can not but believe that polytheism, too, was a revelation of the Infinite, a necessary stage in the unfolding of the spirit of God in the human race. God has left none of His children without a ray of His light. The ways of God through all the domain of nature and of mind are those of gradual evolution from lower to ever higher forms, from the imperfect to the more perfect, from faint streaks of dawning truth unto the brightness of the perfect day. But of this we shall speak more fully when we come to treat of the subject of Revelation and religious development. In believing that a divine being was indwelling, and presiding over, every part and phenomenon of nature, polytheism gave expression to the truth that Nature is no weltering mass of blind matter, no soulless mechanism, but is quick with conscious life and full of superhuman divine power. This is an immense gain made for true religion. In fact, monotheism could not have arisen at all, if the pagan theory of the world had not prepared the fruitful parent idea, out of which grew the belief in one almighty all-pervading Intelligence, the Maker, Preserver, and Ruler of heaven and earth and all they contain.

The human mind, even in its undeveloped religious stage, in the polytheistic state, had grasped the fundamental idea on which all religion and philosophy will forever rest; the idea namely: mind, life, feeling, will power, thought is not confined to the brain of men and animals; it is not absolutely bound up with a bodily frame. Conscious life exists outside of man and animals and

manifests its energy in every possible form, visible or invisible, of the external world. Again, the conscious life did not for the first time in the existence of the world make its appearance in man and his inferior fellow-creatures. Gods, similar in character, qualities, loves, and hates to man or beast but superior to them in power and length of days, have existed in the heavens above and the earth beneath and in the waters under the earth, long before the human race or any animate being had been born on this globe. The monotheism of the prophets in its highest reaches, still firmly roots in this primary spiritual belief, in the belief of the pagans. For the central idea of our faith is: A universal creative Intelligence animates and pervades all nature; before the mountains were brought forth and the earth was born, and the world, even from Eternity to Eternity He was God.

The fact is, the belief that there are in the external world entities, powers, activities, and tendencies like those which distinguish the inner world of mind, lies at the very root of all religious knowledge, is the necessary condition of all truth. Without this pre-supposition, truth cognition would be impossible. How could the mind comprehend the world without, if that world had nothing in common with mind? How could the intelligence have any knowledge of nature, if nature were not somehow assumed to be related to intelligence? How could the things of nature be translated into thought, if they were not believed to be written in the characters of thought and could not be spelled out by the mind?

The most primitive men unconsciously started in all their thoughts, beliefs, and phantastic vagaries from this cardinal truth. The most advanced minds of prophets and philosophers base all knowledge and all faith upon this root-principle of the intelligence. The worshipers of Baal and Astarte and other gods shared the belief in mindlike powers existing and acting in nature outside of

man, with the prophets of Yahve, who is the spirit of all spirits, the cause and ground of all being. With this far-reaching difference however: in polytheism consciousness, intelligence, will, in nature is broken up into a vast number of separate beings, into a teeming multitude of divine personalities or gods. Every part of nature exists by itself and for itself, and in and above every part there is a divine being, the conscious counterpart of the material object. In the monotheism of the prophets all nature is one in origin, cause, and purpose, a living rational unity, a growing harmony in Yahve, the universal Reason, the creative almighty Will, in whom all things and all spirits live, move, and have their being.

It is, of course, impossible to explain the rise of moral monotheism in Israel by showing its points of connection with polytheism. Just as little can Man be explained by pointing out the links of kinship subsisting between him and the ape. But it is in every respect important to know the basis of truth common to the partially developed and to the most highly evolved religion, and to bring into view the manifold service rendered by polytheism in preparing the seed and the soil for monotheism.

In its own crude and materialistic way polytheism taught with the utmost emphasis the fundamental religious truth that man stands in closest relations to his God and that his nature is of kin to that of the Deity. Practically this belief is the most important, the most influential of all religious doctrines. It brings down religion from the region of mere speculation and makes it the most human of all affairs. It elevates man to the Divine and brings the Divine down to the heart and into the very home of man. This faith has builded an ideal ladder between heaven and earth on which divine powers descend to mortal men, to protect, instruct them, and impart dignity to their life, and on which again mortal men ascend to share in the qualities, in the aims, and the glory of the Divinity. Man

is godlike, man is a child of the Deity—this was the intuitive faith alike of paganism and Yahvism. Only, the pagans took their godlikeness and their descent from the divine in a literal and physical sense. The members of every family, of every tribe and people believed themselves, in the material acceptation of the word, to be lineal descendants of their ancestral god, to have the blood of their divine forefather and ruler in their veins. As their gods were identical with visible parts of nature, so was, in their opinion, the relationship between men and their deity of a naturalistic and sensuous kind. The bond of union between them was mainly the kinship of animalism. Still, low as was the pagan conception of the mutual relations between man and his god, it was yet the fruitful germ out of which there arose in the religion of the prophets the sublime conception of man being made after the spiritual likeness and in the moral similitude of the Lord of all spirits, of Yahve, the creative Reason and Love. Countless ages had believed that man was the physical image and offspring of his gods. Thereby the human mind was prepared to receive the message of monotheism that man is the spiritual image of the perfect Spirit, that the soul of man is a lamp of God, that Divine love and human righteousness are the true ties of kinship between the Creator and His creature. Thus polytheism is also in this respect seen to have been the natural precursor and path-maker of monotheism. There is no break in the development of the spirit of mankind. Even the greatest spiritual revolution, the victorious rise of monotheism in Israel, was an evolution from pre-existing forms of belief, and an involution of what was truest and best in the religious life of former ages.

This is evident from other points of organic contact and transition between polytheism and monotheism. Take the case of idol-worship or the adoration of images representing gods in human form. The vast majority of the

human race has from time immemorial to this day been clinging to idolatry, a mode of worship which the prophets denounced as the abomination of abominations, and which we too can not help regarding as a blasphemous and degrading practice. But we must be broad enough to recognize that idolatry helped on the religious education of the race. By presenting the gods to the eye of the worshiper in the figure of men, though of superhuman stature and majesty, it impressed upon the mind of the believer that the dread ruling powers of nature were related in their being and ways to man and that they possessed the attributes of humanity. For thousands and thousands of years the worship of the Divine under the symbol of man, the highest and noblest of all known creatures, tended in the eyes of the worshipers to humanize and moralize the gods and to vary them, in appearance and action, from the beast-gods and the bird-gods of still older and lower religions. The ground was thus prepared by idolatry for the sublime conception and the pure worship of God as taught by the prophets of Yahve. God is not a man nor the son of man. He is unlike anything visible or material. Nothing corporeal and mortal should be compared to Him, though it can be exalted in beauty above all created things. But the spirit of man is the symbol of the Eternal, the soul of man is the faint image of the universal Soul, the moral qualities of man are a revelation of the attributes of His perfection. In other words, God is likeliest that which is highest, holiest, and divinest in man; like reason shining in darkness, like justice crushing the head of oppression, like love going forth to all flesh. Having gained an absolute victory within the Jewish church, monotheism may now without fear of danger freely acknowledge the debt of gratitude which it owes to the preparatory work and influence of idolatry.

The belief in an all-wise and all-just Divine Providence shaping the destinies of individuals and nations, quickening

mankind to ever higher ends, may be traced to its humble and child-like beginnings in primitive religion, and be followed along its upward course through the great religions of Asia and of classic antiquity. The pagan of all times and climes had his tutelary god always with him, dwelling with him under his roof as the divine lord and father of the household. The family god watched over his human children, shielded them from evil, warned them against danger, and looked out for their good. This was certainly special providence in the most literal sense. Every tribe, every people, believed itself to be under the perpetual jurisdiction and guidance of its tribal or national god. Every people carried on the business of life in peace and war in the firm conviction that the eye of their god was observing them, that his wisdom was leading them, and his power rendering them help. Monotheism took over this inspiring belief as an heritage from the religious past of mankind. What a wonderful transformation this belief underwent in the monotheistic atmosphere of Yahvism, the religion of humanity! The providence the pagans believed in was selfish, narrow, tribal, unjust, short-sighted. Providence was favoritism. The tutelary god had a personal interest in protecting his people or his worshiper. Vast numbers of men in our day are in this respect, as in so many other regards, thorough pagans. The rulers, priests, and writers of every people speak of God as if He were the special Protector and Providence of His favorite nation and cared very little for the rest of mankind. They sing solemn Te Deums for victories vouchsafed them by *their* God; they intone hymns of thanksgiving to *their* God who fought their battles and helped them to slaughter thousands and tens of thousands of human beings. The Providence of the prophets is no respecter of persons nor of nations. He guides by His counsel all individuals, and all the tribes of men. All men are alike His children and His care and mercy extend over all His creatures. In

polytheism there are many providences which are at war with one another. There are as many providences as there are families and peoples. In the religion of Israel's monotheism there is one God, one humanity, one impartial and all-loving Providence, universal, unfailing, all-wise. Still, if the families of the earth had not for countless generations been accustomed to trust in a tribal and egotistical providence, the prophets of Yahve probably would not have been able to imbue men with the belief that the eye of one only God is upon all His children, that all mankind is being led by Him toward ideal goals.

III.

THE UNITY OF MANKIND.

The idea of an inalienable and indestructible right inherent in every individual, the idea of a divine right to life, liberty, property, and the pursuit of happiness vested in every man by virtue of his godlike personality, the idea of justice wide as humanity, holy and awful as God, is the cardinal ethical principle of Yahvism. To secure the equal rights of all men because all are equal before their common Maker, to enforce the inviolable dignity and sanctity of every human being because he is the spiritual image of the Most High, to inculcate the infinite importance of meting out justice in private and social life, to rich and poor, to the native and the stranger, with an impartial hand, this is the chiefest burden of the Prophets, this is the deathless mission of the religion which we offer to the Gentiles. This principle of universal justice without regard to kinship, nationality, and creed, the love of right and equity passing the love of life itself, the hatred of injustice and oppression stronger than death, spring from the two cardinal beliefs of prophetic monotheism, from the belief in the absolute oneness and goodness of God and the belief in the unity of mankind centered in an all-just Creator, Lawgiver, and Judge. These beliefs are the ultimate source of right, the living fountain from which justice flows for all the children of man. According to every other theology, with the sole exception of the religion of Yahve, mankind is broken up into several parts, which are separated by distinctions of race or nationality, or marked off from one another by religious differences. According to every other theory of the world and of society, the fulness of human rights is conditioned upon the accident of birth, upon community of descent or

community of faith or upon both. To the Athenian only a full-blooded Greek who worshiped the gods of Hellas was a genuine man and alone was entitled to the fulness of human rights. The outside barbarians were in his opinion no full men. They possessed no rights which the high-caste Greeks, the favorites of the Olympian gods, were in conscience bound to respect. They held their life and property only on sufferance. Whatever rights of protection they enjoyed, while dwelling among the Greeks, were accorded to them as an act of grace by the Hellenic gods and their privileged worshipers. Closely examined, among those believing in more than one god right is merely a privilege, a prerogative granted by some Divine Power to those he loves. For how can a god who is not the Lord and Father of all men command laws of justice that shall be binding on all men? How can a being, who is not himself absolute and eternal, be the author of absolute statutes of righteousness and of everlasting ordinances of right? How can social right and equity be derived from a god who is himself believed to be constantly at war with other gods and with men? The moral laws and the ideals of the perfect life can not derive their sanction from gods who are themselves held to be imperfect and tainted with selfishness and cruelty.

The idea of universal justice can be cherished, and the attempt to realize it be made, only by men who firmly believe in one universal God, in an absolute righteous Will, an infinite Power that is perfect in all His ways. Justice in the true sense of broadest humanity was unknown and inconceivable outside Israel. It was unknown even in Israel before it was conceived in all its depth and grandeur by the prophets and proclaimed by them and defended in the face of fierce opposition offered by the rich and powerful. Justice was, therefore, everywhere except in the ideal world of prophetic monotheism, merely an extension of the mutual relation subsisting between the members

of the family group to a wider circle. All the members of the city or state were regarded as relations, and were expected to deal with one another as brothers. All people who were beyond the pale of the assumed brotherhood were outcasts and outlaws. In this respect, as in so many others, the Chinese are the most consistent, the most ancient and pagan of all nations. The whole theory and practice of Chinese social order rests on the family idea. All Chinamen are officially and religiously considered as kinsmen, as members of one huge family. The emperor is obeyed and venerated as the father, priest, and lawgiver of all his subjects. He is, in official parlance and in the language and belief of the masses, held to be a lineal descendant of the heaven-god and the earth-goddess.

According to the teachings of unadulterated Christianity, according to the dogmatic theology of the trinitarian churches, there is really no unity of mankind, neither with God in heaven nor with men on earth, neither in this world nor in the world beyond the grave. Those who believe in God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, those who believe in the redeeming death and saving blood of the Savior, are brothers in Christ Jesus; they alone are saved and exalted; they alone are called the children of God. They enjoy the favor of the Father and are beloved of the Son. They are visited, purified, and sanctified by the Holy Ghost. For them are reserved the bountiful blessings of Divine grace and love. They are saved from the power of evil in this world and they are sure to enter Paradise in the hereafter. But those who refuse to believe in the Trinity and in the sacrificial death of Jesus, because their reason and faith can not accept such a dogma, stand outside the consecrated precincts of the Christian brotherhood. They are strangers to God and strangers to the community of Jesus Christ. They are separated by a vast gulf from the congregation of God. They are not at one with their Maker, because

they lack the mediation of Christ's atoning love. They live unredeemed and unblessed on earth, and in the hereafter they will through all eternity suffer untold torments as a condign punishment for having lacked the true faith and for having wantonly declined the proffered means of salvation. On one side stand the wretched non-Christian goats, and on the other the blessed Christian lambs. Would you call this a real unity of mankind in one all-just and all-loving God?

Christian philosophers are asserting with endless reiteration and infinite unction, that of all religions Christianity alone proclaimed the unity of mankind and the brotherhood of all men. But the Christianity which they thus glorify is not really Christianity. They sail under false colors. They make a false use of the name Christianity which they first emptied of all its true and distinctive contents. Smitten with judicial blindness as to the religion of Israel, swayed by narrow inherited prejudices, they first misrepresent Yahvism in a spirit of wilful ignorance and rob it of its glory and merit. They take the imperishable religious truth, the doctrine of the unity and godlike dignity of all men, and give it the name of Christianity and pit it against the faith of Israel as something infinitely higher and diviner. They are self-deceiving deceivers. Sure it is, Jesus was a teacher of Yahvism and not of Christianity. Sure it is, Jesus was no Christian in the trinitarian sense, and in any other sense there is no Christian religion. He taught the unity of mankind just like the other prophets and wise men of Israel. But trinitarian Christianity rejects the unity and brotherhood of mankind in the sense it was revealed by God through His prophets. Mankind is divided into two distinct parts, into those who believe in the blessed Trinity and those who deny it, or have never heard of it. The latter are abandoned of God, no fountain of grace for them, no treasures of salvation in store for them. The holy spirit is not in them, though they

walk in the ways of righteousness and long to be perfect with the Lord their God. The curse of original sin rests upon them and keeps their soul in a state of degradation. They have not been recognized by God the Father by acquiring, through faith, a share in the great sacrifice of atonement made by Jesus. They are not born again to the life spiritual in Christ through the miracle of baptism. They are the unregenerate children of Adam and form a lower, purely carnal species of mankind. High above this division of fallen and unbelieving humanity are the children of light and faith, the blessed of God, the living members of the body of Christ. Again and again they renew their life by assimilating to themselves through the mystery of the communion the flesh and the blood of the Redeemer. They alone are the true people of God. To them has been vouchsafed dominion and glory and wisdom. To them the earth has been given as an inheritance. They are the true heirs to whatever things beautiful, to whatever things true, and whatever things good have been accomplished in ages past by all nations and religions, by the prophets, poets, thinkers, and truth-seeking heroes of all times. All peoples, all civilizations have toiled and plowed and sown that the Christian brotherhood may reap a rich harvest. The rest of mankind, unredeemed, unregenerated, inferior, are weltering in religious darkness and pining away in spiritual poverty outside the Christian city of God. They exist on sufferance, and the followers of Christ are their superiors and rulers by the grace of God. The heathen, the Jews, and so-called infidels are children of the handmaidens, but the Christians are children of the true spouse, the church of Christ Jesus.

Such is the unity of mankind which genuine Christianity, which the trinitarian churches teach. It is infinitely superior to the pagan conception of man. In paganism the distinction between man and man, tribe and tribe, is of a physical and racial nature. There is, theoretically at

least, no possibility of members of one people or race crossing the lines of separation and blending with those of another. In Christianity the distinction is spiritual, religious. Any man, whatever his people and race, may become a Christian and share in the privileges of grace and prerogatives of salvation of the chosen part of mankind. No bars are raised against any man, whatever his descent; no wall shuts any man from the Christian community. The gates are wide to all comers. Still the distinction between man and man is there deep and far-reaching. The separation between one part of mankind and the other is due to Divine favoritism, not to Divine justice. It is by an arbitrary act of God that he dooms vast numbers of men to moral degradation and spiritual death, because their reason can not accept the dogma of the Trinity and the other central Christian doctrines. On the other hand, He exalts those who choose to believe in the Christian mysteries, and brings them nigh unto Himself and pours out upon them all His mercy and crowns them with loving kindness. This is indeed election with divine vengeance. The Calvinistic dogma of election is the most logical and consistent expression of the more general Christian belief in Divine election or favoritism. In Calvinism there are but a few lucky mortals whom the whim of the Deity picks out for salvation and blessedness, while the rest are left to perish in spite of their correct belief. In the Catholic Church all Roman Catholics are chosen and saved. Even the broadest trinitarian churches teach that a yawning gulf separates the worshipers of Christ from those who deny Him.

The Christian theory which separates man from the fellowship of man, according to creed, which divides humanity into two distinct parts, into God-abandoned deniers of the divinity of Jesus and into the redeemed children of the triune God, has done as much mischief as the pagan principle of kinship and tribal divinities. As

long as the trinitarian dogma of salvation and election was firmly believed in, it sowed everywhere the baneful seeds of disunion and hatred and was the parent of infinite woes, physical and mental. The spiritual pride and selfishness of men caused the practice to come up to and surpass the theory. From the time trinitarian Christianity ascended the throne and became mistress of the western world until the spirit of Yahvistic humanity began to resist and restrain it, the pagans, the heretics, the Jews, and the Mohammedans were held not to be equal to the Christians before God and the law, and were treated accordingly with pitiless injustice and often with remorseless cruelty. True, even in the darkest days of the Middle Ages Christianity did a vast deal toward elevating and humanizing the masses. The Church tried to knit together many nations and races and kingdoms into a spiritual brotherhood. But those outside the Christian church were dealt with in a spirit of contempt and harsh exclusiveness. Attributing to God himself the injustice of loving and saving the orthodox believer, and abhorring and condemning the unbelievers, the Christians strove to walk in the ways of the Almighty. For this reason they had diverse measures of justice for Christians and non-Christians, or rather the Christian alone was believed to have an indefeasible claim to the rights of man and the privileges of human brotherhood. Even in our day the spirit of universal justice, the spirit of all-embracing humanity, such as lived and worked miracles of salvation through the prophets from Moses down to Jesus, is far from having completely triumphed over the medieval spirit of superstitious pride and intolerance. The Christian still believes that he stands nearer to the throne and heart of God and possesses larger rights than Jews, Mohammedans, and pagans. And what he believes he still practices to a large extent. At best the non-Christian is contemptuously accorded tolerance. Where he enjoys equal rights, it is considered a gracious conces-

sion made to him by the ruling Christian. But he is not regarded as the peer of the Christians, in moral dignity and social worth.

Woe betide the non-Christians, the heathen or the Mohammedan, if wrong is done by him to Christians in any part of the world! If a few hundred rebellious Christian subjects of the Turk are killed by their wrathful rulers, all Christendom burns with righteous indignation and demands immediate and fullest redress. The remonstrances made by the Christian powers are backed up by a million Christian guns. But when five million Jews in Russia are deprived of all human rights, treated as pariahs, plundered, tormented beyond endurance, driven from their homes and made to perish body and soul, the Christian powers raise no protest against these horrors enacted by a Christian potentate against helpless human beings. "They are only Jews," the Christian says in his heart, "they are not our brothers."

Lately a few Christian missionaries were killed in China by an infuriated mob. A cry of horror was heard through the length and breadth of Christendom. Vengeance for the Christian blood ruthlessly shed was demanded in the Old World and in the New. The warships of the great Christian nations hurried to the scene of slaughter. Powerful arguments—a thousand cannons—were used with the helpless emperor. And they had their effect. A large number of Chinamen have been beheaded in expiation of the crime against the missionaries. This was justice, sure enough, claimed and obtained by Christians for Christians. But scores of Chinamen have at sundry times been massacred in America, hundreds have again and again been plundered and driven from their homes by Christian mobs. Still there was no national indignation in America against these monstrous acts. No European people remonstrated with our government against these brutal outrages. A paltry sum was paid by our government to the relations of the

helpless victims. They were only heathen Chinese. Their lives and rights do not weigh much in the scales of justice. An editorial writer in one of our great newspapers recently said, "One Anglo-Saxon Christian is worth as much as six heathen Chinese. Six lives should be given for one Christian life." Verily, this is a beautiful illustration of the unity of mankind, a noble realization of universal justice. The moral disease of anti-Semitism which is raging on the continent of Europe and disgracing modern civilization, is due to two co-operating causes, one pagan, the other Christian, in origin and scope. The fanatics of race and nationality, the Aryomaniacs, say: "The Jew ought to be stripped of all civil and political rights, and if possible, be driven from the land, because he is not of our blood and race." This argument has a heathen pedigree. "The Jew should in every way be restricted and restrained and systematically excluded in public and private life from fellowship with Christians. He is a thorn in the thigh of our Christian civilization because he differs from us in faith, and observes an attitude of open or concealed hostility toward our Savior." Thus reason the fanatics who consider themselves appointed by God to watch over the highest interests of Christianity.

Opposite the polytheistic as well as the trinitarian conceptions of mankind which separate man from man according to physical kinship or according to religious differences, stands Yahvism with its unshakable belief in the indestructible unity, both physical and spiritual, of all the families of the earth. Opposite the theory and practice of justice both of paganism and of Christianity, which base all right either on community of blood or community of faith, stands the religion of ethical monotheism with its eternal principle of universal, indiscriminating justice, with its solemn declaration that all men are equal, because all are made in the spiritual image of God. Yahvism recognizes no distinctions of race nor differences of religious

belief before the throne of Divine and human justice. All human beings are declared to be alike the children of the household of God. In the city of God, as seen by the eye of the prophets, there are no favorites endowed with rights superior to those of the humblest son of man. This would be a grievous injustice done by God Himself. The spirit of the prophets, their deathless love of righteousness, will brook no injustice, no partiality in God Himself. The throne of Yahve must be established on justice, or the true Israelite would refuse to prostrate himself at His feet. He would not adore a God in whom there is unrighteousness. He would turn away with indignation and despair from the supreme Power, were the Power conclusively proved to bestow His favors with an unjust hand, to deal with men according to His caprice, and not to reward and love every man according to the righteousness of his ways.

This idea is the very soul of our religion. Justice is absolute, eternal, and universal, and is binding on God and on men and all rational beings, wherever and under what conditions soever they may exist in any part of the universe. God is justice; this is His name forever. If He were not just He would not be God. He would be a dread power, feared by weak mortal man, but He would not deserve our worship and love. The sacred writers never weary of praising and invoking the justice of God. The righteousness of Yahve is the dearest theme of the Psalmist's song and the chief burden of the Prophet's message. "Thou lovest justice," say the sweet singers of Israel, "Thy right hand is full of justice." Justice walks before Him. Justice and judgment are the foundations of His throne. His justice is everlasting, all His ordinances are just. Yahve is righteous in all His ways. He judges the whole world in justice. In the song of Moses it is said: Just and upright is He. In his confessions of Israel's sins, Ezra says: O Yahve, God of Israel, Thou art just.

Nehemiah prays: Thou hast kept thy promise, because Thou art righteous. Thou art just in all that is brought upon us; for Thou hast done right, but we have done wickedly.

But why multiply instances? The belief in the perfect justice of God permeates every part of the Bible. It has moulded the ethics of Yahvism and determined the course of Israel's history. So convinced were the leaders of religious thought in Israel, that the Maker of heaven and earth must be righteous in all His ways and just toward all men, that the heroes of faith do not hesitate to turn to Yahve and demand justice at His hand, whenever He seems to be doing injustice to them or to other men. "Shall the judge of the whole world not do justice?" said Abraham, the friend of God, the father of the faithful, while pleading with the Lord for the people of Sodom and Gomorrah. If there are only fifty or forty or even ten righteous men in the doomed cities, God should spare all for the sake of the righteous that are in their midst. For it would be wrong to let the righteous perish with the wicked. It would be unjust not to give the good time to change by their example the life of the sinful and reclaim them from the evil of their way.

Jeremiah, the martyr prophet, being ruthlessly persecuted by his cruel enemies and treacherously treated by his brethren, challenges God in the bitterness of his heart and dares enter into a controversy with Him.

"Thou art righteous, O Yahve, when I contend with Thee.
 Why does the way of the wicked prosper?
 Why are all the men of treachery at ease?
 Thou has planted them, yea, they have taken root.
 They grow, yea, they bring forth fruit,
 Thou art near to their mouth, but far from their hearts.
 But Thou, O Yahve, knowest me;
 Thou hast seen me and tried my heart.
 Whether it be devoted to Thee."

In the agony of his sufferings Job calls God to account for afflicting him without just cause. I would speak to

the Almighty! he cries, I desire to reason with God. "Behold, He may slay me, but I will defend my ways before Him. Behold, I have arranged my plea, I know that I shall prove my right."

This heroic love of justice, this dauntless conviction that wrong is wrong whether done by man or by God, the sublime belief that the ways of God must be just and righteous altogether, form the keynote to the theology and the ethics of the religion of Israel. From the first day of its appearance among the children of men Yahvism has above all things been the religion of righteousness, the religion of justice uncompromising and universal, of justice Divine and human. The fruitful germ of Yahvism was deadly hatred of wrong done to the weak by the strong, by the rich to the poor, by the native to the stranger, a horror of aristocratic privileges and abuses, a fierce anger against oppression practiced in the name of gods, of caste, of race and nationality. The tree of Yahvism had from the very beginning its roots in infinite pity for the down-trodden, in profound reverence for the humanity of all men, in a quenchless love of justice as broad as mankind. Yahvism, the religion of humanity, is a perennial battle for the right. So it was conceived by Moses, so it was revealed by him to his immediate followers, and so it was transmitted by him and the other prophets to be a heritage to all generations.

THE FIRST AND GREATEST OF ALL MORAL IDEAS.

THE moral ideas hold a distinct and supreme place in the world of thought. They overshadow in dignity and practical importance all other ideas. They form the most characteristic and noblest possessions of the human race. In the last resort they determine the worth of all things and fix the rank of every man in the scale of humanity. The moral ideas are the standards of judgment, which by a spontaneous impulse of our soul we apply to ourselves and all other persons, to all desires and actions, to all relations which human beings bear to one another. Whatever agrees with the moral standards of judgment meets with our approbation and is praised as good. Whatever is found to be out of harmony with the moral ideas instantly calls forth our disapprobation and is condemned as bad.

No matter by what process of psychological and historical evolution the human race has come by the moral ideas, they are found to exist in man as the supreme facts of his consciousness. They can not be reasoned out of existence by any sophisms of selfishness. They can not be expelled from our soul by any effort of a wicked will. They form indestructible parts of the very essence of the human intelligence. They are spontaneous sentiments which well up from the heart, original revelations which rise from the mystery of the mind. Wherever two or three men meet together, the moral ideas are present and pass judgment on their conduct, their mutual affections, their words and acts, bestowing praise or censure in accordance with the canons of justice and benevolence. In the

heat of passion, under the stress of egotistical forces, their commandments may be disobeyed and their monitions may go unheeded for a time. But their voice can never be stifled. Their adverse judgments are invariably approved of by all impartial observers, and come back to the transgressor with the shock of damning public conscience, causing him pangs of shame and remorse.

Within the innermost chambers of every heart the moral ideas sit enthroned, and call before their tribunal all feelings, all doubts, all stirring of the will. All noble and all ignoble desires, though concealed from the knowledge of other men, are discerned by the judges within our breast, and are hailed by them as signs of inward righteousness or branded as exhibitions of inward iniquity. With every deed of ours that is born into the world a moral judgment is born as its twin brother.

The moral ideas are the divinities which reside within our soul and strive to have dominion over our whole being, to purify and direct the current of our feelings, to inform our thoughts, to determine our will, to shape our acts, and to mould our character after their own image and likeness. All the moral ideas are one in their ultimate nature, origin, and aim. All are, as it were, one deity which, like the symbolic representations of the Divine in many religions, bears several faces expressive of various attributes. All demand harmony in the varying human relations. All may be regarded from the religious point of view as manifestations of the Infinite and the holy ground of all existence. They are revelations in man of the all-good and all-wise divine Power and Love. What are moral ideas in the soul of man are eternal and absolute qualities of Him in whom we live, move, and have our being. Slowly and painfully does moral man strive to incarnate the moral ideas in his character and to realize them in the activities of his life. To him they remain forever glorious ideals which he follows from afar but is never able to reach.

But the ideals of goodness, which imperfect man in vain yearns to realize, are eternally actual in God. To the heart of faith God is the realized Ideal of moral perfection.

Our conception of divine goodness yields to us the moral ideas. The attributes of God descend, as it were, from heaven to earth and become the moral ideals of humanity. This is the deep meaning of the words of the prophets, that the righteous walk with God. They endeavor to walk in the ways of the divine prototype, and with quenchless longing strive to imitate the qualities of the perfect ideal. In this indestructible desire of man to live a godlike life consists the glory and divinity of the human soul. The great founder of Yahvism had this truth in view, when he taught that man was made in the image of God. The belief in a universal, all-perfect Intelligence has for its corollary the belief that man, the highest finite intelligence, has the power and duty to share in the qualities of the perfect Spirit, to be like Him, just, merciful, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth. This is the one supreme dogma in which religion and morality are indissolubly bound up together.

Now, if we analyze our idea of God, we find its first and chiefest content to be that wisdom and will are absolutely identical in Him. The All-good never wills anything evil; the All-just never desires injustice; the All-wise never contemplates anything unwise. He, who is the ultimate source of thought and being, perennially reveals Himself in nature and history in accordance with absolute goodness. In God wisdom and righteousness are identical with His omnipotent will. This immutable unity of will and goodness in the Divine Being constitutes the idea of the absolute unity, perfection, and freedom of the supreme Personality. In this deepest ethical sense, and in this sense only, do we ascribe personality to God.

From this idea of divine personality springs the corresponding idea of human ethical personality, or the duty

of man to unfold himself into a moral character. The ethics of moral monotheism demands of every man that he strive to be godlike in this, that his will shall in all its manifestations be in perfect harmony with wisdom. There shall be no conflict between the impulses of our will and our knowledge of what is right and good. There shall be no painful discord between the desires of our heart and the claims of benevolence. The will shall not separate itself in selfish isolation from the social whole. It shall not refuse to listen to the voice of conscience, when it calls upon us to combine our powers with those of our fellow-men and co-operate with them for the general good. It shall not rise in obdurate and greedy egotism against the rights of any human being, but yield willing obedience to the dictates of justice. There shall be no war in our breast between the gentle promptings of love and the demands of a self-seeking will.

The beginning and mainspring of all morality, then, is that the moral ideas shall have perfect control over our heart and mind. They must have the power to stir the slumbering will into activity, and cause it to move along the lines which they prescribe towards the end which they propose. It is not enough that the moral ideas merely announce their presence. They must prove an irresistible motive-power of the will, whenever there is an opportunity to do some noble deed, to make a painful sacrifice of pleasure and interest, or to repress some unworthy desire. Moral insight which is powerless to energize and guide the will is moral impotence. Such moral decrepitude loses us our self-respect and brings down upon us the contempt of all impartial observers. The more thorough a knowledge a man has of the way of righteousness, the more incumbent it is upon him to transform such knowledge into moral energy. The light of wisdom must perennially illumine the will and kindle it into an habitual good will, which, according to Kant, is the only real and

absolute good attainable to man, and in relation to which all other goods are but means or indirect results.

How profound and clear soever a man's knowledge of the moral ideas and ideals may be, it lends as yet no moral worth to his character! As long as the good impulses to which the moral ideas give birth can be crossed by opposing evil desires and thwarted by selfish motives, our title to the dignity of a moral personality is still sadly defective. Only the wisdom which is ever active and vigilant, which easily overmasters evil desires and readily checks every inward movement of unrighteous selfishness, constitutes a moral character. When the moral ideas and the will thus interpenetrate one another and make one music of life, does the human personality become clothed with a godlike moral dignity. Such a person, in whom wisdom or the moral ideas inform and govern all feelings, aspirations, and actions, is in very deed a moral character or personality. He is infinitely elevated above all those human beings, who are merely swayed by blind instincts and determined in their actions by egotistical impulses. He has emancipated himself from the bondage of Nature. He has broken the chain of necessity and lives as a self-centered and self-determining intelligence in the divine and pure air of spiritual freedom.

For the ethical personality is not a product of nature; the moral character is not the outcome of mechanical forces, nor the result of irresistible psychological impulses. The moral character is the highest creation of our free-will, is the noblest work of human reason. The man in whom the spirit of ethical ambition is stirring, constantly has the moral ideas before his mind's eye. Steadily looking upon them, he endeavors to fashion himself after their likeness. Such a man is the greatest of artists. He treats himself as a marble dug from mankind's quarry, and aspires to transfer the features of the ideal man upon his own character. With a master's hand he strives to

reproduce in himself the godlike forms of perfect humanity, as seen by the eye of faith and hope. Such a person is crowned with the attribute of goodness. He is a moral and harmonious personality. He ceaselessly strives to bring every part of his conduct into harmony with the moral ideas. He is in the habit of examining himself, whether all his willing and doing is animated by nothing but the love of righteousness and solely determined by devotion to duty. He is ever asking himself, whether his aspirations and acts have approached the moral ideals as near as it was possible for him to come. Of such a man we say, in the words of the Psalmist, that he speaks the truth in his heart. He is truthful with himself. He searches the inward chambers of his soul, whether there be any self-deception, any hypocritical self-righteousness found therein. His character possesses the noble quality of inward truthfulness, which makes him proof against the debasing illusions of spiritual pride.

The righteous man is conscientious in all his ways. In all the relations of life he endeavors to satisfy the utmost claims of the moral ideas. He never haggles with duty about any of her demands. He is ever afraid of falling in his practice behind the ideas of justice and benevolence. For this reason he always tries to do more than the letter of the law and the current conceptions of social obligations require. For he judges himself by the standard of an ideal morality, which he bears in his soul, although he knows that no human being can hope fully to realize it. Though the reality always lags behind the ideal, yet such conscientious pursuit of virtue, such ardent love of the supreme moral good, which transforms and possesses the whole man, imparts to him a new and sublime character. He is no longer a mere child of Nature, no more a part of the physical order of things, but has become a citizen of a spiritual world or, to use the language of religion, he has grown to be a child of the Eternal.

He has been born again, but his new birth is due to no external miraculous act of grace, but to the regenerative powers of unfolding godlike reason. Through Godward aspiration, through moral self-development, the natural man is recreated by himself into the spiritual man. In him the moral ideas dwell incarnate as living powers, in his noble soul the ideals of humanity have a local habitation and are quick with personal life. Through his will they become fruitful realities and reveal their hidden wealth.

Such a man we call a moral personality. What is merely potential in others, has become in him actual and vital. The moral possibilities, which lay slumbering in the germ, have unfolded into a full-blown character. Only men of this kind may be said to have a genuine character. They are typical men. Their character types that of humanity. While they are full of the most intense individual life, they also represent the general moral and spiritual life of humanity. The immoral man, too, possesses a character; it is the character of the human animal. The selfish man also represents in his individuality something general, namely, the original beast of prey still extant in the human race. But the noble representatives of spiritual humanity have moved upward, away from "the reeling fawn and the sensual feast." They "work out the beast and let the ape and tiger die." They are the heralds of the coming race and type within themselves, from more to more, the work of humanity in the past and in future times.

THE IDEALS OF HUMANITY.

MAN lives by his ideas and advances by his ideals. Since man began his career on earth, ideals of one kind or another have been moving before him as pillars of light showing him the way which he was to go, leading him on and on through the trackless material and intellectual world. The human race, from time immemorial and under all conditions, has been in search of a dreamland of perfection. The various tribes and generations have ever been traveling on diverse roads toward what they believed to be the Promised Land of their dearest wishes. The human mind is never content with what is, but always strives after something that shall be. The present never gives complete satisfaction to the soul of mankind, it never appears as a good and desirable state. The better ever looms in the distance as a condition devoutly to be wished. When the better is reached, man finds discontent and disappointment waiting there for him. Without taking rest he sets out in pursuit of what he conceives to be the best. When that is attained, he discovers that he has only come to a way station, because a new and grander ideal is seen shining and beckoning far away. Behind every ideal, however lofty, another higher, diviner ideal of perfection rises on the horizon of humanity's vision. This process of conceiving and following ideal after ideal, each successive one being nobler, more universal, and more difficult of realization, than the preceding ones, has been going on since the dim foretime of the race and will go on as long as mankind will have an abiding-place on this globe. This process makes up the true life and meaning of history, and is both the moving cause and the result of

humanity's religious, moral, intellectual, artistic, political, and economic development.

Both the constitution of the human mind and the constitution of things cause man to form varying and ascending ideas of excellence and perfect existence, and constantly urge him on to follow in the wake of his ideals with a quenchless longing to see them realized. Of all animate beings which the creative Energy Divine has in course of endless evolutions brought into existence, man alone is habitually dissatisfied with himself, his physical, mental, and moral powers, and with the conditions of nature in the midst of which he is placed. He alone recognizes that the world which surrounds him is imperfect in innumerable ways. Of all the multitudinous offspring of Nature he alone is conscious of the fact that she is full of evils and horrors. Sickness, death, want, and the thousand ills which flesh is heir to, ever vexed and saddened the heart of man, and excited in him a keen desire to overcome them as far as possible. The lowest savages long after a state of well-being to which the realities of their existence form a painful contrast. "Things are not as they ought to be," has been the cry of mankind in the rudest stone age as it still is in these days of steam power, electricity, and telephones. In this everlasting complaint is expressed the perennial dissatisfaction of humanity not only with existing social conditions but also with the natural environment. As to how things ought to be, there is an infinite variety of views diverging from one another according to the degree and kind of civilization attained by a people. For human ideals progressively change in correspondence with the progressive changes which human nature undergoes. The ideals are evolved in accordance with the development of the inner and outward life of man. Their rise is in keeping with the evolution of the social organism in its various relations, with the unfolding of the moral powers, with the growth

of knowledge, art, literature, the appliances of industry, and the production of wealth. The ideal state of existence which is cherished by the heart, and given shape to by the imagination, of primitive savages, would be regarded as a state of moral degradation and physical wretchedness by all cultured people in our time.

According to the ancient Germans, all valiant warriors slain in battle lead in Walhalla a life of perfect or ideal happiness. Every morning they go forth, armed with shield, spear, sword, and arrows, to hunt Odin's boar. After indulging in the pleasures of the chase to their heart's content, they sit down to feast on the flesh of the boar and to drink immense quantities of mead from huge bumpers. Slain every day, the boar rises daily to new life, again to furnish a banquet to the heroes in Walhalla. Nor did the supply of mead ever give out. Another source of delight to the blessed who dwell in the German heaven consists in daily combats among themselves. Terrible wounds are inflicted, limbs, heads are cut off. But immediately after the battle all wounds are healed, fresh limbs grow, the heads return to their places, the slain dead live again, to renew the same pastime the following day. Thus, hunting daily with unfailing success, feasting on rich meats, drinking without stint and measure, fighting, wounding, and killing without losing permanently life and limb, was the ideal life, the dreamed-of Paradise of the barbarous Germans. Compare it with the ideals of a Lessing, a Kant, a Schiller, or a Goethe. The glaring contrast between their respective ideals is not greater than the difference between the ignorant, superstitious, ferocious, and voracious Germans of old and these their late-born descendants, who represent the highest intelligence and culture as yet attained by the human race. As is a people, so will its ideals be, seeing that the latter are after all but the transfigured images of the existing realities of life without their blemishes and evils. The ideal of the brutal, brave, and

cunning Roman conquerors, which aimed at the subjugation and exploitation of all the nations of the earth, appeared to godly Israelites, such as the righteous and meek Hillel and Jesus, as a thing of abomination, as the pernicious desire of a wicked people. The ideal of the Talmudic sages was the perpetual study of the Torah in this life and in the world to come. In Heaven the righteous sit with crowns on their heads ranged around the throne of God and carry on the most subtle discussions on knotty points of law. By the fierce warriors of King Saul or David the ideal life of these pedantic scholars and quibbling casuists would have been regarded as a most absurd and unspeakably tedious sort of existence.

All ideals, high or low, primitive or modern, which spring from dissatisfaction with the natural environment, have one essential feature in common. They all aspire after man's dominion over the surrounding world. Or, to use the language of the Scriptures, the divine power that indwells man has from the earliest days of his existence inspired him with an irresistible desire to replenish the earth and subdue it, to have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowls of the air and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth. With profound insight into the nature and destiny of man the Bible tells us that the distinctive mark of his humanity consists in his aspirations after rulership over the earth and all it contains. In the language of mythic poetry it is related that man abode in Paradise as long as he lived in a state of child-like contentment. But Paradise quickly vanished, as soon as man had eaten of the fruit of knowledge and learned to know the difference between good and evil. From that time on discontent has been his inseparable companion. From that time on, he has put forth ceaseless efforts to make Paradise for himself through labor, through knowledge, through conquest of the external world and conquest of himself, of his lower nature, of his bestial instincts, his fierce passions, his greedy and cruel selfishness.

No deeper truth of human history has ever been uttered than the statement of the Hebrew poet that man began to be ashamed of himself, of the moral state he found himself in, as soon as he awoke from the slumber of unmoral childhood and learned to distinguish between good and evil.

The perennial dissatisfaction of man with his moral state, his ceaseless endeavor to rise to an ever higher moral station, is the most inspiring fact in the life of mankind and the chiefest motive power of humanity's upward movements. The moral ideals are the results of this irresistible tendency of the human race to self-criticism.

This inextinguishable spirit of discontent with the conditions of the surrounding world and with himself, with his physical and mental and moral powers, is the royal prerogative of man, and is, closely considered, but a trait of character he has inherited from the creative life of the universal Energy. Humanity simply continues on a grand scale and with conscious will-power the impulse of dissatisfaction which Nature herself displays in her processes of evolution. The intellectual and moral self-criticism of mankind is nothing but the self-criticism of Nature herself taken up by man, the highest representative of her unfolding life, and carried onward by him on a grand scale and with persistent will-power. Evolution, the gradual ascent of Nature from the imperfect to the more perfect, from the inorganic to the organic, the slow but steady rise from the lowest and simplest organisms to higher and ever higher forms of physical and mental life, may be viewed as the expression of Nature's perpetual dissatisfaction with her own past achievements and her effort to reach a higher plane of creative self-manifestation. The history of creation is the history of Nature's self-criticism and progressing aspirations. The fully-developed solar system may be regarded as Nature's own criticism on the nebulous and undifferentiated state of universal matter. The solid earth whereon we tread, fit to be the habitation

of organic life, is the self-criticism of the creative Power on the earth still weltering in tracts of fluent heat. The birth of organic life on earth was the self-criticism of Nature on the antecedent inorganic state of existence and the beginning realization of a higher creative purpose. Animate life is a criticism and an immense advance upon inanimate organisms. The vertebrates are a criticism upon the invertebrates. In man Nature brought into being her grandest criticism upon all other forms of finite existence. In man Nature produced the highest ideal of her creative aspirations. In him are gathered together and organized all the vital tendencies of her own past. All her mysterious yearnings after the better and best are incarnated in him. To her latest-born and most perfect offspring, to royal man, she has transmitted, as an inheritance from her own life, her divine discontent with whatever has been achieved, her own ceaseless striving to rise from stepping-stone to stepping-stone of excellence to ever higher ends. Nature has given the scepter of progress, which she herself had wielded through countless eons of time, into the hand of man. As man is the epitome of the whole past life of the universe, so is he the conscious standard-bearer of Nature's growing purposes, the exponent and realizer of her ideals. In other words, the Infinite Ground of all existence, that has manifested Himself in the upward evolutions of life, continues to reveal the hidden wealth of His power, wisdom, and goodness in humanity's progressive intellectual, moral, and social ideas.

Nor has man at any period of his history failed to believe that his ideals correspond to what he happened to regard and venerate as the Divine in Nature and in the life of humanity. The divinities of every people are simply the counterparts of the ideals of power and moral excellence entertained by that people. Every God, from the brutal, cruel, and local god of the savage to Yahve, the

Maker of heaven and earth, who is gracious and merciful, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, receives adoration, because he is believed to possess in all perfection those attributes of greatness which his worshipers chance to cherish and admire most intensely. As are the ideals of a people, so are the gods thereof. The reason is obvious. The gods are everywhere conceived in the image of the prevailing human ideals. They are revered as the realized ideals. Men strive to imitate their qualities and to walk in their ways. Thus, there is a parallelism between the gods of a people and its ideals. As are a people's gods, such are the ideals thereof.

There is another parallelism which should be taken into account, as it plays a most important part in the social, political, and moral life of every people. While the gods are worshiped as the realized ideals, aristocracies of various kinds wield influence and authority, because they are believed to approach nearer the type of the prevailing ideal than the mass of the people. Some sort of aristocracy has always existed among the children of man and will exist, as long as men will cherish ideals of excellence, power, and happiness. Under all conditions, in every society however constituted, there are born into the world some persons who are superior to their fellows in those qualities, and are distinguished above others by that conduct, which the social body prizes most highly. Such persons are the natural-born betters or aristocrats among their fellow-men, whether formally recognized or merely tacitly acknowledged as such. The natural inequality of men will bring to the surface certain persons, to whom pre-eminence comes because they possess in an extraordinary degree those powers and virtues which the necessities of the social environment most require and the ideals of the age commend as most admirable. These betters, or aristocrats, in all pagan societies derived their descent chiefly from the gods of the people, thus asserting

and explaining their claims to superiority by dint of their relationship to the divine beings who were adored and obeyed as the perfect types of power, happiness, and excellence.

Like all things natural and human, physical and spiritual, the idea of what constitutes the essential nature of superiority and greatness has in the life of mankind undergone a profound and varied process of evolution. On the whole, the development has been in an upward direction, toward ever higher ideals of humanity. Thus, the very qualities and acts which constituted a superior man and worshipful hero among the savage ancestors of the English, would in the England of Cobden and Gladstone mark a man as an atrocious criminal. Instead of enjoying material advantages and social honor, the career of such a person would in all probability be cut short by the avenging hand of the commonwealth. Among some peoples, however, there has in this respect been at sundry times a development downward, a degeneration of the conception of human nobility. It corresponds to, and is caused by, a general degeneration of the moral ideas and the ideal standards of life. The descendants of the Spanish Moors in Morocco have, as in all other respects so with regard to what constitutes true superiority, sadly fallen from the high standard of their refined, chivalrous, and broad-minded ancestors. The ferocious and forceful despot, the strong and brutal robber, the ignorant and fierce fanatic, hold the first place and wield the greatest influence among these degenerate descendants of a once noble and highly-developed race. Similarly, all retrograding nations go back in their ideals to the ideas of superiority which were entertained by primitive men. Force, physical power occupies among them the first rank, just as it did among the savage ancestors of all living races.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF AMERICA TO THE WORLD'S CIVILIZATION.

I.

THE NATURE OF CIVILIZATION.

What contributions has the American people made to the world's civilization? This is no idle question. It is of the deepest concern to us all to know what standing in the scale of humanity the nation has of which we form living parts. For the greatness, the worth and dignity, of a people does not consist in its numbers, nor in the vastness of its territory, but in what it has done and is doing for the growth of the world's civilization. The Hebrews were ever a small, politically feeble people, inhabiting a narrow strip of land, which was largely barren and at best yielded but moderate means of subsistence to its diligent and abstemious cultivators. Yet, who would call in doubt, that this poor, insignificant tribe, whose life has come to be the better half of the spiritual and moral life of mankind, has been an infinitely greater people than any of the mighty conquering races of Asia? The Greek people, the prolific parent of highest art, which has been and forever will be the inspiration and model of all nations, the sunny Hellenic race, that has bequeathed to us its glorious poetry, far more precious than all the gold and silver in the world, the nation of thinkers, who for the first time in the history of mankind created a science of mind and nature, this nation had mountainous and stony

Hellas for its habitation, a country not larger than many a county in Texas. Yet fifty years of Greece, the Age of Pericles, Plato, and Aristotle, are better "than a cycle of Cathay." The single city of Rome succeeded in accomplishing what the immense monarchies of the East failed in, namely in unifying and organizing all the nations dwelling on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea into an homogeneous, mighty empire, binding them together by the ties of common laws, institutions, and interests, securing to them peace and prosperity, and stamping upon them all the character of a cosmopolitan culture. Because the Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans were the authors of three-fourths of our civilization, we regard and venerate them as the greatest nations of antiquity, although the barbarians of northern Europe and Asia outnumbered the inhabitants of Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome as a hundred to one. The Russians are the most numerous people of Europe. Still England alone, without Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, is beyond comparison a greater nation than Russia, because she is unspeakably richer in all the true elements of human existence, because she has during the single reign of Queen Victoria contributed a thousand times more toward the world's civilization than the Russian people since the beginning of its existence. What contributions then has the people of the United States made to the world's civilization, to justify us in regarding it as one of the great and leading nations?

But before we can give a satisfactory answer to this all-important question we must briefly state what civilization is, in what its innermost life consists. The value of life, individual, national, and universal, does not lie in mere living. Manifestly it is the aim and purpose of life to bring to birth the divinity we call reason, to develop the lordly powers of humanity. All nature has travailed through countless eons to bring forth man the thinker, man the artist, above all, man the free agent. The mind

of man is to be a lamp of God, searching the innermost chambers of existence. The mind of man is to be the all-seeing eye of the universe, looking into the secret heart of things. The mind of man is to be the inspired interpreter of creation, to spell out her most hidden mysteries, and weave all that is in her into the web of a reasoned universal harmony, and thus to reveal the might, the glory, and the wisdom of the infinite. It is the manifest destiny of man's creative imagination to suffuse the heavens above and the earth beneath with its own informing rays, to make the stern countenance of the word necessity radiant with the smile of beauty. The soul of a Mozart or Beethoven gives to the spheres the witchery of music and makes the air vocal with trancing melodies. The genius of a Phidias breathes into the marble the breath of perfect divine life, causing the eternal ideas to dwell in habitations of clay. Nature has through countless ages been anxiously waiting and ceaselessly laboring for the coming of the artist, for the coming of a Raphael, who with the magic of his eye and hand charms upon the canvas the visions of his genius, the imperishable types of Godhood and manhood, and unfolds within the narrowest compass what the heavens and the heaven of heavens can not contain—the soul of the world and the soul of man.

But knowledge and art, though of immeasurable value, are not the only elements of civilization nor the most important, for the reason that they are not the highest manifestations of the mind. There is a power in man diviner than all, the power of free-will. O holy power, Freedom of will, thou art the mystery of mysteries passing human understanding, yet a blessed reality dwelling in our very heart and soul! Whence didst thou spring, glory and majesty of the universe? No burning sun brought thee to light! Space says: "In none of my chambers was Freedom's birthplace." Necessity, the parent of all things, the inexorable ruler of all, whose iron grasp neither star

nor atom, neither the earth nor any of her offspring can loosen, she was not thy mother, O Free-will of man! Thou art a goddess, that hoverest with outstretched wings over the abysmal waters of existence. Thou sayest: "Let there be light," and there is light in the midst of primeval darkness; Thou sayest: "Let there be a sovereign law of justice," and justice leaps forth in shining panoply, clothed with majesty as with a garment!—Her voice terrifies arrogant tyranny, her sight cowers cunning greed and fills with dismay defrauding selfishness, her scepter smites with paralysis the hand of oppression, her foot is on the breast of the robber and the murderer. She says: "Let there be love," and mercy appears in the midst of the din and fury of the universal war of all against all. She stands between the strong and the weak, between the smiter and the smitten, between the crusher and the crushed. She causes the tears of pity to flow, that wash away the blood of the innocent, she stills with the whispers of loving kindness the shrieks of those trampled under foot, she pours the balm of brotherly compassion into the wounds afflicted by the hands of cruelty. She gathers together weeping orphans and places them in palaces of education.

Oh, Free-will of man, glorious incarnation of the Omnipotent Will, thou commandest all nature to be a servant unto man—and behold all the forces of the universe yoke themselves as obedient slaves to the chariot of his mind, and carry their triumphant lord from one end of the earth to the other! They uproot for him the primeval forests, they drive from their slimy abodes the foes of man, the demons of fever and pestilence. They cause the face of a continent to smile with growing abundance for men. They tear open the bowels of the earth and bring up to him immense treasures of gold and silver, iron and copper and other metals, and work them up for him into countless forms of use and beauty. They dig his fuel in the heart of the earth and bring it into his dwelling place.

They build his cities and light up his streets and houses, making night to shine like the day. They build roads of iron for him and carry him through the land with the velocity of a flying bird. With wondrous speed they waft him in swimming palaces across the oceans, and make him laugh at the terrors of the sea. They flash his messages from one end of the earth to the other with a swiftness greater than the swiftness of thought. The free-will of man, the mightiest and divinest power of reason has created a new world, the higher world of human society, and superimposed it upon the world of nature.

Human society is the flower of all creation. Growing through countless ages, developing from lower to ever higher forms, rising from worm to man, life at last blossomed forth and ripened into the perfect fruit of human society. Who but the infinite Self, yearning to reveal His wisdom, His goodness and power, has taught thee, O man, the wonderful cunning to unite and blend millions and tens of millions of lives, minds and wills, making them one life, one will and mind, but vaster, mightier? For society is not merely the sum-total of all the individuals which it comprises. A nation is a living organism, it has a national will, a national conscience, national aims and destinies. The mind of the nation thinks, meditates, and produces a national philosophy; the heart of the nation feels sorrow and joy, is stirred by hope and despair, is elated by a noble pride or saddened by a sense of shame, and these feelings utter themselves forth in national poetry. The conscience of the nation, yearning after the ideal of righteousness, expresses itself in ever truer laws of justice and ordinances of equity. The energy of the nation puts forth efforts and brings forth all the wonders and works of national industry. The intelligence of the nation asserts its liberty, loves freedom better than life itself, rises in fierce indignation against those that assail it, and tramples under foot those who dare offer it violence.

All these elements and forces, all these works and arts, make up the civilization of a nation, they are all the manifestations of the growing national mind and will.

But the nations themselves are not self-centered beings, they are not isolated immortal individuals, each moving by a spontaneous force of its own toward a different goal without bearing any vital relations to one another. All the nations of the world, especially the leading nations, that create light and destroy darkness, that strive to subdue the earth and conquer nature, that endeavor to work out the problems of justice and mercy, are but members of a greater body, living parts of the undying, never-aging body of mankind. All national souls, all national wills, are one soul, one will. The pernicious idea that every nation is a being separated as to its material interests, intellectual aspirations, and historical destinies, from the rest of the world, the selfish belief that every people should have a heart only for its own prosperity and be absolutely indifferent to the welfare of other people, the doctrine that every nation should with fierce egotism endeavor to thrive and grow rich at any price, though the other civilized nations perish in consequence of it, is a return to the views, a reversion to the instincts of primitive barbarism. The idea of humanity, the idea of the fellowship and brotherhood of all men was utterly unknown, was simply inconceivable to barbarous antiquity, for the reason that every people had a national god of its own, who loved and protected only his own people, his own children, and hated and tried to exterminate the children of the other gods, his personal foes. But the growth of reason has not only borne the fruits of humanity, it has also given birth to the *idea* of humanity. Mankind is the strong, immortal son of God, in whom His will, His wisdom, His justice incarnate themselves. All the nations of the earth are members of this body, and the souls of the nations are manifestations of this soul. All mankind is

one being. If one member inflicts pain on another, the pain shoots through the whole body of mankind. If Germany and France lacerate each other, causing each other to bleed from gaping wounds, humanity loses part of its life-blood. If misery eats into the vitals of one nation, corruption will slowly but surely spread through the whole system of humanity. If one person becomes demoralized and degraded through poverty, despotism, and sin, demoralization and degradation will gradually diffuse themselves through the whole organism of mankind. If knowledge and truth are generated in the mind of one people, light shines in darkness to the whole of humanity. If liberty is showering her blessings on one nation, the ministering powers divine, that wait upon the progress of man, will sow the seeds of blessing in every land, and in the fullness of time cause them to sprout and blossom to all the families of the earth. If one people does justice, loves mercy, and walks humbly before the Eternal, the soul of humanity gathers new strength, fresh fountains of love open in the heart of the whole race, and mankind comes to take up a higher station on the mountain of God. For humanity is one being, has one life, one breath, one soul, one growing reason.

But the life of all the men and all the nations of today is but one short hour in the immortal life of mankind, a passing incarnation in the existence of the mighty and ever-growing son of God, of humanity. All the generations and all the nations that have been live in us, and we and they will live on in generations to come, in nations to be born, till time will be no more! Hebrews we are, and spiritual sons of the Hebrew prophets, whether we call ourselves Israelites, Christians, Mohammedans, or by any other name. The spirit of the psalmists is in our soul, their holy fire rises kindling in our breast. We have stood with Moses on the mount of revelations, we have heard with the redeemed ones the Ten Words of religion and

morality, we have seen with Isaiah the vision of the kingdom of righteousness, we burn with Jeremiah in indignation over the oppression of the weak, the iniquity of the great. We have meditated with Job over the problems and woes of human existence, and with him we wish to be admitted behind the veil, where the soul might find an answer to all its perplexing questions. We have threaded the labyrinthine mazes of life with the teachers of love and righteousness, we have listened to the tidings of the brotherhood of man. We have suffered and bled and felt the agonies of death with those who died for the truth. Greeks we are all, and sunny children of the genius of Hellas. The spirit of Homer dwells in us. The music and beauty of his verse dwells in our soul. The solemn chants of Æschylus vibrate through our heart; the loveliness, the glory, and the truth of Sophocles' dramas fill our mind. We saw Jove leap radiant with ideal perfection from the crowned head of Phidias, we saw Praxiteles breathe the breath of divine beauty into the plastic marble. We saw with our minds's eye Harmony building the Pantheon at Athens, and beheld Art placing Pallas Athene as guardian goddess upon its pinnacle. The spirit of divine Plato is in us, the eternal ideas and imperishable forms of things discovered by his genius, have become spiritual forces in our lives. We all are Romans, though the arms of our ancestors may have clashed in fierce conflict with those of Rome. The spirit of their laws and institutions, of their literature and art animates us, the result of their civilization forms part of our being. We are all children of the Italians of the Renaissance, we are spiritual sons of Dante and Tasso, of Michael Angelo, Raphael, of Galileo and Bruno. We are all the spiritual children of Spain and France, of Germany and England. Nay, even ancient India, Egypt, Assyria, and Persia have a share in our being! And all that the living families of the earth are, with all the life of the past that in us is, will

live on through countless cycles of time, ever purer, mightier, richer, and holier in the one glorious child of God, in unaging, undying humanity. And all the powers of mind and heart already developed, all the arts and sciences which the living and the departed nations have bodied forth, all the conquests of justice and love which civilization has made to this day, are but the beginning and prophecy of the wisdom and goodness, the strength and beauty, which Man the thinker, Man the artist, Man the free agent, will unfold in ages to come.

II.

THE MORAL EMANCIPATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

The contributions which the American people have hitherto made toward the world's civilization lie chiefly in the domain of the free-will, of social and political ethics. Considerable as is the part America is playing as a producer of thought, as a creator of science, most respectable and promising as are the beginnings of American art, yet whatever has been accomplished in these fields of civilization dwindles into insignificance when compared with the immense service which the American people has rendered and is still rendering mankind as a humanizing and moralizing power.

As far as human beings can be original in anything as individuals or nations, the genius of the American people has in this respect proved itself original in the noblest sense of the word, original as an uplifter of humanity. It has made the highest of all ethical ideas, the idea of the inviolable moral dignity of every man, the central force of its social and political life.

Thousands of years after the spirit of Hebrew prophecy had promulgated the doctrine that every man is made in the image and likeness of God, crowned with the attributes of reason and free-will, the fathers of this nation and their children after them, for the first time in history, have taken the doctrine of the godlike nature and majesty of every human being in all solemn seriousness. They have made it the soul and essence of the constitution, and with fearless consistency introduced it into the whole practice of social and political life. The ideal of justice, as conceived and proclaimed by the prophets, springing from their lofty conceptions of man, is the informing

principle of the organic laws of the United States, and the animating soul of their national life.

The leading principles of the American commonwealth are: Every man is free by nature, because he is a free agent; every man is the peer of any other man as a member of society, because he is a rational being; no law of the state shall interfere with the growth and the completest possible development of the physical, intellectual, and moral powers of any man; no church shall put chains on the conscience and faith of any human being; no social arrangement shall prevent any man from using all the faculties and all legitimate means for attaining his happiness; no class distinctions shall place any set of men above the others in the scale of honor; no class privileges shall entitle some men or families to live and thrive upon the labor of their fellow-men.

These ideas have created the American nation. They have moulded the character of its sons and daughters; they stand behind all institutions and party organizations; they are the chief motive power in the activity of the individual and determine the great movements of national life; they are present everywhere, running as a weft through the warp of American history. Since these ideas first came forth from the soul of Yahve's seers, the apostles of the brotherhood of man, up to the time when they created a nation in their image and likeness, they have flitted about as disembodied spirits, from land to land, trying in vain to take up their abode now in this and now in that nation. Though at times homage was paid to them in articles of faith or in utopian dreams of poets, no nation allowed them to enter and change its heart, and become the vital principles of its thought and conduct. The heart of every people was still possessed by the old spirit of paganism, which can not dwell together in the same breast with the spirit of monotheistic or prophetic humanity. The Old World, ancient, medieval, and

also modern, till the appearance of the New World as a factor of civilization, was swayed by the following social and political ideas: All men are *not* born free, and should *not* be granted the full enjoyment and blessings of freedom; all men are *not* equal, and should *not* be accorded equal rights and equal advantages in the pursuit of material well-being, intellectual culture, and moral development. Certain men, certain families, certain classes and races are, by virtue of birth, by right of conquest, or by dint of fancied higher wisdom, superior to other men, families, classes, and races, and are entitled to special privileges and exceptional advantages. Until American influences began to produce profound changes, the society of the Old World was dominated by these ideas.

How could it be otherwise? States have always been formed by a conquering race, that subjected and often enslaved the conquered. Might was not only right, might was also virtue. The conquerors considered themselves better men than the subject race, because they were stronger men and fiercer fighters. The conquerors of every land and time formed the nobility and aristocracy, that looked upon their subjects as their legitimate prey, lived in luxury upon the labor of the toiling masses, treated them with merciless selfishness, and looked down upon them with unbounded contempt, regarding them as inferior beings that were hardly human. As the Fiji Islanders believed that only the nobles had souls, so did, and to a large extent still do, the noblemen of Europe imagine themselves to have better blood in their veins, to belong to a superior sort of humanity, and therefore to have a natural right to feed upon the common herd and bear sway over them. Within the nobility again, the ruling dynasty, the royal or imperial family, towers high above all the rest. It believes itself, and is believed by others, to be somehow made of infinitely finer stuff than common humanity, to be by nature endowed with extraordinary qualities of beauty, of intellect, and manly virtues,

and to be born into the world with the inalienable right to govern or misgovern millions of men, their so-called subjects, to live in wasteful luxury on their toil, to imprison and even enslave them for disobedience or for daring to criticise their follies and vices. This is the blasphemous doctrine of the divine right of kings, which has been, and in many countries still is, defended with fanatical zeal by teachers of religion, who claim to be deep in the secrets of God Almighty. In point of fact, however, this doctrine is but the somewhat modified belief of savages and barbarians, who hold that their rulers are gods or descended from gods. The priestly castes of the Old World, from China and India in the East to Spain in the West, from the Shamans of Siberia down to Egypt, ancient and modern, throughout Africa and Southern Asia, deemed themselves placed high above the mass of the laymen, standing in closer relations to the Deity than the rest of the people, enjoying His special favor, entrusted with the power of delivering man from, or consigning him to, perdition, of opening and shutting up to poor mortals the passage to the land of the blessed.

These religious ideas are of pagan parentage. They originated in a time when every family, every clan and tribe had its own god, who cared only for his own human kindred and worshipers. These gods loved especially those zealous servants of theirs who provided them daily with the blood of bulls and rams, who filled their nostrils with the sweet savour of incense and burnt offerings, who tickled their ears with lavish adulation, and flattered them to the top of their bent with sonorous praises. How, then, should a layman dare to compare himself, and place himself side by side, with the priests who were the favorites of the Deity? How could men dream of regarding and treating *all* human beings as their equals, since there was no bond of common humanity between them, standing as they did under the tutelary protection of different and

hostile gods? The barbarous conditions of society gave birth to barbarous religious ideas, and these in their turn reacted on society and kept alive and strengthened with their sanction the inhuman distinctions between man and man, between high-born and low-born, between the weak and the strong, between the priest and the layman. The great mass of the people was held in profound contempt by the few, who exploited and ill-used them. Their bodies were owned by kings and nobles, their souls and consciences were held in trust by the priesthood. No man was honored because he was a human being, because he had a soul possessing the divine attributes of free-will.

It was against these degrading distinctions, which a paganistic and barbarous organization of society, which the selfishness and the pride of the mighty and the arrogance of priestly castes, had made between man and man, that the religion of pure humanity rose in rebellion. Such debasing ideas the prophets denounced in righteous indignation, proclaiming the glad tidings that all men were brothers, that all men were children of the one and only God, the Maker of heaven and earth and the Father of mankind, that all men were alike in His sight and love, because He breathed into them all the living breath of reason, and made them all in the image of His own freedom, and fashioned them in the likeness of His own goodness. "All souls are mine," says the Eternal. The soul of the humblest and poorest man is as precious in the eyes of the Lord as is the soul of a king. The layman is as near the throne of God as is the priest, whose claim to superiority is based on the fact of his being a burner of incense and offerer of sacrifices. Incense and burnt-offerings are an abomination to Him. He delights not in the blood of bullocks and the fat of rams. Justice and mercy are the offerings He requires at the hand of man, not chants and lip-deep praises. He loves the poor and lowly, He is their guardian and the avenger of their wrongs. He

hates the oppressor, the mighty and proud, whom he will humble to the dust. The infinite moral dignity inherent in every human soul is the burden of the prophet's gospel. He made man a little less than a god, and crowned him with honor and majesty. The soul of man is a lamp of God, searching the innermost chambers of being. He has given him dominion over all His works, and destined him to subdue the earth with the might of his knowledge and free-will, and bear rule over all her creatures. Such were the prophets' lofty conceptions of the nature of man, such were their solemn declarations of the equal rights of all men, flowing from their equality before God.

These ideas went forth from Zion to conquer the world and in course of time divided into three spiritual armies, into Yahvism proper, or Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. But they met everywhere with fierce and determined resistance. The old pagan ideas were intrenched behind the old barbarous order of society. Here and there a breach was made by the invading new ideas. But the walls of ancient social iniquity remained standing, and on the ramparts kings and noblemen and, alas, also most of the priests, were fighting with the arms of brutal force and with the witchcraft of superstition against the sacred host of humanity. All through the night of the Middle Ages, down to the founding of this republic, the battle was waged with undecided issue between the old and the new, between the pride and the selfishness, the greed and ambition, of the few and mighty, and the rights and the moral dignity of the down-trodden masses. The Reformation and the Peasants' War in Germany, the emancipation of the serfs in England, the English revolution and the rise of the Puritans, the successful revolt of the Netherlands from Spain, and kindred phenomena preceding or following them, were unmistakable and hopeful signs that the struggle was bravely going on between the children of the prophets and the children of paganism, and was big with promise for the future.

Yet this struggle might have lasted on through many more centuries without victory perching on the banners of social righteousness and human honor, had not the God of history, in the fullness of time, assigned a virgin continent to the creative ideas of humanity. Here they did not come into hostile contact with old pagan ideas embodied in old institutions and class interests; here they were free to form a new nation out of the most plastic materials which the spirit of personal independence wafted across the ocean in ships of destiny. The innermost principle of life in this new nation is the moral dignity of the individual, respect for the personal honor of every member of society, be he ever so poor or lowly. The sturdy yeomen of England, the stout-hearted puritans, who left home and kindred to flee from the abominations of the old order of society, left behind them the nobles and the priests of the Old World, its vicious traditions and class distinctions. They landed on the shores of the New World with the spirit of the Bible in their heart, the sword of manly independence in their right and the spade of tireless industry in their left hand. Here in the vast wilderness, surrounded on all sides by bloodthirsty savages, every man had to work for himself and defend himself, or miserably perish. Here every colonist had to develop the finest qualities of self-dependence or go under. Here, where every man stood face to face with the realities of life, where every man had to work out his own salvation, the shams and shows of royalty, the exacting prerogatives of aristocracy were seen to be snares and illusions, the nightmare of a barbarous past. In this soil, unencumbered with the noxious social weeds of Europe, the ideas of humanity found free scope; here they were to take up their abode in liberty-loving hearts, and embody themselves in characters of exceptional moral vigor. After centuries of slow formation there appeared a new nation in the arena of civilization, the like of which the world

had not seen. The God of the Universe who once spake, "Let us make man in our image and likeness," He it is that says through the mind of the American free man: "Touch not my anointed, touch not the majesty of the least of men, because every human being is an anointed king by the grace of his reason, by the divine right of his free-will."

The Americans are indeed a nation of kings. Every American is conscious of his own worth and dignity. The laboring man does not stand in cringing humility before the rich man who gives him employment; the poor farmer does not look up with awe to the owner of vast estates; the simple citizen does not regard those in authority as superior beings. Self-respect clothes every man as with a garment, and woe betide those who will attempt to offer violence to his honor! In the Old World honor is meted out to men by rulers; the bestowal of a title will raise, the taking away of a title will lower, a man in the scale of human existence. Classes are placed above classes in the amphitheater of fictitious honor, and there is a disgraceful and ceaseless scramble to climb up to a higher tier and be seated among their betters, their betters being those dubbed with a title, adorned with a ribbon, or bearing the insignia of an office.

In America everybody feels and knows that the name of man is the highest title of honor; that honor is seated in one's character, and that the whole world can not rob us of one tittle of it as long as we do not deprive ourselves of it by dishonest acts. The Old World is richer than the New in masterpieces of art, and it possesses more and finer cathedrals; it has a larger number of trained scholars. But America glories in what is of infinitely greater value—in being inhabited by a people whose soul is penetrated by the ideas of personal freedom, of human dignity, of personal moral worth, by means of which the great mass of the nation has been elevated to a degree unknown

in any other country. America is incomparably richer than any other people, ancient or modern, in what is the highest product of civilization, in superior, high-aspiring characters, in men adorned with every quality of humanity, in men and women that are types of noble manhood and womanhood.

So much have the American ideas, or, in other words, the prophetic ideas planted in a new soil, done for the American people; such are the precious fruits of civilization that have ripened in these United States. But their beneficial influence has not been confined exclusively to America and the American people. These American ideas have gone forward to conquer the earth, not as fleshless and bloodless theories speaking to men in the low whispers of entreaty, but as living incarnations, in the plenitude of a mighty national reality. They have gone forth from America as a spiritual army, and have invaded the Old World; they have radically changed the views of the civilized nations regarding the inalienable rights of man; they are burying out of sight ancient wrongs, laughing to scorn the pretensions of noble birth; they are withering with their breath the prerogatives of aristocracy; they are taking away unearned and abused possessions from vicious idlers and restoring them to their rightful owners; they are tearing away its inherited tinsel from royalty, and washing the stage paint from off the faces of kings.

III.

THE ECONOMIC EMANCIPATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

The practical recognition of the infinite moral dignity of every human being forms the key-note to the whole social and political life of the American people. We took occasion to observe, that the belief in the equality of all men before God and society, which for the first time in history has been intensely realized by the American people, and embodied by it in its organic laws, has developed in the American a high sense of self-respect and personal honor, and that it has tended to bring forth in America an incomparably larger number of superior characters, of noble types of manhood and womanhood, than is to be found in any other country.

The genius of the American nation has brought about the moral emancipation of the individual from the debasing influence of caste. Every individual is by virtue of his reason and free-will the sovereign of his own person. Every man is left to work out his own salvation. The individual has his center of gravity not outside of himself, but within his own personality. The free-will of every man is the pivot of his whole existence. Every human being shall walk by the light of his own understanding, and use all his powers in the way he deems most conducive to his welfare, as long as he does no injury or injustice to his fellow-men. The greatest possible freedom of action is vouchsafed to the individual, limited only by the like freedom of action to be enjoyed by other individuals. This is the new fruitful principle which the American people has introduced into the life of mankind, the vital principle of the economic freedom of the individual, or the right of every person to act and exert himself in whatever manner he may choose, to employ all his faculties

and means to the best of his knowledge, according to what his interests dictate, provided he does not encroach upon the rights and interests of other persons. This principle put into practice in every department of human activity, within the short space of a century has created the unparalleled material civilization of America and much else that is even higher and more valuable than mere material prosperity.

It is not the national government at Washington nor the various State governments, but the untrammelled will-power of individuals, the irrepressible energy, the bold spirit of enterprise of private persons, that have produced in America the general prosperity, the wide diffusion of property, the wholesome and comfortable life of the masses, which is the envy and admiration of the Old World, and which steadily acts as an irresistible stimulative influence upon all civilized nations. The complete emancipation of human labor from the trammels of baneful restrictions and prescriptions, from the oppressive guardianship of the state, in America, and wherever the example of America has been imitated, has set free all the latent forces of individual minds and wills. Consequently, there have been brought into play tremendous powers, which in all lands and times hitherto have been more or less suppressed or kept in check by pernicious laws and regulations, originating in low, primitive conceptions of man: the same pagan and barbarian ideas, which made such vicious distinctions between man and man, between low-born and high-born, between subjects and rulers, which reserved all freedom, all dignity, and all enjoyments of life to privileged castes, which held the toiling masses in profoundest contempt, and kept them in an abject state of physical, intellectual, and moral degradation. These practices naturally enough put all productive labor in chains, caged it within narrow and selfish restraints, and hampered its progress at every step. Throughout

countless ages the toiling masses either were directly owned as slaves or serfs by the ruling classes, or were indirectly their servants by dint of an iniquitous order of society. Only the barest means of subsistence were allowed the miserable toilers and producers, while the bulk of the fruits of their labor went to maintain a proud and overbearing aristocracy in luxury and idleness. The pages of history are wet with the tears and stained with the bloody sweat of the hapless millions who were doomed from their birth to hard work, in order to provide a privileged minority with the requisites of a cultured and refined life, while they themselves were prevented by poverty, toil, and cruel laws from having any share or part in it! Labor was despised, because it was enslaved, because the so-called upper classes held it in abhorrence. The lower classes, the toilers of the earth, the producers of whatever material wealth existed, were disheartened, without hope and without aspiration. Being underfed, their physical powers were stunted; being untaught, their mental powers were dwarfed; being without the stimulus of self-interest in their occupation, without the inspiration of self-respect, they lacked the moral vigor and ambition to develop all their faculties, and bring them to bear on the work before them. The pre-American order of society not only was shamelessly unjust in the distribution of the fruits of labor, but also it was extremely wasteful and economically inefficient. Largely suppressing the motives for self-exertion in the masses, paralyzing the mainspring of the will, it was able to call into activity but an exceedingly small part of the latent human forces, it succeeded in enlisting but an inconsiderable amount of the available talent and moral energy in the service of civilization. Before the opposite tendencies and healthful conditions began to manifest themselves in England, and reached their culminating point in America, society tied up most of its own arteries, and starved the rest of the body, to

overfeed its head, the upper classes. As soon as the ruling classes became effeminate through luxury and its attendant evils, as soon as their physical, mental, and moral vitality began to break down, the whole body politic was smitten with incurable paralysis. For, there were no recuperative powers arising from the great masses, and no fresh elements to take the place of those that had fallen into decay. This explains the sudden downfall and rapid dissolution of such societies ancient, medieval, and modern, the destruction of such mighty kingdoms, as had seemed to be established for eternity. This is the retribution which has overtaken and will overtake those societies whose lower strata consist of plundered, impoverished, ignorant, and despised masses, and whose upper strata are held in position only by the cohesive power of selfishness, greed, and the heartless pride of caste.

Upon such states and kingdoms the prophets pronounced the doom of the omnipotent God of justice: that their strength shall swiftly wane, and their pride be humbled to the dust, that they shall perish in their iniquity, and rise no more. The seers of Yahve, who proclaimed the godlike nature of every human soul and the equality of all men as children of God, were filled with burning indignation against kings and nobles who devoured the substance of the people. They denounced in unmeasured terms the mighty and the rich who appropriated to themselves by means of wicked laws the fruits of the labor of the poor and the weak. "Woe to those who join house to house, and field to field, that they alone may dwell in the land! Woe to them that take away the children of the people, to make them their servants to till their lands and watch their vineyards! Because of the oppression of the toilers of the land, the whole land shall become desolate and be without an inhabitant. Woe to the despoilers, they shall wander into exile and be a by-word and a hissing to their enemies!" The prophets and the legislators of

Israel cared very little for fine-spun theological theories, but they set their whole heart upon putting a hedge of protection around the mass of the people, and upon securing to every man the reward of his diligence. It is touching to see the prophets and law-givers of Israel grapple with the gravest of all social problems, the problem of preventing the rich and mighty from becoming ever richer and mightier, and the poor and weak from becoming ever poorer and more helpless. Their idea of society is one in which there shall be no poor, no disinherited class, and no dominating caste, reveling in wealth wrung from their subjects. Many remedies, many preventatives were proposed and enacted as laws, in order to realize the ideal of a perfect social state so devoutly wished for by them.

The social ideal of the Hebrew prophets and law-givers was not destroyed with the destruction of the Hebrew state, nor did it die with the death of the Israelitish nationality. With Yahvism or Judaism, with Christianity or Islam, it entered the life of mankind as an indestructible force, slowly but irresistibly to revolutionize men's views regarding the inalienable rights of every individual to the free use of his faculties and the enjoyment of the fruits of his industry, to undermine the foundations of the old heathen order of society, and to build up a new society, not made with the hands of brute selfishness, but with the spiritual hands of freedom, of equality, and human dignity. Even in the darkest days of the Middle Ages the Hebrew social ideals were, with painful slowness, it is true, but with the invincible power of destiny, preparing the Day of the Lord, in whose noonday brightness seventy millions of freemen are now basking in America. It redounds to the everlasting glory of the Church, that she tried, as far as her influence went, to bring about the emancipation of the serfs, and at least to mitigate their miserable condition. Her noblest representatives preached, to the great and powerful, mercy and justice toward the down-trodden, and

often stood with defiant courage between the brutality and avarice of tyrants and their helpless subjects. In fact, the Church contained within herself the Hebrew principle of the brotherhood and equality of men, although she regarded only good, orthodox Catholics as true men and brothers.

Of all European nations England was the first to emancipate the serfs, and to accord at least some semblance of independence and free movement to the laboring classes. The Magna Charta abolished the despotic power of the King, and began to establish the principle, which came to be the corner-stone of the American Commonwealth, that the people should not be taxed without its consent, which means, that no man's labor and products of industry shall be taken away from him without his consent, given through his representative in Parliament. The almost total destruction of the powerful and overbearing Norman aristocracy during the Wars of the Roses changed the nature, and diminished the prerogatives, of the nobility, and broke the spell of awe with which the common people were wont to look up to, and obey, their lords as their born masters. The Reformation brought the English still nearer to the fountain-head of the social idealism of Hebrew prophecy and legislation, and started that wonderful process which was to transform the English into Israelites in the spiritual sense of the word. The Puritans who came over in the Mayflower and in other frail ships, guided across the tempestuous sea by the hand of Providence, were animated, despite their bigotry and narrowness, by the true spirit of the Hebrew prophets and law-givers. They walked by the light of the Scriptures, and were resolved to form a Commonwealth in accordance with the social laws and ideas of the Bible. They fancied they saw in the Indians the degenerate descendants of the lost tribes of Israel, but in reality they were themselves the true descendants of Israel, spiritual children of the prophets.

Every Puritan felt and knew, that he was the equal of any king and better than many a king, that he wielded by divine right the scepter of free-will, that he wore the crown of royalty and priesthood by the affinity of his soul to God, that unlimited freedom of action was guaranteed to him by the will of the Omnipotent King, that his labor and the fruits of it were secured to him by the immutable laws of eternal justice. Even before the States had combined to form the United States, the principle had been firmly grasped by the descendants of the English in America, and had become incarnate in their mind and laws, that every man is his own sovereign, that economic freedom, or the right to act according to one's own lawful interests, was inherent in every individual by virtue of his moral dignity. Barely three or four decades after the American Commonwealth had been formed by the free consent of the people composing it, the fruitful principle of the unlimited economic freedom of the individual brought forth such wonders of progress and produced such unheard-of works of material civilization, that the civilized nations of the Old World were filled with amazement, and were compelled to adopt as much of that principle as their conditions and the selfishness of the privileged classes would permit, in order not to be quite overwhelmed by the productive energies of the new nation.

For the first time in the history of mankind all the powers of the individual will and mind were allowed in America to unfold themselves, to grow without let or hindrance, and to combine in the free play of action and interaction. Here the individual has learned to know not only all his rights but also all his powers; here the individual has come to be filled with unbounded confidence in himself, in the resources of his mind and will. Here he has acquired the habit of relying on himself with manly trustfulness, and not to look to the providence of the state to show him the way he should go, and to guard him

against the danger of falling and hurting himself. The faculties of the Americans are in a state of tension, because no prize of industry or honor is beyond the reach of any one who displays the requisite energy and perseverance.

What wonderful abilities economic freedom, or freedom of action, has developed in the American, what quickness of perception, what powers of adaptation, what skill in adjusting means to ends, what keenness in discerning the heart of every problem, what boldness in going at it in the straightest possible way! The unlimited freedom of action enjoyed by the individual has evolved in the American people an inventive genius which is perhaps the most marvelous phenomenon in modern civilization. Thousands and tens of thousands of inventions are made every year, which tend to multiply the productive powers of man, to save time and labor, to increase comfort and cheapen the commodities of life. Poor boys are seen rising by the magic of their will under the sway of personal freedom, to be the owners of vast wealth, to rank among the foremost statesmen, to occupy the very highest positions of public honor and responsibility, or to be leaders in the province of science. The most gigantic works of civilization have been undertaken and carried to a successful issue by a few enterprising persons. This continent has been changed within the space of a hundred years from a howling wilderness into the garden of God, by the indomitable will-power and the fearless progressiveness of individuals. The quadri-centennial which will be held next year (1893) in the metropolis of the West, will convey to the inhabitants of this country, as well as to the Europeans, some idea of the stupendous growth of American civilization—a civilization due not to the influence of government playing at providence and assuming the rôle of guardian toward minors, but to the creative free-will of individuals, availing themselves of the methods and the discoveries of science, to enlarge their dominion over nature, and make her forces

the servants and helpmates of man the thinker, man the free agent.

No less marvelous than the material development of America is the work done and the triumphs achieved by the enthusiasm, the moral vigor, and the mental energy of private persons in the province of education and philanthropy. Harvard University was founded and has been maintained and steadily perfected during two hundred and fifty years by the voluntary contributions, the self-sacrifice and devotion of pious men and women. Her younger sister, Yale College, owes her origin to no royal grant, to no state endowment, nor to the wisdom of a few officials, but to the efforts and free-will offerings of noble individuals. Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, McMicken University in Cincinnati, and scores of others were called into existence by the munificence of rich men who regarded great wealth as a sacred trust, to be administered in the interests of humanity. And what is true of institutions of learning holds good as to institutions of benevolence. Splendidly equipped hospitals, palatial orphan asylums, homes for the aged and infirm, houses of refuge for the degraded and fallen, are scattered through the length and breadth of the land, all erected by the spontaneous work of private charity, and all giving evidence of the glorious blessings which the principle of individual freedom of action brings to birth.

This fruitful American principle has exercised an incalculable influence for good on the world's civilization. It is working as a leaven throughout Europe, and Australia, and even in some parts of Asia and Africa. The world is becoming rapidly Americanized. England has profited most by the lessons taught, and the example given, by her great daughter. She has become the foremost economic power of the globe, because in some respects she has learned to be even more American than America. But also the continental nations of Europe have become

imbued with the progressive spirit of our country and the vital principles which animate it; they too are adapting their economic theories and methods to the American model. The Americanization of the Old World is steadily going on in spite of the privileged and reactionary classes, who justly fear that, unless checked, the new force coming from America will overthrow their thrones and trample their privileges underfoot. But they can not stem the irresistible tide of rejuvenating influences which flows from the western shore of the Atlantic to its eastern shore. Innumerable links connect the New World with the Old and make them one country. The Atlantic has become a narrow stream, bridged over by the greatest and wisest of master-builders, modern science. Countless ministering powers of civilization daily pass and repass on that bridge of the human mind, carrying hither and thither the seeds of wonders and blessings. It is the mighty spiritual host of a God invisible to profane eyes, but clearly discerned, with awe and thanksgiving, by those who, through communion with the world's seers, have acquired the faculty of seeing things spiritual.

IV.

THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMAN

The American people has carried into practice the lofty ideals which the prophets and the poets of Israel cherished regarding woman. In some respects the American practice may be said even to have improved on the Hebrew ideal. If the American nation had done nothing else for the progress of humanity than to have at last redeemed woman from the state of legal, social, and intellectual inferiority, in which she had been kept from time immemorial, it would be entitled to rank among the great civilizing powers of the earth. To have broken the fetters which the age of savagery had forged for woman, which the age of barbarism had riveted upon her, with which even the most advanced nations continued to enchain her, is a contribution of immeasurable value made by America towards the world's civilization. The moral, mental, social, and legal emancipation of woman, in a sense has doubled the working forces of civilization. Before all the faculties of woman were liberated by the American people from the narrowing and crippling restraints imposed upon her by inherited savage customs and barbarous ideas, only one-half the human race, the male half, was given full opportunity to develop all the powers of heart and mind; only one-half was allowed to engage in the higher pursuits of life, to be standard-bearers of the world's accumulated knowledge, producers of new thought, representatives of creative art, master-builders of the temple of humanity. From the beginning of man's career on earth till about one hundred years ago a fatal madness seemed to possess all the tribes of men, which caused them to confine one-half of all human beings to the duties and works of the household. The blundering stupidity and the heartless

cruelty of man, as he came forth from the hands of nature, as he was molded by the brutal forces of savagery, and as he was hardened by the cruel usages and debasing ideas of barbarism, show themselves, in all their native hideousness, in the degrading treatment which woman, the fairest and gentlest of creation's children, received at the hands of the stronger sex in nearly all lands and times.

The story of woman's wrongs, of her unrequited excessive toil, of the indescribable physical and moral abuse of which she was a victim, of her enforced ignorance, the blighting contempt in which she was held, forms a chapter of shame and iniquity in the annals of mankind. "By their fruits ye shall know them"—and we ought to judge the tree of past humanity by the bitter fruits of misery and degradation which it bore to womankind. To the savage ancestors of the modern nations woman was what she is to the savage Indian and Australian of today, a mere beast of burden, who was bought like any other chattel from her owner, her father, who was abused in every way, cruelly beaten, often starved, and not seldom killed by the enraged man-animal. To the barbarian, woman was and is a slave, or a plaything, which he throws away after it has become old and worn, and lost its charms for him. Even after civilization had advanced in other respects, women continued to be held in subjection and contempt. The women of Greece passed their lives in seclusion and ignorance. The Roman matron was the property of her husband. With her children, together with the slaves, she formed the family, which was under the absolute sway of the paterfamilias. He could kill his wife as well as his children with impunity. German writers have long fabled about the high position occupied by women among the ancient Germans. But impartial historical research has proved this assertion to have no foundation in fact. The weakness of ancient civilization lay mainly in the fact, that not only did half of the population of a country, and

in some regions even a greater proportion of it, consist of slaves, but that of the free-born people one-half again, the women, virtually lived in a state of domestic servitude. Thus, their intellectual powers became dwarfed through the total absence of education. Their moral sensibilities and faculties became sadly stunted, because they did not breathe the bracing air of personal freedom, because they lacked the sustaining and uplifting forces of self-respect, and the invigorating influences derived from the world's esteem. Even a Plato and an Aristotle, not to speak of a host of Latin and other Greek writers, expatiate like Hindoo and Chinese authors on the moral obliquity of women.

Wherever and whenever, therefore, the iron rules and restraints within which woman was held imprisoned, came to be loosened through the co-operation of internal and external causes, it did not result in the flowering of her mental powers, nor in an ennobling and strengthening of her character. On the contrary, there ensued a frightful state of general licentiousness. All the barriers of old broke down, there being no restraining ethical forces in the national religion. There opened a yawning abyss of demoralization which swallowed the nation, and all the glory and pride of its civilization, its statues and paintings, its poetry and philosophy. Thus were woman's wrongs avenged by the inexorable nemesis of history. The life of paganism was vile in almost all moral respects, but vilest of all it proved to be in its treatment of woman. By degrading woman, heathenism poisoned the well-spring of life, the very fountain, drinking from whose holy waters man was perennially to renew his youth.

The seers of Yahve saw the root of the world's evils in the demoralizing beliefs and practices of paganism. They were not content to lop off here a branch and there a limb of the upas-tree; they laid the axe to the roots of it, to the baneful heathen theory of nature and man, of God and the soul. The prophets of Israel proclaimed a *new* theory of

nature and man, of God and the soul. This theory, once embodied in habits and institutions, is bound to save mankind from a returning deluge of destruction by immoral forces, and to redeem woman from the curse inherited from savage ancestors and barbarous times. They taught the unity of all life in God, the sacredness of all life, because it flows from the holy fountain of His creative being. They brought the message to mankind, that all men, without distinction of race or sex, were children of their Heavenly Father; that woman was made no less than man in the spiritual image of His will, and fashioned in the likeness of His wisdom and love. In the image of God He made them both; man and woman He created them. Having a godlike nature like man, woman possesses like him an infinite moral dignity. She too is but little less than a god. The free development of her reason, the untrammelled use of her free-will, the cultivation of her mental powers, the unfolding of all the moral wealth of her soul, is an inalienable right inherent in her by the grace of her God-descended humanity, by virtue of her indestructible ethical personality. The absolute equality of woman with man is contained clearly in the cardinal conception of the great revolutionary heroes of humanity, the prophets of Israel. Nor did their ideals concerning woman remain barren theories in the minds of the worshipers of Yahve. Women are recorded to have been judges and prophetesses; the spirit of God was believed to inspire them; they spake with the voice of authority to the people and the rulers. This fact goes far to prove that woman was held in high regard in Israel, that she occupied a position of dignity and influence, high above that assigned to her even by the most civilized pagan nations.

Yet, though the position of woman in Israel was higher, though her lot was happier than among the other ancient nations, the Hebrew practice and common law with regard to her were far from keeping pace with the Hebrew ideal.

There were too many ineradicable habits of thought and feeling, too many old institutions, such as polygamy, which held on tenaciously to life, refusing to give way to the revolutionary ideas and ideals, with which they formed so glaring a contrast. Great reformatory ideas rarely succeed in becoming fully realized in the land where they first make their appearance. Thus, the ideas and ideals which, after thousands of years, were to embody themselves and celebrate their greatest triumph in America, went forth from Zion, and migrated from people to people and from age to age, pleading as with angels' tongues in the name of God and humanity for the dignity, the intellectual elevation, the social equality of woman. But the hardness of man's heart, the coarse selfishness of the Middle Ages, the universal oppression of the weak, the brutal spirit of militarism, the belief that physical strength and physical courage constituted the highest virtue, offered the most stubborn resistance to any attempts at innovation in this direction, and caused people to listen with a contemptuous smile to the pleadings made on behalf of woman. The so-called Age of Chivalry contributed nothing toward the amelioration of her condition and the uplifting of her life. It merely put an artificial and illusive paint on the face of the prevailing barbarism. It produced a large number of love-songs, in which an unnatural and exaggerated homage was paid to woman's beauty, but it effected no moral or social good; on the contrary, it resulted in a disgraceful corruption of morals. The age of rationalism or enlightenment in Europe brought partial relief and some gleams of light to the women of the higher classes, but the great mass of womankind in the Old World to this day have continued to live in a state of social and mental inferiority. You can still see in the streets of Dutch and Belgian cities, and in other countries, a woman harnessed to a cart, together with a dog; you can still see in parts of Germany and Austria, and other civilized lands, a woman hitched,

together with a bullock, to a plow, behind which the husband is walking. The American who passes some time in Austria observes, with a sense of horror, the women carrying a heavy load of brick on their shoulders, with which they climb up on ladders to the second and third stories of buildings. The European peasant does not hold his wife in much higher esteem than does the Indian savage. To lose his cattle will break his heart, but he readily consoles himself for the loss of his wife. It was reserved for the American people to bring about the redemption of woman from the curse of ages, from the yoke which paganism and barbarism had put on her neck.

The scarcity of women in America till about a generation ago, has done something to effect this greatest social revolution. But it has done far less than is usually ascribed to it by European observers. The rather the credit is due to the great principle which animates and vitalizes the American commonwealth. It is the intensely realized idea of an infinite moral dignity inherent in every human soul; it is the belief that every human being possesses, by the grace of its godlike nature, the right and the duty to develop all its powers, and to use them for the attainment of happiness. It is the conviction, firmly rooted in the heart of the whole people, that personal freedom of action is vouchsafed to every individual by the eternal laws of justice. It is these cardinal conceptions that have delivered woman in America from the state of social and mental inferiority, in which she had been kept through countless ages; it is these that at last have placed her on a level with man, and opened to her all the avenues of human activity. With that fearless consistency in carrying right principles to their best practical conclusions, which characterizes the American, he said to himself: "Has not woman an immortal soul like man? Is she not crowned with the attributes of reason and free-will like man? Is she not a child of God, an image of

the Most High, like man? Shall we regard her as belonging to a lower kind of humanity? Shall we believe our mothers, to whom we owe the noblest qualities of our being, inferior to their sons? Shall we deem the partners of our lives, whose love blesses us, whose purity ennobles us, whose devotion is our shield and buckler, whose strength of will upholds us in days of darkness, shall we think them undeserving of equal rights and equal privileges with us? Shall our daughters, whose loveliness is the light of our eyes, whose sweetness is the joy of our life, whose angelic affection is the solace of our days, shall they not be allowed to penetrate the innermost chambers of the sanctuary of knowledge, and to fall heirs to the world's wisdom? Shall women, to whom we owe the best part of our spiritual and moral life, be forced to observe silence concerning matters of high spiritual and ethical import?" The genius of the American people has cried aloud, and its voice is still reverberating from one end of the civilized earth to the other: "Make a highway for woman, remove every obstacle from her path, let every mountain of inequality and injustice be made level, let every valley of ignorance and prejudice be raised. Let her move on with man to ever nobler ends. Let her, in loving harmony with him, work out the salvation of the race; let her gather knowledge and with the arrows of her light chase darkness from the earth, let her help to uproot evil and plant social right and truth. Let her, too, grapple with the great problems of humanity, and with her love and wisdom aid in giving them a peaceful solution. Let all her powers grow and expand, and be added to the working forces of civilization. Let a crown of honor be placed on her head, let her be clothed with the royal garments of virtue and be girt with the magic girdle of loving-kindness and grace."

The American woman has become the highest representative of womanhood. She has been placed on the very pinnacle of social honor. The American people have

surrounded her person with the safeguards of universal esteem. Woe betide the man who should insult the dignity of woman or offend her ear with the breath of impurity! The consciousness of being the queen of social honor has given to the American woman a dignity of bearing, a graciousness of demeanor, a noble spirit of self-possession and self-respect, such as in the Old World is to be observed only in the women of the highest ranks. There is a spirit of self-reliance in the American woman, a capacity for self-help, a firmness of purpose, a grasp of the practical affairs of life, which make her contrast so strangely and advantageously with the shrinking, timid, and helpless women of the Old World. At the same time there is in the American woman an idealism, a deep religious sense, an almost mystic yearning after spiritual illumination, an aspiration after the higher attainments, an ambition to be abreast with the culture of the time and in close touch with the best thought of all ages. Along with these qualities there goes a keen and helpful sympathy with human suffering, a sense of horror and of responsibility at the sight of physical deterioration, of mental deformity, and moral degradation, a sleepless desire to leave the world better, wiser, and happier than she found it. Such is the character of the American woman, as it has been formed by the American people, or rather as it has been molded by the great principles which are the soul of the American Commonwealth. Of all the members of society she has reaped the largest harvest of benefits, since this continent has been changed from a habitation of howling savages into the seat of the most progressive civilization.

Yet is woman no idle beneficiary, no mere pensioner, of the American people. Much as America has done for her, she has done and is doing as much, and perhaps more, for America. She is enriching, ennobling, and spiritualizing the life of the American nation. America is called by

Europeans the land of a rarely material civilization. We are accused of being steeped in materialism. It is said of us that we worship no other god than the Almighty Dollar. That we are able to refute these reproaches as utterly baseless, is mainly due to the ideal forces which perennially issue from the soul of the American woman, and give our national and individual life a higher meaning and purpose. While a ceaseless battle is being waged by the men for the possession of material wealth, woman keeps watch over the holy ark of the ideal, and ministers as priestess in the sanctuary of God-seeking humanity. It is she that upholds and upbuilds the temple of religion in this country. The wholesome and growing religious life of the nation derives its vital powers from the enthusiasm, devotion, and self-sacrificing activity of woman. She is the chief agent in inaugurating, preserving, and improving the institutions of philanthropy in this country. She organizes and carries on most of the works of charity, which alleviate the misery of countless thousands, and save innumerable persons from physical and moral perdition. Two-thirds of the charities of our land would languish and die, were she to refuse to lend them her energy, time, and influence. The American woman looks upon herself as the chosen adversary of evil, and fights it with all her characteristic bravery and tenacity of purpose. She has declared war upon intemperance, and will yet root it out of the land. The women of America are found among the foremost champions of social justice and political purity. Two great reforms, which recently took place in the administration of New York, were effected solely by the moral courage, the unconquerable persistence, and the irresistible eloquence of a noble woman. Let the cause of humanity, in whatever guise, cry out for defenders, and you will see women fighting in the front ranks and bearing the brunt of the battle.

The American people is being richly rewarded for having opened all the avenues of knowledge to women, by

placing them on a footing of absolute equality with men as regards education. The arduous and unremunerative work of educating the young, is almost exclusively carried on by women in our public schools. The kindness and generosity of the American character are largely to be traced back to the softening and humanizing influence exercised by the female teachers on the plastic minds and the impressionable heart of the young. The general high culture of the American women acts as a constant stimulative and leavening force on the minds of men. The unbounded esteem in which they are held reacts most beneficially on the behavior of the male population. Their presence curbs rudeness and represses vulgarity. The feelings and the manners of the Americans are becoming in the best sense of the word ever more feminine, gentle, generous, pure, and sweet. Such are the ethical, educational, and intellectual services which woman is rendering the American people, in return for the redemption wrought for her. No eye can foresee the wonders and the blessings which the moral superiority of her character, her religious enthusiasm, her intense hatred of evil, her fervid love of good, will bring forth in the future.

Incalculable are the influences which the example and the exalted position of the American women are exerting on the life of women in the Old World. The American woman is the coming type of womanhood throughout the civilized world. It is her manifest destiny to reform all womankind in her own image and after her likeness.*

* This series comprised three other discourses, on " Popular Government," which, however, it has been impossible to include in this volume.

“WHO IS THE REAL ATHEIST?”

TIME was—and that time does not by any means belong to a remote past—when atheism was regarded as the most heinous crime of which a human being could render himself guilty. To be accused of atheism meant to be dragged before the tribunal of the state, as was done in the days of antiquity, or before the bar of an ecclesiastical court, as was the practice during the Middle Ages and for nearly two centuries after the Reformation, there to be arraigned as the worst of criminals, compared with whom even a murderer seemed to be an angel of innocence. If convicted, and an atheist was rarely acquitted, he was condemned to die a felon's death. The curses of the community followed him to the place of execution. No tombstone was allowed to mark his resting-place. One suspected of atheism was shunned like a leper, and hated as if he were a fiend incarnate. Yet how many glorious champions of truth, how many path-finders of humanity, how many saints of the earth, whose noble lives were the best indications of the belief in a God of holiness, have been persecuted with merciless fanaticism as atheists, as the worst enemies of the human race!

The Greek philosopher Anaxagoras, who taught the profoundest of all religious doctrines, that the universe was shaped into purposeful harmony by an All-wise and Almighty Mind, being accused of atheism was thrown into prison, from which he secretly escaped and then fled from Athens in hot haste. Even his powerful friend Pericles could not protect him against the suspicion and the hatred of the masses. Socrates, the wisest and most pious of all Greeks, whose philosophy marks an

epoch in the history of the human mind, and whose life came to be to the Hellenic world what that of Jesus is to Christendom, was condemned by an Athenian jury as an atheist, and in his seventieth year compelled to drink the cup of deadly hemlock. Giordano Bruno, on the 17th of February, 1600, was burned in Rome as an enemy of God. And yet that reputed atheist taught that God is the unity of the universe, the universal substance, the one and only principle, the efficient and final cause of all, the beginning, middle, and end, eternal and infinite. Spinoza, whom Schleiermacher called "a God-intoxicated man," he who ascribed real existence to God alone, declaring all finite beings to be mere manifestations of the Infinite and Absolute, was not only excommunicated by his own co-religionists, but was until recent times universally regarded with horror and hatred as the worst and most dangerous of atheists. The Jews were loathed by the pagans as a people that believed in no God. So utterly fallible and so baneful in its effects has the world's judgment in all times and among all nations proved to be, as regards atheists and atheism. As a rule the so-called atheists of one age become the venerated religious teachers and spiritual guides of after ages. Those that perished amid the execrations of their generation came to live transfigured in the mind and heart of later generations as types of an ideal humanity.

The fact of the matter is, no original thinker, no genuine seeker after truth, has ever been a real atheist. The alleged atheists simply differed more or less profoundly from the theology of those who passed judgment upon them. The Greek philosophers who were indicted on a charge of atheism, did not believe in the Olympian gods, holding as they did monotheistic views. The Jews were hated by the heathen world as atheists, for the reason that they denied the existence of the gods of the Gentiles. Similarly, the men that were hunted down and brought

to an untimely end as atheists in Christian lands, only rejected certain dogmas, held by the established churches to be essential principles of faith, without which it was believed religion would be destroyed.

Again, most scientists are reproached by over-zealous theologians with being atheists and teaching atheism. "You teach an atheistic science," they cry. "You leave God out of your astronomy, your geology, chemistry, botany, zoology, and physiology. No mention is ever made in any of your writings of the Maker of heaven and earth." Only blundering stupidity, going hand in hand with blind intolerance, can speak thus. It is not within the province of science to teach religion or metaphysics, to prove the facts of experience by referring them to the highest and last cause, to trace all phenomena back to the ultimate ground of existence. There is certainly no religious mathematics, there is no room for God in a treatise on geometry. The engineer who elaborated his plan for the Brooklyn bridge, was not expected to start with the premise, that all the physical laws on which he based his calculations, measurements, and adjustments, were perennial manifestations of an infinite, eternal, and immutable power, that we worship as God.

It is the sole office of the investigator of nature to ascertain by conscientious observation and careful experiments all the knowable facts within the range of his experience, to arrange them in the order of their closer or remoter relationship, to find the bond of union which binds them all together into a systematic whole, to discover the laws, according to which they live, move, and have their being. It is the function of science to drive the notion of accident and caprice from her entire territory, to show every physical event as flowing of necessity from a preceding physical event as its cause, to demonstrate that no phenomenon in nature stands apart for itself, but forms a necessary part of the whole order of the universe, to

connect by a chain of cause and effect whatever is or happens in the present with the remotest possible past of the heavens above and the earth beneath or the waters under the earth. Science is neither theistic nor atheistic. It is as little religious or irreligious as cooking, building, sewing, or plowing. It deals only with what is within the ken of the senses, and its boldest conclusions and theories in the last resort go back to what the senses bear testimony to. Science proper has nothing to do with what is supersensual or beyond the reach of the senses. It does not meddle with questions relating to the origin of things, nor does it extend its inquiry to the ultimate ground of all being. It is exactly where science ends that philosophy begins. The subject matter of philosophy is the infinite and absolute, the eternal ground of all existence, the inscrutable power behind all phenomena, the cause of all causes, the beginning, the middle, and the end of all existence, that which alone is, was, and forever will be. The existence of the Infinite and Absolute is to all systems of philosophy the highest and most certain of all truths.

The idea of the Eternal is incomparably more incontrovertible than the several finite things which we may touch, taste, or smell. The Infinite is to philosophy the only true reality, while the finite is regarded by it as enigmatic, doubtful. And shall we decry these supreme philosophical ideas as rank atheism, because the philosophers prefer to call the eternal source and cause of all existence the Infinite and Absolute, instead of calling it by the name of God? The Hebrew name Yahve, He that is, was, and will be, He that causes all being, corresponds exactly to the philosophic term of Infinite and Absolute. The philosophy of Spinoza, the best hated and calumniated of all reputed atheists, ought to be called, according to Hegel, Acosmism, the doctrine of the nothingness of the world, while reality is ascribed to God or the Infinite alone. What is true of Spinoza holds good of all philosophers,

from Thales down to Herbert Spencer. None of them was an atheist, popular prejudice and priestly fanaticism notwithstanding.

"But have not your philosophers," some of you might ask, "asserted over and over again, that we can not prove the existence of God? Has not your master Kant used the gigantic powers of his mind, to demolish, one after another, all the time-honored proofs of the existence of God?" It is not in wisdom that you ask thus. It is because Kant and other thinkers of equal originality stood like Moses face to face with the Eternal and Infinite, that they wished to show that all theistic arguments are either untenable or insufficient. How can we prove that which is itself the proof of everything else, upon which all other truths hang, without which all knowledge would be vanity and a striving after wind? To prove means to trace back what is uncertain and doubtful to what is certain and beyond a doubt, to explain the unknown by referring it back to what is known, by showing it to be akin to what is recognized and understood. But this process of proving must at last reach a limit. We must finally arrive at something, a proposition or cognition, which we can not demonstrate, because there is nothing beyond it, in which it might be included or to which it might be linked. It is the supreme truth, the most certain and immediate of all cognitions, it is the foundation upon which all other verities rest, and without the recognition of which all truth vanishes. It can neither be proved nor does it require proof. "The idea of God or the Infinite is this most general truth, which can not be reduced to a more general one. It is the deepest truth to which we can get. It can not be explained, it is inexplicable, unaccountable."

But what of materialism, is it not atheism? Are there not philosophers who derive all life from the lowest to the highest from matter and motion, and deny the existence of mind or anything akin to mind in the universe? My

answer is, no serious thinker in our days holds such views. Materialism has been refuted and exploded as a theory of the universe. It does not account for the existence of mind in man and animals. How can mind, which is absolutely different from matter and motion, be the offspring of matter or the child of motion? We can by no effort of thought conceive how matter and motion could be changed from what they are and be transformed into consciousness. It is simply unthinkable. And if all matter is believed to have an inner side to it, to be endowed with the qualities of feeling and the dim germs of thought, then it is no longer matter, but something else, something higher. From whichever point of view we look at it, philosophical atheism turns out to be a mere fiction, a mere delusion of theological zealots.

But who are the real atheists? They whose *conduct* belies their belief in the existence of God, whose *life* forms a glaring contrast to the idea of God. The belief in a God is not simply the highest and most certain of all truths, it is also the greatest and most potent moral idea. The idea of God implies the idea of divine perfection and absolute goodness. God and goodness are synonymous, interchangeable terms. If we believed that God was not goodness, we might fear Him, but we could not adore Him. A good man would appear to us more worshipful than He. Religion and philosophy agree in holding that morality is the highest manifestation of the Infinite in and through the soul of man. Whatever we may think of its origin and development, as it is, it doubtless is the most glorious incarnation of the inscrutable Power, of the Universal Self. To believe in God does not mean that we simply allow that He exists, it means that we strive to walk in the luminous footsteps of His holiness, to walk in the ways of His justice, truth, and mercy. Every virtuous action is a true act of worship. To curb our passions in obedience to the laws divine engraved upon the tablet of our hearts is the

grandest homage paid to the idea of God. To smite and overthrow the vaulting instincts of selfishness, in order to serve the common good of all, is the strongest proof that a God of goodness inspires the breast of man. He is an atheist who professes to believe in God but whose deeds put his faith to shame. He who declares that he considers the Ten Commandments a revelation of God and yet violates one and all, he is the real atheist. He who acknowledges that we should recognize no other God beside the Eternal, and yet worships his own poor self as the highest being and places his own interests and pleasures above the highest interests and aims of humanity, he is a real atheist. He who perjures himself, who swears a false oath or utters lies to obtain profit or gain favor, he does practically deny God, he demonstrates that he does not believe in Him "that will not let him go unpunished that taketh His name in vain." Whoever fails to honor his father and mother as the representatives of God on earth, whoever in heartless selfishness neglects his aged parents and refuses to surround their declining years with blessings and comforts, he is an atheist, though he daily bend his knee in adoration to God and sound His praises in the midst of the assembly. He that makes of himself a slave of Mammon, who, in his greed to amass wealth, lets the higher powers of his mind and heart run to waste, verily he is an atheist, he does by his conduct prove that he does not believe man to be a child and image of the Most High, destined to pattern his life upon that of Divine perfection. He that defrauds his neighbors in any matter great or small, who uses false weights and false measures, is an atheist: he does not believe in a God that hates deception and injustice. He is an atheist that deprives the hireling of his wages, and takes away from the needy the fruit of his labor. That man is indeed an atheist, who robs the substance of his fellow-men by violating the laws of the land, or by bribing legislatures to enact wicked laws

to favor his iniquitous schemes. Jay Gould was an atheist, although he belonged to a church and was buried by three ordained ministers. Whoever sacrifices duty and conscience to his passions, is a rank atheist. That priest at the altar is an atheist, that teacher of righteousness and faith, whose heart burns with the unholy fire of lust. Though he make many genuflections and lift his eyes in prayer to Heaven, he does deny God in his sinful soul.

All those were real atheists who persecuted their fellow-men on account of their faith, who tortured and murdered the children of God in the name of God. Torquemada and Arbues were atheists, in spite of the fact that they scourged their bodies and sang many litanies in honor of their God. That ruler is an atheist and an enemy of God, who grinds the faces of the poor and needy, who oppresses men on account of race and religion, who deprives human beings of the right to earn a livelihood, who withholds from them the means of acquiring knowledge and leading the lives of human beings. The Czar of Russia is an atheist, although he is at the head of the National Church; his wicked counselors deny God, because they rebel against the laws of Divine justice. He is an atheist who calls darkness light and evil good, who praises the despot, who drives mothers with their babes out of their homes in midwinter, and causes many infants to die of cold and starvation. The irreverend Dr. Talmage is an atheist, though Sunday after Sunday he cuts capers in his pulpit, and calls himself the servant of God. The God of truth and justice is not in his heart, else he could not call a tyrant a benefactor of his people, who causes infinite woe and misery throughout the length and breadth of his land. All those teachers of religion are atheists, the Stoeckers and the Rohlings, who on Sundays preach from their pulpits, "Love thy enemy as thyself," but as soon as they step out of their church, do preach and practice hatred and malice, spread calumnies and baneful falsehoods, and

excite in the breasts of the masses vile and bloodthirsty passions.

Whoever holds that a man can be religious without trying to be absolutely just, truthful, and merciful toward all men, denies and blasphemes God. Whoever treats his fellow-men with contempt, and deems them unworthy of associating with him on account of race or religion, is an atheist, because he practically denies that all men are children of one Heavenly Father, who loves them all and whose majesty resides in them all. It is on account of such practical atheism that the earth mourns and is full of desolation. It is on account of such practical atheism that the cries of the depressed and down-trodden are heard. Such atheism is the parent of infinite woe and misery. Such practical atheism has drenched the earth with the tears and the blood of the innocent. Alas, how many are entirely free from practical atheism? Ministers and laymen, men and women, Gentiles and Israelites, one way or another deny God in their conduct. Oh, let us not glory in the religious doctrines we hold, let us not boast of the principles of faith which we profess. By our fruits alone let us prove that we believe in an all-just, all-wise, and all-merciful God. Let us gird our loins in strength and strive to establish the kingdom of God, the kingdom of righteousness and love on earth. Let us endeavor to make our lives symbols of the perfection of God.

LOSING GOD AND FINDING GOD

A DAY OF ATONEMENT SERMON.

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the man of sin his thoughts. Let him return to God who will have mercy on him, and to our Lord who will abundantly pardon." (*Isaiah*, lv, 6-7.)

GOD may be found, declares the prophet, at certain times favorable to spiritual insight and moral elevation. He is nigh unto us on sundry occasions, when the external and internal conditions awaken in us a quenchless longing to approach the source of all existence and the fountain of our own being. Since, then, God may be found by us at certain auspicious times, it follows that we may lose God under adverse outward and inward circumstances, which dull the organ of spirituality and divorce our soul from communion with the universal Power. Verily, one may lose his God. It sounds paradoxical enough, yet it is one of the most far-reaching and saddest truths. The fact is, our highest possessions are most easily lost. The noblest qualities of our humanity, the finest tendencies of our nature, the loftiest beliefs of the aspiring soul readily depart from us if we make no efforts to preserve and cultivate and develop them. The holiest spiritual wants of our soul are the first to disappear, when moral degeneration sets in. Our lowest qualities and passions, those which we have in common with animals or savages, will stay with us to the end. One may lose the love of knowledge; one may lose reverence for truth and the sense of abhorrence for falsehoods and calumnies; one

may lose the love of justice, the love of right and equity; one may lose the love of human brotherhood and the love of benevolence; one may lose the love of the beautiful and the sublime. With the loss of any of these qualities we lose God in proportion. For they are the manifestations of the divine in man. With their disappearance God fades out of our life. For God is not a mere theory. The belief in God is not a philosophical truth which we infer from given premises. God is not an object of knowledge like any other knowledge to be stored up in our mind among the thousand and one facts of observation and reasoning. God to us, in the deepest and widest sense, is life, ever growing and rising life. God is universal creative energy in nature; He is moral energy in man. The more truth, the more God! The more justice, the more religion! The more love, the more divinity in our soul! The more we break away from selfishness, the more surely do we find God.

The idea of God and self-centered egotism form irreconcilable contrasts. True religion and selfishness exclude and repel each other. He that walks in the way of self-seeking can not find God. Narrow, hard-hearted selfishness is the root of all sin and godlessness. Genuine atheism never springs from philosophical reasoning, is never the result of any theory of the world and man. Even those philosophers who deny God with their lips have Him in their heart. They deny names, traditions, dogmas. But underneath their very unbelief there is stirring the spirit of faith in the universal, divine unity, faith in the kinship of all minds and the brotherhood of all men, faith in supreme and eternal principles of goodness uniting all mortals and binding upon all souls. Their denial and unbelief invariably lead to God along new pathways of loftier thought. But true atheism or godlessness is always of a practical nature. It is the selfish life, as opposed to the life with God and humanity. The real atheist is the

individual who imprisons himself within his own narrow self, shuts out all common and higher interests, separates himself from the joys and sorrows and burdens of the world, is indifferent to all aims and relations which do not promise personal utility. This selfish isolation and blind self-love is atheism in its essence and manifestation.

For the soul of all religion, theoretical and practical, is unity. Religion is the belief in the unity of all things, of nature and mankind, in one eternal Being; the unity of all the works and the thoughts of man in his long career on earth, the unity of all star systems and of the whole drama of humanity's life, in one supreme all-wise Power. The truly religious man feels and knows that he is a part, though an infinitesimal part, of the universal and eternal Unity. The fruit of that knowledge is humility. We stand in awe and meekness in the presence of the Infinite, with whom we are bound up together in every fibre of our being, in every thought and motion, in all our faculties and works. We find God the very moment we realize that we can not for one single instant break away from our relations to God as revealed in nature and humanity, as manifested in eternal laws governing the external world and determining every movement of the inner world. We feel our individual insignificance, because our eyes are ever straining to gaze upon the countenance of the divine unity and life. We feel our infinite dignity, because we know that we are a revelation of the Eternal. We break down all fences and walls which separate us from God in nature and humanity. Love draws us towards the center of existence, from which we have radiated. We try to complete our poor individual life by assimilating to ourselves the glory and beauty and wisdom and power of God unfolded in the endless evolution of His infinite life. We yearn after the parent cause of our being, and find God along the path of the knowledge of His ways. As soon as we strive to grow beyond the limits of our fragmentary, narrow self, we find ourselves

standing before the majesty of the Divine and Eternal and Infinite, and in steady stream His light pours upon the soul which yearns to be at one with the universal mind. This is the reward of humility; the individual finds God near him, because he seeks Him in the universal life.

The footsteps of the Deity can be discerned along the highways of knowledge. The more knowledge we find, the more truly do we find God. Every truth we discover brings us nearer to Him, of whom all things are but signs and symbols. Knowledge growing from more to more is the progressive translation of the mind and life of the Infinite into the mind and life of man. For all nature is the incarnated thought and will of God.

The universe is the volume in which are writ the self-revelations of the Eternal. History is the record of the manifestations of His wisdom, of His attributes, of His all-wise laws, through the minds of superior men, who have felt after Him and longed after communion with His ways. Through knowledge the currents of the universal Mind flow into our individual mind. To use an expression of the Talmud, we are like the blessed in paradise. We sit rejoicing in the effulgence and glory of the Shechina, the divine Spirit diffusing itself through nature and humanity. This truth forms one of the central ideas of Judaism. Religion is called the knowledge of God and His ways. Again and again the injunction is laid upon Israel to know God and the books of revelation. "One of the chiefest crowns of our humanity is the crown of learning." He that despises knowledge turns away from God. "Because thou hast despised knowledge," says the prophet Hosea to the priesthood of his time, "He has rejected thee to be His priest." The love of His knowledge has been ever regarded by Judaism as the love of God. To pursue wisdom means to the true son of Israel to search after God.

Those of you who have lost the love of knowledge, the distinctive characteristic of Israel, have necessarily lost

God. If a man shuts himself up forever in a room, closing all windows and doors, stopping up every keyhole and chink, he certainly can not know and judge the world without. He may see, by means of some rushlight or a few stray rays penetrating through some cracks, the few objects within his narrow prison. But all the beauty and glory and richness and joy in the world without will remain hidden from him, and his former knowledge thereof will soon fade out of his mind. If you are indifferent to the knowledge of nature and humanity, you wilfully and permanently shut yourself up in the prison of your narrow self. You take note only of the few things which concern your own self, your personal wants and cares. But the great world without you, the majestic world of nature and the still more glorious world of mankind do not exist for you. Such men can not find God, because they have abandoned the way of knowledge, along which alone He can be found. Those who complain that they have lost God, that He is far from their mind and heart, ought to remember that this fatal condition is due to their own narrow materialistic selfishness. Those who have become all earthly have lost the mental organ by which to apprehend spiritual facts. Those who are wholly absorbed in things material, those whose faculties are entirely used up in the service of selfish gain and pleasure, have no means of entering the Temple of Truth, in whose holy of holies dwells enthroned the supreme idea, the idea of God. If you tie up the wings of your spirit so that they lose from want of use the power of upward flight, how can you hope to rise into the pure and spiritual air of the ideal? If there is no spirit in you, how can you expect to approach in prayer, meditation, and aspiring knowledge the Spirit of all spirits? If you habitually refuse to seek a home for your mind in the world of ideas, it is impossible that you should feel yourself nigh unto Him who is the all-embracing, all-creative idea, the absolute and universal intelligence.

All men can not be searchers after truth, all men can not devote their best energies to the pursuit of knowledge in the field of nature and humanity, but all of us can bask in the light of truth, kindled by illumined minds. All of us may sit down as invited guests at the banquet of wisdom, prepared by innumerable men, who were rich in original insight, who hungered and thirsted after the knowledge of God.

Those who refuse to put themselves into close touch with the searchers after God, with the searchers after truth, simply bar their way to the blissful belief in an all-wise, all-penetrating, all-loving, divine Presence. For He has not left Himself without witnesses. He has spoken to us, and continually speaks to us, through the soul and with the voice of the path-finders of humanity, who have sought Him, His light and His truth, His laws of righteousness and love, with all their heart. The immortal lovers of God and man, the seers of the world, ascended to the summits of thought, which touch the very heavens, and brought down the light of God, the law of life, the treasures of wisdom more precious than all gold and all material pleasures. How can you hope to find God, if you refuse to follow the lead of the men of supreme genius who sought Him and His light all their life, who found Him along the path of knowledge and goodness? The Bibles of humanity lie open before us inviting us to take hold of the spiritual experience of the world's best and most original minds. If you refuse to read the pages written with the heart's blood of the wisest and noblest of the children of men, it is natural that your spiritual life should be pitifully poor. Many have lost God because in the pursuit of material interests they have lost the love of knowledge. Those who keep away from the house of God, who have suppressed within themselves the desire to listen to words of instruction, should not marvel that they can not find God in their hearts when they seek Him on rare occasions, such as this

day. Those that habitually despise knowledge can not feel themselves priests of God when some strange mood or accident or a holiday moves them to approach Him. Let them resolve to abandon their ways of wilful ignorance. For callous indifference to knowledge is atheism. It leads to the death of the soul. Let them return to God and worship Him, as the all-sustaining, all-determining and creative Unity of all things. Let them find His ways by the light of knowledge.

Rising to still higher religious thought, we worship God, the universal Spirit, as the Unity of all spirits. As it is said: "He is the God of the spirits of all flesh." All minds are one in the Eternal Mind. All minds have their center and the cause of their unfolding faculties in God. He is the central sun of reason, and all minds revolve around Him, forming the living harmony of humanity in its relation to the parent source of all intelligence. Under this aspect, religion means to feel the kinship of all souls in God, to realize the brotherhood of all men by virtue of their spiritual unity in the Eternal. The more closely men unite themselves in social, religious, moral, and philanthropic relations, the more truly do they find God. For in this unity among men does God reveal Himself. Do we not read in the Sayings of the Father: "Whenever ten or even three men meet together and busy themselves with things spiritual, with matters concerning the laws of God and general welfare, the divine Spirit is among them"?

The first holy circle of divine unity amongst men is the unity between husband and wife. Husband and wife who love each other fervently and faithfully, who with each succeeding year of their wedded life grow more and more into one being, one soul and one heart, find God by this their love. He is with them in their mutual tenderness and self-sacrificing devotion. As far as they have conquered selfishness and become one through love, God is nigh unto them in their very heart and soul. But if

husband and wife move through life without love, if their union is but that of prisoners for life, chained together by law, they surely can not find God, even though they may observe all outward forms of religious devotion. Those whose selfishness expels love from their marital relations, banish God, who is the fountain of all love and union, from their heart and home. To return to God, therefore, means first of all that the hearts of husband and wife should purge themselves of every taint of selfishness and blend together in love. By so doing they find God.

Where mutual love, mutual respect and helpfulness bind together parents and children, brothers and sisters, all the members of such a household form a true family. Theirs is a spiritual unity which renews itself every day in their hearts and actions and words, and grows holier, stronger, and more beautiful with the advancing years of the parents and the unfolding of the children's bodies and minds. The spiritual unity of such a family is in very truth a revelation of the Lord of all spirits. Such parents and such children can not lose God, because He is stirring as love, as duty and devotion at the core of their hearts. The parents represent the mercy and wisdom of God and the spiritual growth of humanity to their children. The children represent the chain of spiritual unity with which the universal mind knits together all generations. A happy home is the first temple of God. The table at which father and mother and children sit together in joy and contentment is the true altar of the God of love. The unity of such a family, the unity in thought and feeling, in sympathy and co-operation, is the type and fountain-head of all forms of unity among men. It is the result and symbol of the unity subsisting between our common Father and all His children.

Those families in which parental ignorance and rudeness, filial ingratitude, disobedience, and hardness of heart keep father and mother and children estranged from one

another, those families in which selfishness, envy, and mutual ill-will sway brothers and sisters, are a parody on the idea of God dwelling with the children of men and causing kindred beings to make one music of feeling, thought, and action. Such families are a travesty upon the belief that human love is a reflection of divine love. The fountains of faith, hope, and trust dry up in them. There may be daily prayers, religious ceremonies and observances, they may have God on their lips, but He is absent from their hearts. If we are to find God this day or any other day, we must turn our heart in love and faithfulness to our kindred. If thus we forsake the way of selfishness, God will have mercy on us and reveal Himself as union and love and kindness in the family circle.

That the family is the nursery and home of all true religion, was clearly perceived and beautifully stated by the seers of Israel. The chosen people, the people destined to bring the blessings of the belief in, and the worship of, one only God, the Maker of heaven and earth, the Father of mankind, to all the races of the earth, is said to have taken rise in one family, the family of Abraham. The light of that faith was transmitted and increased through three successive generations of families. At last it became the heritage of a whole people, and that people was chosen to become a blessing and the means of union to all the families of the earth. This is an intimation of profound significance. Family union and family love must be enlarged in our sympathies to a union of the whole people, to a union of our whole religious community. Our heart and mind must at last embrace the whole human family within the circle of our highest interests. Our spirit must go forth in kindness towards all men and form a unity with all spirits. By such feelings of compassion for all, by such thoughts of all-embracing harmony to which actions must correspond, our life comes to be identified with the universal life of humanity. We

make ourselves the center of mankind's ever-growing divine life. Our soul reflects the unity of all men in God. Our sympathy with their sorrows and joys is a direct revelation of the love of God for all His children. We find God in our heart and soul and action.

Let us all, however, take warning: Family love and unity may be hardened into family selfishness and godlessness. Many men make their home the prison of their soul. All love, all tenderness, all care and labor for their family alone, but callousness, utter indifference to the welfare of those standing without the pale of their family! The world at large has no existence to the hearts of such men, except as it may be exploited for their own families. The happiness of other families, the education and honor of other men's children are matters of indifference, if not of envy, to them. The cry of human suffering touches no chord of their hearts. The works of charity in which they share are not the results of genuine sympathy, but are due to social compulsion. Whatever good they may do to others, does not flow from love for their fellow-men, but from calculation or from an irksome sense of the impossibility to escape such deeds. Whatever pecuniary sacrifices they may occasionally make for philanthropic institutions, for congregational purposes, they regard as acts of robbery against their families. Their hearts do not beat in sympathy with the deathless life of their nation. They do not identify themselves with the eternal intellectual, moral, and social interests of the people. Their narrow sympathies keep them outside the mighty currents of divine life, manifested in the literature and the moral aspirations of their time and generation. They do not place themselves within earshot of the voice of the universal Spirit, speaking through His chosen instruments in art, philosophy, history, and all other utterances of the Divine in humanity. They refuse to take part in the sorrows and hopes, in the repentance and exultation of the human race. The word

"humanity" is an empty sound to them. The ideals of humanity are regarded by them as the foolish day-dreams of visionaries. Living thus wilfully away from God who reveals Himself in the secular life of humanity, they naturally can not find Him. When their heart cries, Where is God? no divine voice answers from the heights of Sinai: "Here I am! The place whereon thou standest is holy ground, the sacred ground of humanity's spiritual growth through perennial communion with the Infinite."

All those that have lost God through narrowness and hardness of heart, all those from whom God is far, because they live in egotistical self-isolation, will find Him by renewing in contrition the covenant of brotherhood with their fellow-men, the covenant of active sympathy with humanity's life. God is the pre-established harmony of the spirits of all beings. By identifying ourselves with the personality, with the moral and intellectual interests and highest aspirations of our fellow-men, by forming a spiritual union, starting with the family and embracing ever larger and larger circles of humanity, we re-establish within us that divine harmony which had been overthrown or hidden by our selfishness. By abandoning the ways of self-seeking and returning to our fellow-men, we return to God. He is again found by us in our heart and soul. As we feel our oneness with the children of God in the spirit of love and faithful co-operation, we experience the presence of the Eternal, who is the cause and end of the unity of mankind.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself" and "Love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy might," of old have been declared to be the fundamental principles of Judaism. They cohere as the two sides of one idea. They are one creative truth, uttering itself forth in two strains. The love of man and the love of God spring from the belief in the unity of mankind embraced in the unity of God. He that loves his neighbor

loves God, the Father of all men. He that loves God, in the true spirit of Israel and not according to ancient or modern paganism, can not help loving his fellow-men, because they are manifestations and symbols of the Divine.

Rising to the highest religious idea of Israel, we worship God as absolute justice, infinite love, the parent source of all finite goodness, the prototype of all human love. We adore Him as the realized ideal of moral perfection. He is all-just, all-merciful, and holy. As it is said, "The Rock, all His doings are perfect, for all His ways are justice. He is a God of faithfulness without any evil. Just and upright is He. The Eternal is merciful and gracious, abundant in mercy and truth." The attributes of God well up from the soul of man as moral ideas. His ways are revealed as the ways of eternal life to individuals and nations. His being is the universal law; the qualities of His holy will manifest themselves as moral laws in the consciousness of those that seek Him. To love God means to walk in His ways. The destiny of man, individual and collective, is to become an image, however faint, of divine perfection. The highest aim of man is to grow steadily in the elements of justice and mercy and truth. This is the highest end of human life, both of the individual and of humanity. The moral good is our ultimate good. All other ends are but means to that supreme end. The noblest of all ambitions is to strive to be godlike in doing justice, in loving mercy, and walking humbly in the ways of God. A man may obtain the most coveted objects of all forms of ambition, and yet, if he misses that one ambition, if he fails to develop a character swayed in all its movements by the moral laws, his whole life is worthless and a striving after the wind. A good man needs not to ask, Where is God? For He is ever nigh unto him. If you love justice and do battle for it, you have found God, for He is justice. If you have compassion on the poor, succor the needy, clothe the naked, lift up the fallen,

dry the tears of the widow and the orphan, you are realizing the will of the living God. The God of love is with you, revealing Himself in the beauty and holiness of your charitable works. A just and merciful man shares in the life of God. He co-operates with the plans of Providence and helps to work out the salvation of the race. He is the instrument of God in uprooting evil and planting good, in fighting the powers of hatred and malice. He is spreading the reign of universal love.

But he who is not fired with the ambition to grow in the qualities of goodness, necessarily loses God. The individual or the nation that rebels against justice, that tramples underfoot the rights of the weak and the stranger, can not approach God. He that gathers riches by fraud and violence, he who builds his house by injustice, can not find God in his heart nor in the bosom of his family. God and wickedness can not dwell together. If you take no delight in doing works of charity, if you do not seek happiness in making your fellow-men happy, how can you hope to find God, who is the Father of love and the Giver of all good? Selfishness is the root of sin. The sins of injustice and cruelty of every kind banish us from the presence of God. "Your sins," says the prophet, "have separated you and Me, your Lord." Immorality in feeling, thought, and action is true atheism, practical atheism, which is an abomination to God and the soul of humanity. The prayers of the unjust, the uncharitable, and the false are blasphemies. Their temples are dens of moral vileness. The religion of persecutors, the worship of race-proud maligners, is hateful to the Father of mankind. Says the prophet Isaiah: "When ye come to appear before Me, who hath required this at your hands, to tread My courts? Your appointed feasts My soul hateth. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide Mine eyes from you. Yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear; your hands are full of blood. Wash ye, make you

clean; put away the evil of your doings from before Mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow. Then, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." The monition comes also to us from the heart of infinite goodness; the same promise of divine presence and grace addresses itself to us on this great Day of Atonement. The genius of Israel cries aloud: "Seek ye the Lord, while He may be found. Call upon Him, while He is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the man of sin his thoughts." Those who have lost God, who is the realized ideal of perfection and the fountain of all goodness, will find Him, if they make man's highest good, the moral ideal, the chief theme of their thoughts and the leading motive of all their actions. Those who complain that God is far from them will soon feel the breath of His presence, if they forsake the ways of pitiless selfishness and strive to make themselves a blessing to their fellow-men. Let but the unrighteous man prostrate himself in humility before the throne of Justice, let the uncharitable open his hand and heart to the poor and needy, and lo and behold, the certainty of divine mercy and compassion will come to him with healing on its wings.

If you strive steadily to stamp your character with the likeness of divine qualities, if you make it the highest ambition of your existence to be fellow-worker with God in establishing justice and mercy and truth on earth, He will be nigh unto you, and you will feel in your heart the uplifting influence of His spirit. You will understand in your soul the beneficent purposes of His providence, and through wisdom and sacrifices endeavor to carry His will into execution. Your sorrows and your joys, your sufferings and hopes will help you to realize that you are not alone and forsaken, but that He is with you

even in the night of your affliction, disciplining you to the service of suffering humanity. If you break away from selfishness, your very griefs and pains will prove spiritual blessings to you. They will open your heart to sympathize with the sufferings of your fellow-men. They will cause you to thrill with godlike compassion for the afflicted children of men. They will cause you to go forth as a messenger of God's mercy, to heal wounds and dry tears, to turn sadness into joy and despair into hope. By such growth in the beauty and holiness of saving compassion you will fulfill the highest aims of religion. For every man is destined to be a watchman and tiller in this garden planted by God, a sower of good and uprooter of evil. We are all called to co-operate with God in making human life ever better, ever more spiritual and beautiful.

We can not understand the mystery of evil, but this much we know, that it is to be made, by works of love and by submission, a means of salvation and moral growth. The world, alas, is full of evils, physical and mental. There are the innumerable ills which flesh is heir to. There are the diseases which gnaw at the vitals, consume the marrow of our bones, float as poison in our blood, rack our nerves, and torture our brain. There are the terrors of imagination, worse than all real evils. There are the evils born of folly and sin, which have come down with us from the years bygone, dogging our steps, harrowing our conscience, and meting out a hundredfold retribution for past transgressions. There are the evils born of the wickedness and brutality of men, the evils of hatred and prejudice, of bloodthirsty religious or racial fanaticism. There are the evils of willful falsehood and treacherous calumny. All these demons of evil plague the human race, and who of us has not his share of them?

Some men find God through sorrow and suffering, far more lose Him through pain and distress. The selfish man, when he is in tribulation, physical or mental, cries in

the agony of his soul that he can find God nowhere, neither in the world without nor within his own soul. In prosperity and health he lives in egotistical self-isolation, far from his fellow-men and far from God. In sorrow and sickness also he dwells alone in the narrow prison of his poor self. Woe to the selfish man, when he is beset with evils! Woe to him when nature assails him, with her poisoned arrows, when she takes pitiless vengeance on him for transgressions committed wittingly or unwittingly! Whither shall he flee for refuge from himself? In what thought can egotism offer him a means of self-delivery? He has cared for the world only as far as it supplied him with his wants. He has interested himself in the life of his fellow-men only as far as he could use them for his own interests. To him the idea of God is that of a purveyor of the necessities and pleasures of his life. God is to him a mighty Being that is invoked for assistance in times of distress and is dismissed and forgotten when no longer needed. He has never identified himself with God and His eternal laws, ruling nature and mankind. He has never identified himself with the deathless sorrows and joys, with the struggles and defeats and victories of humanity. Therefore he is left alone with his troubles. He has infinite pity and hot tears for himself in his misery, but he has no heart-sprung tears and no genuine compassion for others. For this reason he is shut up in darkness with himself. Let his wretched god of self rise up and help him. He may multiply prayers, but all his prayers are but empty words. He has worshiped and served only self; therefore, there is no response from the universal Soul to his dwarfed soul. There is no way leading from his fenced-in self to Him who is infinite Love, the Father and Saviour of all the children of men. Thus it is that many men lose God through sorrow and suffering, and cry out in their heart, "There is no God."

Yet seasons of distress teach nobler natures to find God more than ever. They learn to know and value the

ministry of sorrow and suffering as a crown of glory, as a means of salvation to themselves and others. They realize more vividly than ever the fact that they are a part, though most insignificant part, of the universal order of things. They feel they are an integral part, living members, of the immortal being called humanity. In humility and submission they return to God, who is the unity of nature and mankind, and whose love they recognize in their sufferings. They take up the will of God into their own will. Lovingly they embrace the laws of God in nature as the laws of their own being. They pray with the seers and the martyrs of Israel: "Thy will be done, O God, in heaven and on earth." They recognize that sorrow and suffering are blessings in disguise, that they have been the means of tearing down the walls of self and making man a citizen of the universe. They recognize that sufferings and trials have been and are the means used by Providence to awaken the human mind from its slumber, to compel the spirit of man to find the ways of the Eternal and through the works of reason to bring a thousandfold good out of evil.

We shall find God, if we come to be thankful for our very sufferings and trials, using them as means of moral discipline and spiritual growth. He will be nigh unto us, if we accept in grateful meekness the painful consequences of our sins, regarding them as manifestations of divine justice, indwelling the constitution of things. We shall no longer cry, "Where is God?" if our sorrows tend to emancipate us from the bondage of selfishness, if they cause our hearts to sympathize with the woes of our fellow-men, impelling us to hasten to the rescue of those in danger, to lift up the fallen, to dry the tears of the poor and oppressed. Doing the work of divine mercy to the best of our ability, we shall experience the grace of Heaven, rising as from a living spring from our soul. As the fruit springs from the blossom, so will atonement be the issue

of our own merciful feelings and actions. Let us be grateful for our sufferings and sorrows, and regard them not only as a proof of divine retribution, but also as signs of divine love toward us. For there are sufferings of love, according to the wise men of Israel. God intends to try us, and to bring into play all the hidden possibilities of our nature.

Such is the disposition which religion should produce. Such the attitude of mind and heart, which the Day of Atonement is to bring about. Let us, therefore, return to God, to humanity, and our own higher self by dint of our sorrows and tribulations. Let us willingly fall heir to the virtues and the experiences of Israel. For suffering ever was and still is the badge of the Chosen People. It was through infinite suffering that they have been chosen from among all nations to give birth to the religion of humanity. Israel's endless sorrows have been the means of abounding grace, of the gospel of mercy and holiness to the families of the earth. On this Day of Atonement we offer thanks unto the God of Love, that He has made Israel His suffering servant through whom Justice is to be established on earth. Let us take to heart the saying of the rabbis, "Suffering is a blessing to Israel," and let us add, the martyrdom of Israel has been and still is a blessing to the world. The whole Bible is the passion flower which has grown out of the bleeding heart of Israel. Let us fall heir to the great principle, realized by Israel, that knowledge is worship and wilful ignorance a denial of God. Let us bear the truth in our hearts, that an ignorant Jew, one who refuses to make use of the means of wisdom and culture offered to him, is a godless Jew, a shame to the name and conduct of his forefathers. On this great Day of Atonement let us atone for our shortcomings and sins by resolving to make the moral life the highest purpose of our existence. Let us fall heir to the belief of Israel, that it is man's mission to grow Godward in the divine

qualities of justice, mercy, and truth. Let us fall heir to the belief of Israel that God is the living, intelligent Unity of nature and humanity.

Let us try to realize the awful idea of that Unity, by making our will move in harmony with His will, by identifying ourselves with the highest interests of humanity. Let religion do a great and noble work for every one of us. Religion should so educate us that our individual life and being shall be, through love, a center of the life of God in man. Religion is the idea of the Universal Unity, the synagogue is the symbol of that idea, worship is its realization. Today we are nearer that realization than on other days, mostly given to personal, material interests or pleasures. Today we are forming a spiritual union in this House of God, rising from grade to grade in dignity and universality. Today each family is united before God, its love being consecrated by the presence of Divine Love. Today we represent the spiritual union of all Israel, past, present, and future. As the people of humanity we give testimony to our faith in the indestructible spiritual unity of all nations of the earth. Today we pray for the peace and moral advancement and happiness of all the peoples, even those that torment and persecute the children of Israel. Today we rise on the wings of meditation and prayer to the firm belief that Yahve, our God, is One, the Law-giver, the King, the Father of all men, that in due time He will establish the kingdom of righteousness on earth. Today we seek Him and find Him. Today we are blessed in knowing that He is nigh unto us, when we call unto Him. Today let each and every one of us abandon the way of self-seeking and forsake the path of sin. Today let us return to God, for He is full of compassion, and to our Lord, who will abundantly pardon. Amen!

THE REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN GOD.

I.

LET us begin our search after the rational grounds of our belief in God. Let us seek for proofs, if haply they may be found, that there exists an all-pervading, eternal Unity Divine which embraces both the universe and the soul. Let us try to bring into clear view cogent reasons for believing in a supreme Being, in an ultimate Reality and creative Energy of which matter and mind, force and will, the external world of nature and the inner world of consciousness, are perennial manifestations and purposeful self-revelations. Let us for the moment discard all preconceived beliefs and unbeliefs and in all seriousness and solemnity face the problem of problems, as if we were commissioned by mankind to find a solution to it; as if our age depended on us to give a satisfactory answer to the question, compared with which all other questions dwindle into utter insignificance.

We know two kinds of existence, the external material world of things, of objects, and the internal world of consciousness, of feelings, thoughts, ideas. The most awful mystery of all is this very mystery of existence itself. How comes there to be anything at all, matter and motion, atoms, forces, life inanimate and animate? How comes there to be feeling, sensation, thought, or consciousness? Space and infinitude, the home of all being, time and eternity, the stream in which all that exists and happens moves, rises to the surface and disappears; what are they, why are they, why can not we imagine them as non-existent? To be, the eternal, indestructible fact of being

in general, of existence universal, beginningless, endless, continuous, that is the question.

We can by no effort of ours bring ourselves to deny that something exists somehow, somewhere. Even if we think that all things outside ourselves are unreal appearances, that this fair world, the heavens and the earth are merely a dream of our mind, yet we doubters and dreamers still exist. You can not think of a time when there was absolutely nothing in existence, nor are you able to think of a time when existence itself shall be annihilated. Take the wings of imagination and fly from star-system to star-system to the uttermost bounds of all known galaxies, beyond the region of the faintest and remotest cosmic cloud, even in the heart of eternal night and silence and cold you are still floating on the waves of being, and are unable to break away from your soul's inseparable companion, from the idea of omnipresent existence. Should you fancy space beyond all stellar regions to be absolutely empty, still space is left, space exists. You can put no bound to space in thought. Beyond the uttermost reach of imagination infinitude stretches, one, indivisible, eternal, pregnant with the seeds of star-births, heaving with the throbs of universal force. You can not conceive a limit set to force. You can not say, only to a certain point in space does it go and can not dart beyond a certain fixed boundary line. Where force is, there dwells being, there are beating the pulses of all-pervading energy. Being, then, has no limits in space or time. Existence is infinite and eternal. Well may the idea of infinite and eternal existence thrill us with religious awe, and cause us to observe towards it an attitude of speechless wonder. It is the simplest and surest and most universal fact. It is the tap-root of all truths. It underlies all thoughts.

Without the idea of existence nothing is imaginable, thinkable, nothing is possible. Yet it is the mystery of mysteries. We are so near it, it surrounds us, we live,

move, and have our being in it. Still it is inscrutable. We are overwhelmed by the thought that whatever is has always been and forever will be. We prostrate ourselves before the unfathomable mystery that matter and force, the very atoms and energies with which we are everywhere in closest touch, of which we ourselves form a living part, have existed through boundless space from eternity to eternity. Before the race of man was born, before the sun, the moon, and the stars were formed, there was the same essence, the same indwelling power was moving through space, combining, dissolving, blossoming, bearing fruit, decaying and awakening to new life and activity through seeming death.

The same substance, the same force, the same laws existed on and on, indestructible, of the self-same identity, ere the universe blossomed into its present living harmony as at this very hour.

Some of the profoundest religious minds of former days have stood like us in worshipping awe before the unfathomable mystery of beginningless, endless, and universal being. They, too, wrestled with the attempt to comprehend the incomprehensible, to express the inexpressible. They adored the infinite and eternal being as the highest Being, as the only Reality. They worshiped it as the supreme Power behind all power, as the permanent essence behind all fleeting appearances. The Bible calls the supreme Being Yahve, "He who is, was, and forever will be." The Most High reveals himself to Moses as "I Am that I Am," "I Am, that is my name." In the theosophical speculations of the later Vedic poets the all-pervading, self-existent essence is worshiped under the name of Brahma. Some of the greatest Greek philosophers called God the Being, *to on*, or the true Being, *to ontos on*.

II.

We have so far considered the mystery of existence in itself, in a purely abstract way. We have been dealing only with the bare, though awe-inspiring, fact that something infinite and eternal does exist, that something, be it matter, force, mind, has always been, still is, and forever will be. But the question of questions is: Is all existence of one essence, are all forms of being one being, all forces one force, all manifestations of energy the outpourings of one eternal Energy? Are all minds lights reflected from the effulgence of one infinite Self? Does the chain of natural causes and effects begin and terminate in a highest cause, in an almighty cause of causes? Is there unity and identity of essence in all diversity of being and multiplicity of forms?

May it not be that every atom has from all eternity been an isolated self-existent being, an individual independent center of force? Thus there would be an infinity of eternal, uncaused existences. We would then have no principle of all-pervading, all-embracing unity which we are seeking and which is to be accounted the first cardinal attribute of the one only Being, of the ultimate Reality.

Nature, as known even to the most superficial observers, shows the assumption of an infinite number of unrelated atoms without any communication with one another to be the wildest of errors, the most senseless of all imaginable blunders. The universe does not present itself to the human mind as a host of countless self-imprisoned, unresponsive atoms and forces which have no relation to one another, which exert no influence upon one another, and do not mutually determine one another. If every atom were absolutely shut up within itself, if all were not bound up by an indwelling principle of unity, they would not be able to combine with and interpenetrate one another. There would be no change whatever. For all change is caused by the chemical marriage of atoms with atoms, of

molecules with molecules, and by the thousand other influences which all elements exercise upon all others, be they near or far. There would be no room for the universal play of cause and effect, if there were no eternal kinship, no inborn love between all elements and forces. How could all the parts of the universe, the remotest and the nearest, be connected together as an harmonious whole by the interminable chain of cause and effect, if there subsisted no eternal relationship between them?

The law of causality is of universal validity and admits of no exception. The underlying principle of all science, the supreme truth, upon which all the systems of knowledge rest, is the indestructible belief, that nothing happens within the whole compass of existence, that nothing can take place in the life of nature and man, without an efficient cause. Every fact is the offspring of other facts which have gone before it and stand to it in the relation of parent cause, and every new fact must give birth to others which in their turn are bound to be the seeds of events to come. Nothing great or small that exists or occurs in the universe stands apart by itself, has the roots of its origin and activity in itself alone. Whatever is or happens is joined together by a chain of cause and effect with every part and force in nature and with the remotest past of the world's life. The whole present with all its countless phenomena, with all its multitudinous forms, is the child of the past by an endless succession of evolutions, which are bound up together and determined by the indestructible ties of universal causation. All the star-myriads and the fulness thereof form a living harmony, a symphony of forces and movements, of action and interaction, of cosmic growth and fruit-bearing. They ebb and flow together with the all-penetrating currents of omnipresent causation. They are interlaced and intertwined by the unbreakable chains of universal order.

Now the question arises: Why must all kinds of existence obey the law of cause and effect? Why are all atoms,

all things, all phenomena, all manifestations of force of every kind, held in the eternal embrace of causality? There must be an all-sufficient reason why all things must act and react upon one another. There must be an efficient reason why all particles of matter or atoms influence one another in a certain unalterable manner, why they combine with one another according to fixed laws which they can not transgress. Why is the behavior of all things toward all others subject to an unchangeable rule and order? On what ultimate ground does the law of causality rest?

It is clear that the law of their mutual behavior, the necessity of acting in a certain way in harmonious co-operation with one another, must lie in the original constitution of all the elements of nature.

Now, if the atoms were from all eternity self-centered individual beings, if they were absolutely the last elements and forms of existence behind which there is no higher reality and controlling power, how should they come to form among themselves those everlasting bonds of friendship, to establish the unchangeable laws of their conduct toward one another? Did all the atoms in the starless foretime once meet in counsel, and did they say to one another: "It will not do for us to remain forever in our state of single existence and unprofitable isolation. We must form an everlasting and perfect union. Let us establish among ourselves a covenant which shall not pass away. Let us unite our forces for ever higher ends. Let us lay down for ourselves inviolable laws to which we shall all yield unquestioning obedience. Let us regulate for all eternity our mutual relations. Let us give up our barren independence and through universal interdependence become fruitful, creative. Let the act of one always affect the others in a certain foreordained way. Let us combine and grow into suns, star-systems, earths, plants, animals, and at last flower into man, who shall translate

our elemental compact into thought and call our unchangeable social contract the universal law of causality"?

Surely, the indissoluble unity which binds all atoms together into a living harmony, the immutable laws which hold absolute sway over them all, and determine with unfailing precision all their courses, combinations, dissolutions, evolutions, give proof that the atoms can not be separate and self-determined entities, that they can not be the last elements of existence. There can be but one conclusion: Behind all atoms there is one universal Reality, behind all special forms of existence there is one all-enfolding absolute Existence; behind all finite beings there is one infinite Being. All forces are the manifestations of one almighty Force. This supreme Reality, this infinite Essence and omnipotent Power, we call God. All the world-systems are borne in the same parental arms of this one creative Force. They all rest as children, grown or growing, against the bosom of the same infinite parent Power. All their vital energies and unfolding lives are but incarnations and transformations of the one self-identical Energy, inscrutable, all-sustaining, all-quickening, all-pervading. All atoms and aggregations of atoms must obey the eternal and immutable laws of the universal Self, because they are indwelling parts of it; because they live, move, and have their being in it. All nature proceeds from the same divine Essence; the whole Cosmos has blossomed forth from the same omnipotent Energy. Hence no atom, no finite part, no creature, no star can separate itself from the identity of the Almighty, can break away from the immanent modes and ways of infinite Life. The universal reign of law is nothing but the universal self-revelation of the One infinite and unchangeable Power which is forever at one with itself. The universal law of causality flows from the identity of the one omnipresent and omnipotent Being. The unity of nature springs from, and reflects, the unity of God.

III.

Our argument has so far led us only to the necessary belief in a universal, self-existent Essence, to the idea of an infinite, all-enfolding divine Unity, to the conception of an almighty Power which is the ultimate cause of all that is and happens. The truth which we have brought into light forms the first broad foundation on which all religion rests. And now there arises the most far-reaching of all questions and presses for an answer. Is the infinite and eternal Essence, the supreme Being, the omnipotent Power, an intelligent Essence, a rational Self, or is it merely an irrational entity, a blind force? It is clear that we could not adore a senseless Power, that we could not love a Being that lacks the attribute of reason. We might stand in awe and dread of the Universal Power. We might at times crouch in abject fear before the manifestation of its deadly terrors. We might use all possible means to avoid coming into conflict with the inexorable ways of the almighty and omnipresent Being, lest we be crushed by a blow dealt us by its outstretched arm. We might view with speechless wonder the multitudinous forms of inanimate and animate life which the infinite Being assumes. We might with eager curiosity try to discover the immutable laws which govern the universe from center to circumference. But we could not worship and venerate that Power. We could not bow our head in humility before the Infinite as being higher and better than man. For the highest and noblest kind of existence, is reason, the divinest reality is the knowing mind, the most worshipful power is the purposeful will realizing the ends of goodness.

If the Infinite is not a spiritual Power, we are shut up to materialism. The wings of faith are cut. We can not escape from the prison of self and commune in sorrow and joy with the general Soul.

Now what proof have we that intelligence is a quality of the universal Essence, that the all-generating, all-sustaining Power is a conscious Self? My answer is: The existence of thinking and willing beings on our planet, the existence of consciousness in man, gives proof that the ground of all existence must be an intelligent Entity, that the almighty Power, of which our minds are manifestations, can not but be a rational Energy.

Let us full earnestly consider that kind of existence which we call Consciousness. What is consciousness? What a question, you will reply. Consciousness is consciousness. This is the only term by which it can be expressed. It is the only definition we can give it. Sensation, feeling, perception, thought, are names denoting various manifestations, simple or complex, of the same unique phenomenon of consciousness. It is absolutely unlike any form of material being, it has no quality in common with any kind of external existence. For this reason consciousness can be stated only to be what it is—consciousness; to be identical with itself only and to have no affinity with anything else.

But is it indeed impossible to compare mind with some physical reality, be it matter or force? Let us just try. All things material have three dimensions, length, breadth, and height. Suppose you ask, How long, how broad, how high is consciousness? Why, you will say, Not even a madman can conceive such a question. Right enough: Is consciousness thick or thin, hard or soft? Is it in a solid, liquid, or gaseous state? Leave us alone, you will cry, with your crazy questions! The attributes of extension and density do not apply to mind. Well, we take note of this self-evident fact and will soon make use of it in our argument. What is the color of consciousness? Is it white, black, red, green, or yellow? Is consciousness warm or cold, sweet or bitter? You exclaim, Stop putting to us such questions, which sound like the gibberish of madness.

But your amazement, your vehement protests, simply make it as clear as noonday that none of the qualities of matter can be in thought ascribed to mind. Now, we know a thing, a being, exclusively by its qualities. Since mind and matter have so far been shown to have no quality in common, therefore they can not be compared with each other, they can not be placed in the same class. Consequently they can not be of the same essence and nature.

Again, consciousness can not be tasted nor smelled nor touched nor seen nor heard. The five senses have no access to it, they can not penetrate to it, receive impressions, combine them into qualities, and by such operations inform us what mind is. On the other hand, all we know of matter, of the world external to us, comes to us as a message of the senses. Without the senses matter of every kind and form would be absolutely unknown to us, the external world would simply have no existence for us. We would be wholly shut up within our self-consciousness. Again, we can not imagine consciousness to be identical with force, such as is manifested in the physical universe. We know force first of all and chiefly as motion appearing in moving bodies. Can you conceive consciousness as a sort of motion? I appeal to your own inward experience. Has feeling, willing, thinking, any feature in common with what we call motion, moving from place to place? Force under certain given conditions is changed from motion to heat. Can you realize in thought that consciousness is nothing but a form of heat? Well, force reveals itself also as electricity and magnetism. Is consciousness perhaps a species of electricity or magnetism? Try to think it out this very moment. Can you say to yourself: As I am observing my consciousness, I feel it to be like the electric currents in a battery or like the magnetic force? Why, your mind at once tells you, that identification is an unthinkable absurdity.

You have the direct and incontestable testimony of your mind that consciousness is absolutely unlike both

matter and force. Yet consciousness undoubtedly exists. Your own self is consciousness. Your truest and inmost being is spirit or soul. Whence comes our consciousness? From what ground did consciousness spring? Our minds form part of the universal existence. It did not rise into being by itself and through itself. Our spirit must have its origin and existence in the universal existence. It can not be the offspring of matter and motion or force, because it is in every respect different from them. Only like begets its like. You can by no effort of imagination or thought bring yourself to realize that your mind is nothing but a species of matter or, what amounts to the same thing, a product of matter. You are absolutely unable to think of feeling and will as a peculiar form of heat, electricity, or motion. On this head Professor Huxley writes in his inimitable style: "It seems to me pretty plain, that there is a third thing in the universe, to wit, consciousness, which in the hardness of my heart and head I can not see to be matter, or force, or any conceivable modification of either, however intimately the manifestations of the phenomena of consciousness may be connected with the phenomena known as force."

Since consciousness can be derived from neither matter nor force, we are driven to the conclusion, that it must have its ground and origin in something which is like it, namely, in a superhuman consciousness or a universal mind. Human consciousness can not have sprung into existence out of nothing. For nothing will in all eternity bring forth nothing. We dare not say that mind has from eternity to eternity existed only as human consciousness, as spirit in man. For there was surely a time when the human race had as yet no existence. There was, beyond a doubt, a time, when the earth had not yet been formed and become a fit dwelling-place for rational beings. Mind must, therefore, have existed in the universe before the birth of animals and men on our globe. The conclusion is

thus forced upon us that intelligence is an eternal reality. We can not say that it exists only as an isolated phenomenon in some parts of the universe and nowhere else. For the universal and infinite existence is one being and power, forever and everywhere identical with its own self; it would, therefore be the height of absurdity to ascribe consciousness to only a part of the Infinite, seeing that the Infinite consists of no separate parts but is an absolute, self-identical Unity, all whose manifestations are revelations of its hidden essence, and self-hood. The infinite and eternal Existence and Power, whom we call God, is thus shown to be a conscious Being or a universal Intelligence, the fountain-head of all consciousness in finite existence. The conclusion of the matter, then: The Eternal is a spiritual Being.

IV.

The argument has, however, not yet fully satisfied you. Your doubts have not yet been completely dispelled. The greatest of all difficulties is still obstructing your path towards a rational belief in an intelligent supreme Power. How can we possibly believe in a universal mindlike Being? How can mind exist without a nervous system, without a brain? All mind-life, which we know of, appears in connection with nerves, and the most highly-developed intelligence is indissolubly bound up with the central organ of the nervous system, the brain. If you destroy a man's brain, his mind manifests its existence in no manner whatever. Let a man's brain be seriously injured, and he becomes a maniac or will sink into a state of death-like sleep. When the heart ceases to beat and no longer sends the current of vitalizing blood to the brain, the body dies and with it the mind seems to vanish into nothing. How, then, are we to believe that the supreme Being is a conscious entity? For the blasphemous idea must of course

be ruled out, that there is somewhere in the world a gigantic divine brain communicating with every part of the universe by means of an all-pervading nervous system.

To minds not trained in philosophical thinking, to minds not accustomed to rise above the analogies of sense-experience, these objections appear fatal to the belief in a conscious, absolute, and infinite Being. They are the main considerations, why so many men who implicitly trust their own rough and ready judgments regarding what is possible or impossible, have to their own hearts' grief come to imagine that they do not believe in God.

It is a mistake that the manifestations of feeling and will are absolutely dependent on that peculiar organization of matter called nerves. There are innumerable forms of exceedingly small animate beings, termed microbes, which do not show the faintest trace of nerves. They possess no organs internal and external of any kind. Yet these tiny structureless and nerveless creatures plainly exhibit the phenomena of feeling and willing. They pursue their prey, seize and devour it. They become aware of danger and try to escape from it. By such and similar actions they give unmistakable evidence of discerning and volitional impulses. These facts clearly prove that feeling and willing which are the web and woof of all mind-life can exist without any nervous apparatus. If nerves and brain were the absolute condition and ultimate cause of all mental phenomena, the existence of sentient creatures devoid of nerves and brain would be an utter impossibility. But you will object and say: "Those creatures lowest in the scale of animate life display but the dimmest and most shadowy beginnings of feeling and willing. All developed intelligence, all consciousness deserving that name, is invariably found in closest connection with a brain. The more highly developed a creature's brain, the greater is its mentality. The intelligence of man is immeasurably superior to that of all other living beings, just because his

brain is more perfect, more finely organized than theirs. If the world-ground is intelligent, it must be mind of the highest kind, infinitely superior to the human mind. But how can we reconcile the belief in a universal intelligence with the facts of experience which tell us, that there is no consciousness without a brain?"

To this I reply: If the brain could ever be shown to explain the existence of consciousness, your reasoning would have some force. If science could ever demonstrate, how matter organized as brain brings forth mind out of what is not itself mind, there would be some show of reason for asserting that the brain is the parent cause of consciousness and hence that mental life is impossible where the assumed creative force is absent. But will the most minute and thorough knowledge of the structure and composition of the brain ever enable us to say: "We clearly see and observe, how the brain manufactures thought. There is no longer any mystery about the origin and nature of mind"? Suppose we should even succeed in fixing upon the exact spot and the special cells of the brain in which each particular thought takes its rise. Suppose science should one day be able to make visible to the eye every wave and tremor in the brain substance accompanying every thought. Suppose physiology should one day bring into clear view the peculiar set of molecular and chemical changes which occur in the substances of the brain, while a certain set of ideas is passing through the mind. Still such knowledge would in no way explain the existence of consciousness. It would in no possible manner show, how the molecules of matter making up the brain can produce mind which is absolutely unlike matter. For the brain is after all no more nor less than highly organized matter. Over eighty per cent. of the brain substance is made up of the elements of hydrogen and oxygen, which, chemically combined, form water. Nitrogen, sulphur, carbon, iron, and other elements are the materials

out of which an inscrutable Power has builded the glorious dwelling of the mind, the brain. Now, we have shown that consciousness can not be identified with matter and motion, that it is impossible to conceive of mind as a modification or product of either. Matter in the form of brain still remains matter. It can not transcend its essence and quality and be changed from what matter is throughout the universe, and by virtue of organization give birth to mind. Since, then, the brain does not explain the existence of consciousness and can not be regarded as the generating source of mind, we have no right to hold that under no possible conditions can consciousness exist without a brain, and that consequently the infinite ground of being can not be believed to be intelligent. All that we may say is that under the given terrestrial conditions, as far as we know, intelligence of the higher kind invariably appears in closest connection and interaction with a brain, that the finite human mind, while incarnate in a body, manifests itself through the agency of a complete nervous system centered in a brain. But our sense-bound experience does not justify us in laying it down as a universal and absolute law, that it is impossible for mind to exist outside of a brain.

Our experience alone does not suffice to decide with apodictic certainty what is possible and what is impossible. How shall we determine that something is absolutely impossible? Innumerable things for ages have been universally believed to be impossible which a larger experience has proved to be possible. To talk and be heard at a distance of thousands of miles, but a few years ago seemed to be an impossibility. Yet the telephone has made it possible. To catch the dread force of electricity, to make it carry man's message from one end of the earth to the other with incredible swiftness, to harness lightning like a horse to our wagon, to make it light up our houses and streets, to heat up our dwellings and cook our

meals, till recent times was deemed utterly impossible. In Columbus' time no human being considered it possible to cross the Atlantic in iron ships, in less than six days, without the use of sails. In biblical times it was held impossible to measure the earth and weigh it in balances. In our days the length, height, and depth, the weight and density of the sun, moon, and every planet are perfectly well known. Spectroscopy has in our days made possible what two centuries ago was regarded as a self-evident impossibility. The human mind can nowadays ascertain with scientific exactness the number and nature of the atomic elements present not only in our sun but in the remotest stars, whose light travels six thousand years before reaching our globe. The idea of changing air into a liquid and even turning it into a solid till recent times was denied by the strongest evidence of experience. Yet the testimony of experience, so long accepted with unquestioning faith by all men, in these days of ours has proved to be fallacious. According to the data of our given experience it is impossible to transform coal, stones, and other materials into food for man and animals. Yet the science of chemistry, which is still in its infancy, will probably one day be able to change inorganic matter into organic means of subsistence. Countless other things which are now universally believed to be beyond the range of possibility, one day will come to be well-known realities exciting as little surprise as the telegraph and telephone.

What, then, is eternally and absolutely impossible? That which is absolutely unthinkable, which is an irreconcilable contradiction to the indestructible categories of our mind. That is a *priori* impossible which is at war with the inborn ideas of the soul. The most fundamental of these innate ideas is: It is impossible for anything to spring from nothing. The law of universal causality, the necessary belief that nothing can exist or happen without a sufficient cause, is but another expression of the same innate idea. Hence, it is an absolute impossibility that

matter in any imaginable form, matter in the guise of nerve and brain, should be the parent cause of mind. Matter having no quality whatever in common with thought, the rise of consciousness out of it would be a new creation out of nothing, which is unthinkable.

Still both matter and mind exist. Neither can be identified with the other, nor can they be derived from each other. The two worlds, the inner world of consciousness and the external world of objects, seem to fall apart. In spite of their intimate relations and interactions these two eternal forms of existence seem separated by a yawning chasm with no bridge leading from one to the other. They face each other as irreconcilable contrasts. Materialism can by no tricks of sophistical reasoning drive mind from its position as a self-existing entity. Idealism can not deny matter and prove it to be a mere illusion. But the human mind can not rest in such dualism. The soul finds no peace in a world divided in itself. The very root of all knowledge is the indestructible and immediate belief that the universe forms a unity, that the soul is co-related to the world in all its parts, that all being is of one source, of one essence, of one energy. The very ground of all knowledge is the innate belief that behind the inner world of consciousness, and behind the phenomena of the world of objects, there is Divine Unity in which they are both embraced and in which their differences are reconciled and disappear. This belief in an all-pervading and all-enfolding Unity which binds together matter and mind in a supreme harmony, underlies all thought. This one Being reveals Himself as nature, and manifests Himself and is present in us as mind. In Him we live, move, and have our being. Yet He transcends both the human mind and nature. He is infinite and absolute. He is not circumscribed by the conditions within which matter exists. He is not circumscribed by the limitations which bound our intelligence.

WHY I AM A JEW.

THE very fact that the question, why I am a Jew, can be put at all, conclusively proves that to be a Jew, in the deepest sense of the word, does not mean to belong to the alleged Jewish race or nationality, but to be a member of the Jewish church. For it would be considered sheer madness, say, for a Frenchman or a Spaniard to rise and explain why he is a Frenchman or a Spaniard. Once a Frenchman, always a Frenchman; one born of Spanish parents forever remains a Spaniard by the indestructible law of his physical identity. But one may change his religion and go over from one church to another. A Buddhist may become a Christian; a Christian may embrace Islam or be converted to Judaism or to any other religion. By changing his faith the Englishman does not break away from his English nationality nor from his assumed Anglo-Saxon race. In asking me why I am a Jew, you do consciously or unconsciously imply that I am a Jew of my own free will and accord, and that I might choose not to be a Jew if I had a mind to. The fact is, the moment a Jew embraces Christianity, or any other religion, he ceases to all intents and purposes to be a Jew. His own father and mother no longer regard him as a Jew, though they continue to love him as a son and to respect him as a man.

The question is, therefore, perfectly pertinent. Why am I a Jew? Why do I not embrace Christianity, the religion of the leading nations of the earth, the religion of the most powerful, the most civilized and progressive portion of mankind? Why do I cling to Yahvism, the faith of the powerless, ever-struggling minority? Why do I hold fast to the religion of the Jews, who are disfranchised and persecuted in many Christian lands and regarded

with inveterate prejudice and not a little contempt almost everywhere? If I were to join with my family any Christian church, it surely would not be to our worldly disadvantage. We would be received with open arms. The Christian pulpits would ring with hosannas and praises. All social barriers would fall as if by magic. We, too, would belong to the proud and powerful majority. I, too, might speak with unctuous pity of the deadening legalism of Judaism, with infinite self-satisfaction haul the Pharisees over the coals, and with upturned eyes pray to God to open the ears of the deaf Jews to the message of the cross. I, too, might in the pulpit and in my writings descant with swelling pride on our Christian civilization, expatiate on the infinite superiority of the ethics and ideals of Christianity, call and claim as Christian everything that is true, good, and beautiful in the life of humanity, and identify my little self with the greatest spiritual power in the world. Yet I forego, of my own deliberate choice, all these advantages and prerogatives and continue to be a faithful Jew. For what cogent reasons, then, am I a Jew?

First of all, I am a Jew because I believe in one only God, because I believe in the absolute and indivisible unity of the Supreme Being. I can not, by any effort of thought, imagination, or will, bring myself to believe in the Trinity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; I can not embrace Christianity because the idea of a Triune God, of three persons in one and one in three, simply staggers my intelligence. It is as little comprehensible to me as the wildest dreams of one delirious with fever or the coruscations of a mind smitten with madness. I certainly mean no offense to my trinitarian fellow-men, whose intellectual powers are as sane and strong as those of the Jews. Those impregnated from their early childhood with the dogmas of trinitarian Christianity, no doubt, experience little difficulty in believing that the assumed three Divine Persons form an absolute unity. The mind of man is wonderfully and fearfully

made. It will continue to harbor through the years of intellectual maturity irreconcilable contradictions, absolutely antagonistic beliefs, if they are but implanted in the soul before the logical faculties have fully developed and become dominant, and before the intelligence has begun rigorously to apply the categories of reason to all given ideas. When such a mind emerges from the early state of passive receptivity, it finds the belief in the Trinity deeply inwrought in its very constitution, almost indissolubly interwoven with all moral ideas and ideals, intertwined with the sweet hopes of immortality, blended with the noblest spiritual aspirations. Then a fierce struggle begins in most Christian souls between faith and reason. Only a comparatively small number comes to end the inner struggle by dissolving the associations of ideas between the belief in the Triune God and all the elements of religion and ethics. It is with a bleeding heart that they break away from the cherished belief of the church, hallowed by innumerable tender memories of childhood and home. But the vast majority of Christians wrestle on bravely, and at last come forth victorious over all perplexing doubts. They find rest in the teachings of Christian apologetics that the dogma of the Trinity, though the highest truth, is yet an unfathomable and insoluble mystery, which the soul must accept with unquestioning faith. What man is infallible? Maybe the belief that three persons make up the Divine unity is a supreme transcendental truth. But we Jews are absolutely unable to give it lodgment in our mind. Were I seriously to strive to believe in a Triune God, it would wreck my mind and land me in a madhouse. If the Jews could bring themselves to believe in the Holy Trinity and in the other dogmas flowing from that central Christian belief, all would be well with them. There would be an end to the agony of ages, an end to the martyrdom of body and soul, an end to calumny and isolation. By suffering baptism, we would

dive down into the stream of the nations, the waves would swallow up our identity, Israel would be but a name and a memory.

As the hart longs after water brooks, so does the soul of the Jew long after peace and union. But we will not purchase peace and union at the price of humanity's dearest possession, at the price of prophetic universal monotheism, without tinge and taint. Our souls are chained by ties unbreakable to the fiery chariot of ethical, historical monotheism. We must go with it, though it lead us through the valley of the shadow of death and the world's contempt. The will of Yahve compels us to proclaim, "Hear, O Israel, the Eternal, our God, the Eternal is One." His power is upon us, fastening upon our conscience and mind the mission of monotheism which we can not shake off. His word is in us strong as death, and we must obey it, even to our hurt. We still hear the voice of His prophet: "Ye are my witnesses that I am He, I am the Eternal, and beside Me there is no Saviour. Ye are my witnesses that I am God, and beside Me there is none else." Not simply for our sake, but for the sake of the world, and in particular of the Christian world, do we hold fast to the mission of being witnesses to the absolute unity of God. Trinitarian Christianity is ever in danger of degenerating unconsciously into polytheism. To realize the three distinct Divine Persons as one Being is a tremendous strain on the Christian mind. The intelligence, under the sway of the logical categories, is constantly tried to break up in consciousness the Triune God into a triad of divinities, whereby Christianity would cease to be a monotheistic religion. The religion of Israel, the ever present church of Yahve, serves the Christians as a warning against the insidious polytheistic tendency, and stimulates the Christian mind to lay the utmost emphasis on the unity of God. Without the Jew, who is the living witness of uncompromising monotheism, the Christians would be less on their

guard against the danger lurking in the dogma of the Trinity, and might, as in the darkest days of the Middle Ages, drift more and more in the direction of polytheism. For rendering them this service the Christians owe gratitude to us Jews.

I am a Jew because I can not accept the Christian scheme of salvation and incarnation; my soul shrinks from it in dread and awe. The idea of God, the absolute and infinite, assuming the flesh and form of man, being a babe at His mother's breast, passing through the stage of childhood, growing to the stature of manhood, eating, drinking, fasting, thirsting, sleeping, weeping and laughing like a man, the idea of God Almighty being scourged, nailed to the cross, and dying like a mortal man, is not only unthinkable, unimaginable, and unbelievable to me, but a denial of what is to Israelites the very essence of religion. God is not a man nor the son of man. He is not born of woman nor does He suffer and die like a mortal. I know there are myriads of Christians who are wiser and better than I, to whom the incarnation is the be-all of their faith, the beginning, middle, and end of their theology. But it is just because I can not believe with them in the mystery of the incarnation that I am a Jew.

I am a Jew because I do not and can not believe in the Christian dogma of the fall of man, of original sin, of vicarious atonement, of redemption through the blood of Jesus. I do not believe that the human race fell through the alleged sin of Adam from the state of moral perfection and blessedness. The story of the Bible merely states in a mythical form that there existed neither physical nor moral good and evil as long as the mind of man was in the state of happy, because ignorant, infancy. I am a Jew because for the life of me I can not believe that an all-good and all-just God decreed that the sin of the first man, if sin it was, should descend as a moral blight and inextinguishable curse to all his descendants. I am a Jew

because the idea is abhorrent to me that the all-merciful God found no other way to appease His unrighteous anger save by means of a great sacrifice, by the sacrifice of the God-man, the son of God, the second person in the Trinity. To my benighted Jewish mind this dogma appears a ghastly travesty on the idea of divine justice and mercy. Yet among those who hold this belief are godly and holy men whose shoe-strings I am unworthy of loosening. Maybe their theory of divine government is true. But I can not worship such a God. I would rather walk in the darkness of unbelief. I would rather be crushed by His power for rebelling than bend my knee to a God whom I can not adore as just and merciful.

I am a Jew because I can not believe in the miraculous power of Jesus, be he a man or a God, to redeem men from the evils of ancestral sins and from the effects of their own guilt. I believe in atonement through repentance, through change of heart and conduct. But vicarious atonement is to my mind mere religious magic. I wish I could indulge in such pleasant hopes. It is an easy way of getting rid of sins by letting the sufferings of Jesus atone for them. But I can not entertain such a belief. I am responsible to my conscience and my God for my sins. No mediator stands between my soul and my Maker, to obtain pardon for me through his influence and merit. Face to face I stand with the majesty of my Judge and Law-giver, and between Him and me there is no other Saviour. I bear the burden of my sins and accept the consequences thereof, I hear His warning and judging voice in my conscience, and His mercy is revealed in the thousand responses of my heart. I am a Jew because I can not believe in the strangest of all miracles that the wine and the bread taken at the communion table are turned in the worshiper into the blood and the flesh of Jesus. This dogma is authoritatively taught by the Catholic church as well as by some Protestant churches. I am a Jew because I can not believe with

the Christians that there is no salvation for those who deny Jesus, who have no faith in the atoning power of his blood and death. I am a Jew because I do not believe that salvation here and hereafter depends on baptism in the name of Jesus Christ. I am a Jew because I believe that the righteous live by their own faith, justice, and mercy, and the wicked perish through their own moral degradation and sin.

Many will doubtless say: "Why, you are identifying Christianity with exploded dogmas in which few educated people really believe in our day. They are officially and perfunctorily paraded in articles of creed, in order not to break up the historical continuity of Christianity. The Christian religion does not consist in the dogmas of the trinity, the divinity of Jesus, the incarnation, the resurrection, and vicarious atonement. These dogmas are but the historical trappings and temporary symbols in which the Christian idea has inadequately expressed itself. The abiding essence of Christianity consists in the ideal character and life of Jesus and his sublime ethical teaching." To this I make bold to reply: Christianity without the trinity, without the divinity of Jesus, without the incarnation and vicarious atonement, Christianity stripped of all its distinctive characteristics, is nothing but the universal religion of Yahve, such as was conceived and proclaimed by the greatest prophets and wisest teachers of Israel, among whom I count and reverence the immortal prophet and teacher of Nazareth. Christianity without a Christian dogma is not the religion of the genuine historical Christian churches. It is the universal faith which is usually named Judaism. It is what I call Yahvism in order to dissociate it in consciousness from the element of the race. It is the universal religion of broad humanity, of justice, of love and holiness. It is the religion of Moses, of Amos, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Hillel, and Jesus. It is the ethical monotheism of Israel without the limitations and

the trammels of race, without the yoke of ceremonial law. It is the religion which I and all enlightened rabbis profess and teach.

But do not the new moral ideas and ideals of Jesus, without the dogmas of the incarnation, the resurrection, and vicarious atonement, constitute an essentially new religion, distinct from Yahvism, superior to it in every respect? By no means, I answer. The teachings of Jesus are absolutely identical in their general principles, as well as in their special applications, with those of the Old Testament and the Talmud. There is no moral idea, no moral ideal, in the New Testament which is not inculcated with all possible emphasis, and proclaimed with glowing enthusiasm, in the Old Testament and the Talmud. There is not a moral saying of Jesus, no ethical truth preached by him, that we Israelites do not accept with all our heart and all our soul, and try to live up to. There is no doubt with us that the ethical teaching of Jesus is nothing but the quintessence of the highest biblical ethics and the finest essence of the still more highly-developed morality of the post-biblical masters, presented with sublime pathos and heart-bewitching power by a great soul. There is no new revelation to us Israelites in the Sermon on the Mount, no step is made therein beyond the prophets' lofty ideals of love, charity, humility, and piety as taught by the rabbis, the predecessors and contemporaries of Jesus. But the Sermon on the Mount is a glorious summary and incomparable presentation of the moral and religious ideas and ideals which the spirit of God, through fifteen centuries, slowly and steadily, with ever-increasing power and light, had been unfolding through the soul of Israel. And that soul of Israel, the prophetic, God-seeking, God-loving soul, which wholly consecrates itself to Him by loving all His children, by meting out to all human beings the fullest measure of justice, by pouring out the rich streams of loving-kindness unto all men without distinction of race or creed; that

soul of Israel was stirring with might and dwelling with radiant beauty in the breast of the son of Joseph and Mary, and expressed itself with majestic eloquence and heart-conquering grace and simplicity in his sermons, his parables, and, above all, in his pure and holy life. We Israelites claim Jesus of Nazareth as our own, as one of our best and greatest masters, as one of our immortal fathers, as one of our saintliest heroes of righteousness and love. Whatever crimes have been committed against us by cruel and misguided men in his name, verily we do not charge him with them. Those blind and heartless fanatics did not learn cruelty from him, the teacher of love. Surely the example of the meek and lowly rabbi of Galilee, who taught with the prophets and teachers of Israel to suffer persecution and not to persecute, did not inspire the zealots with the fury and madness of persecution. We claim the ethical teachings of Jesus, as preserved in the Gospels, as our own spiritual possession.

Still, my holding Jesus in profoundest veneration, my enthusiasm for his sublime teachings, does not make me a Christian. Just as little are those Gentiles true Christians who, like me, deny his divinity and all the beliefs which cohere with that cardinal dogma. I make bold to express my humble opinion that the true Unitarian church is a section or sect of the universal church of Yahvism, within which Jesus lived, moved, and had his being, and of whose truths and ideals he was a glorious exponent. But why do I not join the Unitarians, with whom I agree in most essentials of faith and practice? My answer is: A large wing of the Unitarians still coquette with the peculiar dogmas of Christianity. There is a wonderful magic in historical words and names. They tend to draw men back to their former contents. The world still needs the ancient historical church of uncompromising prophetic monotheism. For God's sake, for mankind's sake, we can not renounce the mission of standing guard around the ark of

monotheism intrusted to us by the seers and martyrs of Israel. For this reason I am a Jew, and not a Unitarian.

One more reason I shall give for being a Jew, and I shall have done: The Gentiles who have totally discarded Christianity and, to all intents and purposes, are at one with us in faith, shrink from identifying themselves with poor, despised, scattered, and maligned Israel. They are afraid of losing caste by being named together with the Jews as associates in the same church. But I am a Jew for that very reason that the Jews are in all Christian lands under the ban of social prejudice, and are in many kingdoms disfranchised and oppressed under the very shadow of the cross. I follow the example of the two great Jewish martyrs, Jeremiah and Jesus. They made their home among the poor and despised. They ate the bread of affliction with those who were sore of heart and poor in spirit. Their great souls' love belonged to the down-trodden and outcast children of God. Their companions and friends were in the hovels of poverty, not among the mighty in palaces and courts. I, too, inspired by their example and teachings, wish to be a Jew in these latter days. I cast my lot with the despised. I am a brother to the most wretched and hopeless of men, to the Russian Jew, whose face and form tell the woeful tale of Christian persecution and contempt killing body and soul. You, proud Christians, are amazed at the sight of him, so disfigured and scarcely human in his visage. But I bid him welcome in his rags to my heart and home. I touch his sores with a brother's tender hand. His bruises are my bruises; I bleed with his wounds; I quiver with the stripes, physical and moral, which poor Israel receives at the hands of Christian rulers and nations. You have a smile and a contemptuous name for the people of endless sorrows. But their sorrows sit brooding over my soul by day and night. The misery of the Jews, of whatever land, poisons my joys and makes life a martyrdom to me. The shame and dishonor with

which malicious tongues try to brand them burn themselves into my soul. The demon fury which rages against the Jews in anti-Semitic Germany, Austria, and Roumania haunts my waking hours and torments me in my very dreams. The blasphemous philosophy of Christian thinkers which declare the Jew to be doomed by the curse of heredity to moral inferiority, makes me blush for mankind. The contemptuous tolerance of good Christians, the exaggerated praises they bestow upon the Jew with a patronizing air, fill me with pain and loathing. I will not take refuge in a church to save myself and my children from the common lot of the Jews. I sit on the ground with my brethren to take their hands in mine. I strive to raise them with what power there is in me to new spiritual heights, whence they shall see the landscape of the future blooming with blessings universal, which they and their fathers have sown with tears. I pray God to open their eyes that they may see the church universal of Yahve standing as a new Jerusalem with seven gates flung wide open, through which the Gentiles may stream in to kneel with us at the altar of the righteous and merciful God of Humanity, and blend their voices with ours in the cry: "Hear, O mankind, the Lord, our God, the Lord is One."

WHY I STUDIED MEDICINE.

THE fact that I have for the last five or six years given whatever time I could spare from the arduous and absorbing duties of the ministry to the study of medicine; the fact, moreover, that the University of Louisville has lately honored me with the diploma of a physician, gives the public the right to inquire, and makes it incumbent upon me to explain, why I have so long devoted time, labor, and thought to a field of knowledge that seems to lie out of all relation to that of religion, which it is my calling assiduously to cultivate. It may surprise you to be told that it was from religious motives, from an intense craving of my soul to obtain a direct answer to certain perplexing questions, that I pursued a course of study that must have appeared to you absolutely useless to a preacher of righteousness, to a teacher of faith in a living God of wisdom and mercy.

Religion and science, the priests of atheism assure us with an air of infallibility, are antagonistic powers. The more diligently you investigate nature according to the strict methods of scientific inquiry, they say, the more readily will faith lose its hold on your mind. They cry: "As long as nature is to you a book sealed with seven seals you will be able to hold fast to the traditional belief in a universal supreme intelligence, incarnate in all existence as the creative and purposeful cause of causes. But as soon as you have learned to open the volume of nature and to read the eternal facts writ therein by the hand of necessity, your faith in the kinship of nature with mind will vanish as an illusion and a dream." Listening to such assertions,

I said to myself: "Let me examine for myself, whether a deeper and wider knowledge of nature does indeed teach the rank atheism which is alleged to be the last outcome of science. Let me learn to know as thoroughly and minutely as possible what modern science has ascertained regarding the physical framework of man, which is doubtless the highest manifestation of the universal energy, the last and most perfect fruit that has grown in the world-garden on the topmost branch of the tree of life. Should the study of the anatomical structure and the physiological life of the human body force upon me the conviction, that the world of nature is absolutely different from the world of mind, that there is in the former no trace of the presence and activity of intelligence, I will with an aching heart, yet in obedience to my honest conviction, give up the calling of a minister, which presupposes the belief in an absolute and infinite wisdom of which both nature and the human soul are perennial revelations."

Today, after years of converse with the highest forms of nature, I make the solemn declaration that such converse has made me more genuinely religious than ever, that I have come forth from communion with nature firmly convinced that a supreme intelligence, passing man's understanding, is manifest in the masterpiece of creation, in the human body! Oh, happy hours that I spent in thy temple, O Science, hours of blessedness and prayerfulness, when my spirit felt itself near the creative spirit of the universe, when my soul sang joyfully, "I am wonderfully and fearfully made, O Lord. Verily, the body of man is the sanctuary which Thy infinite wisdom has formed. When I consider Thy wondrous work, this mortal frame of mind, which Thy will has fashioned, my spirit is overwhelmed within me, and my whole being bends in adoration to Thee." Life's mystery of mysteries has embodied itself in us, and is become flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone. The infinite Self has woven on the loom of time the living

garment of our soul. His creative thoughts have entered as warp and woof into the texture of our corporeal being.

The bony framework, which sustains and bears all, which shelters all vital parts and defends them against contact with surrounding evil, is itself the marvel of marvels, an inconceivably perfect piece of mechanism. What wise adaptation of means to ends there is observable in the whole and in every part! All the laws of mechanics and statics have been called into requisition to build up what is the most elegant and at the same time the most durable, the strongest and yet the most pliant of structures. What seem insurmountable difficulties offered by the law of gravitation are overcome by contrivances incredibly cunning and yet simple withal. Natural obstacles to locomotion are turned into aids facilitating locomotion. Every possible emergency is provided for, every contingency and danger are foreseen and guarded against. There is the nicest adjustment of every part to the whole, the most harmonious co-operation of all the parts to bring about the desired result. Every smallest spot, every elevation and depression, every ridge and groove is put to excellent use, and, in most cases, is made to serve more than one purpose. Every arrangement known to the most advanced science of applied mechanics finds its prototype in the framework of man. And this framework is covered over with a garment of living tissue that can not but fill the contemplative mind with worshipful wonder.

Will I ever forget those hours of rapture and prayerful wonder, when under the guidance of a masterful teacher in the morning, and with the dissecting knife in the evening, I learned to know and understand the marvelous system of muscular bands and ties and clasps which bind and knit together the whole body, and enable it to perform innumerable kinds of co-ordinated motions and purposeful notions, which give it the power to walk and run, to stand up and to sit down, to breathe and articulate sound, to vail

or unvail the eye, to grasp and unloosen the hand? Who but a designing mind can have directed muscles, at what point they shall take rise, along what lines they shall spread, and at what particular spot they shall fasten their ends, in order to perform their office with the least effort and with the best result? I can not shake off the conviction that it was a creative purpose which gave birth to these remarkable groups of twin muscles, those pairs of correlated and mutually counteracting muscles, of which one invariably bends when the other unbends, one stiffens while the other contracts. Marvelous are the works of the Eternal, and this my soul knows full well!

The muscular system is infinitely more wonderful than the solar system. It bewilders the mind to consider the countless adjustments of means to ends; to contemplate the living unity of purpose which binds all the parts together and causes all their several movements to blend and make the graceful rhythm of vital harmony. I am overawed by, and stand in speechless humility before, the mysterious power inherent in the muscles to contract and retract, to lengthen out and harden at the bidding of the will or in obedience to commands issued by unconscious centers of authority. Who can help believing in an incarnated universal intelligence, as the hidden wonders of the muscular structure unfold themselves under the microscope before his gaze? What no eye has seen and no mind had dreamed of is disclosed therein as the divine architecture, which out of countless myriads of tiniest cells builds up wonderful structures, able to bear the greatest strains, and to perform during three score years and ten and upward an incredible amount of vital work. Invisible to the naked eye, every individual fibre is revealed by the magnifying lense as a most complex organism lying sheltered in a sheath of its own and separated by it from the rest. Millions of fibres are associated together wrapped in a special covering, which welds them together into a unity,

and isolates them from the surrounding bundles. And all the thousands of bundles are compacted together into a still higher organic unity of the muscle, enfolded in a living garment which divides off, and keeps its vital functions apart from, the adjacent tissues.

And between the minutest parts there run innumerable tiny rills of blood, bringing nourishment to every cell, overlooking none, forcing their way to the most hidden and remote. The sacred rivers of God, the life-bearing streams of blood, that issue from the lake of the heart, and in rhythmic cadences flow along the foreordained paths to the place whence they flow, whither they are ever returning to flow again! The spirit of Creation is moving over their red waves! By day and by night they hasten with sleepless activity from place to place, bearing in mid-stream the red purveyors of the vital breath and the white carriers of life-renewing food. To every cell they come like loving mothers to their nurslings, to refresh the faint and to feed the hungry. To each they offer that kind of nourishing substance which it craves and needs for its maintenance and sustenance. To the muscle they give what will make muscle, to the eye what will form eye, to the brain what will transform itself into nerve and brain matter. It is inconceivable to me that accident, blindly groping, blindly striving, could have mixed and combined the elements making up the blood current, and determined their due proportions.

Were there no other witness in nature, the heart alone would testify to searching faith that an Eternal Will organizes itself as an intelligent and intelligible purpose in the living forms of creation. Whatever the fanatical priests of materialism may assert to the contrary, our reason refuses to believe that an organ as marvelously perfect as the heart can be the product of blind mechanical causes. The heart dwells central in the microcosm of the body as the perennial fountain of life. It is nestled

between the lungs that are its life-long associates and co-workers in the holy office of keeping the vital stream wholesome and rich. The inscrutable power inherent in nature, which makes for progress and vital perfection, has brought together what in lower orders of animal life form two distinct and separate hearts, and welded them together into an organic unity, making one perfect organ out of twain. Each half, the right and left heart, still discharges as in the early days of tentative creation its own special function in the household of the body, but being incorporate into each other they beat with one pulsation and throb with the same rhythmic alteration of activity and rest. From every part of the body, from the remotest nooks and corners, the blood, which has done its service in feeding and oxygenating the tissues, returns dark in color, short of vital breath, panting after life-renewing air. The rills of venous blood gather themselves into brooks, the brooks swell to many streams, the streams unite into two mighty rivers, which, one from above and the other from below, fall into the upper chamber of the right heart. At the same time the beautiful air-laden, red blood flows from the lungs through four channels into the upper chamber of the left heart. A shock, a quiver, and the dark mass descends into the lower chamber of the right heart, and the red fluid goes down into the lower chamber of the left heart.

Why does not the blood on either side return backward, thereby to cause disease and bring on premature death? Because the universal creative mind has prepared gates and bars which shut of themselves and prevent the blood from surging back and working havoc. Another shock and quiver more powerful than the first, and lo and behold, both halves contract and stiffen, driving the dark blood to the right into the lungs to be purified and renewed by receiving the precious burden of the vital air, and to the left, sending the red stream of life-bringing blood through

the broad aortic channel, thence to rush onward, dividing and sub-dividing as it passes on. But why do not both of these streams, after ascending, fall back into the cavity from which they rose? Because the all-wise creative Self put on either side wondrous curtains, which, immediately after the uprushing of the blood, join themselves together and allow not one drop to return. Within the brief space of twenty seconds all the blood has flown in a circle through the whole body, issuing from the heart through one of its gates, and returning through another. And this tremendous activity the heart carries on by day and by night, in summer and winter, in spring and in autumn, during seventy, eighty or ninety or even a hundred years, and in some few persons even a hundred and twenty years and longer. The heart never takes a rest like the other organs of the body. Were it to sleep but a few minutes, there would be no awakening to the whole body. Yet it sleeps by snatches. After each pulsation there is a moment of silence and sleep. During this brief interval of rest the blood comes to it to feed it and give it strength to take up its all-important work again. Marvelous as is the heart in itself as a master-piece of creative art, no less wonderful are the intimate functional relations which it bears to every part and organ of the body, and most especially to the lungs. The whole body appears as a systematic unity with the heart as its vital center, from which life radiates in every direction to the outermost boundary of the periphery, and toward which all activities far and near are converging.

The very existence and the structure of the lungs are comprehensible only in reference to the service which they render to the heart and through it to the circulation of the blood. They are manifestly means fashioned by an all-wise Will to serve a purposed end; they are made to convey the life-sustaining air from the atmosphere without to the hidden recesses of the heart, and at the same time to

carry away the poison from within produced by the self-combustion of the blood. Had not the thousand dissecting hands of science laid bare, and her thousand magnifying eyes made visible, all the minutest arrangements and hidden marvels of the pulmonary structure, the human mind would not believe it, that an organ so ingeniously constructed, so perfectly adapted to a special end, could exist in nature. In the cave of the mouth, where the back wall meets the floor, there begins a tube, the trachea or wind-pipe, which being composed of alternate rings of soft tissue and cartilage, is at once most firm and most elastic, capable of expanding and narrowing, of lengthening and shortening, to suit the requirements of its functions. As it descends deeper and deeper and reaches the lungs, it enters them through an open door. Along with it there are admitted its faithful companions: the pulmonary artery, bringing the dark blood for aeration; the veins taking the purified blood to the heart; the nerves, to energize every part and guide every movement. The tube splits up into two branches, one going to the right lung, the other to the left. Each branch divides into many limbs, the limbs subdivide into hundreds of twigs, each twig branches off into thousands of twiglets, each twiglet leads into a narrow court into which numerous little chambers—the air cells—open. Between the exceedingly thin walls, which separate and unite neighboring air cells, there spreads a bewildering network of tiny rills and lakelets of dark blood. About twenty times every minute a current of air rushes in through the wide corridor of the trachea, enters every passage, penetrates to every court, and fills every air chamber. The inflated lungs expand, the elastic ribs fly apart to make room, the diaphragm descends, giving way below. Meanwhile one of nature's great miracles takes place. The air and the blood meet in the air chambers, separated like lovers by a thin partition wall. The air gives off its precious gift of oxygen, which passes through the wall to

minge with the blood. The blood again willingly yields up its poisonous carbonic acid to the air. As soon as this office of mutual love is performed the lungs contract, and the poison-bearing air is forced to go forth and build up the substance of the plants.

But wise nature, or rather the divine wisdom indwelling nature, has used the wind-pipe, or trachea, for a still higher purpose. At the uppermost part of the wind-pipe, just below the cave of the mouth, nature has built a musical instrument called the larynx, which possesses excellencies of the very highest order. Though this musical instrument has but two chords, the two vocal chords, it has an astonishing range of note, an almost boundless power of modulation, a magic faculty of making the air vibrate with soul-bewildering song. By means of it and the other, secondary organs of speech, the infinite Spirit of All has enabled the finite spirit of man to create language, to translate into articulate sound all the phenomena of the universe, and the innermost causes which bind all the realms of nature together, to make manifest through the instrumentality of words the most impetuous as well as the gentlest stirrings of the emotions, and to communicate from mind to mind the inexhaustible wealth of the growing reason. What an immense progress from the howling of the wolf, the roaring of the lion, the bleating of the sheep, the bellowing of the ox, and the chattering of the ape, to the voice of man, to the entrancing song of a Patti, the stirring declamation of a Booth, and the majestic oratory of a Webster or Gladstone! But the evolution of the voice from uttering bestial sounds to being the perfect organ of the soul, is due to the beautiful mechanism of the human larynx, which, when once understood, fills the student with a sense of worshiping admiration for the living Purpose which shapes means to ever higher ends.

And as the divine creative Will and Reason have evolved in man a magnificent organ of sound, to bring forth the

witchery of song and to reveal the inner life of the soul, so He has formed a wondrous organ of hearing, to receive an almost boundless variety of sounds from nature and man, and transmit them as integral parts of experience to the seat of consciousness, where they are organized together with various elements of impression, received through the other senses, into the living unity of thought. Who can fathom the world's mystery of mysteries, which weaves itself in nature's secret sanctuary into the purposeful forms of a life to come? In the breathless and silent night of budding existence organs of speech and hearing are fashioned, which perform their office only in the vibrating waves of the circumambient air. Him that planted the ear we can not but adore as supreme intelligence. For wonders of wisdom without number are wrought into the structure of the ear. Of three chambers the Master of life builded the echoing palace of sound. The first chamber is open to the outer world and the atmosphere. It is closed toward the inner chamber by a membranous curtain, the ear-drum. At the entrance there oozes a fluid, to catch and hold fast intruding insects. The inner chamber is filled with air flowing in through a long channel whose open end is to be seen in the ceiling of the mouth. It is separated from the innermost chamber by a thin wall, in which there is a round window for communication. A trembling bridge made of three little bones, the hammer, the anvil, and the stirrup, is stretched through the length of the chamber from wall to wall, the stirrup resting in and filling up the opening of the round window. The innermost chamber, the labyrinth, is filled with water, which flows around magic vessels containing water. In and around the magic vessels, in the midst of the mysterious waters, there are myriads of musical strings, or keys, made up of the hair-like terminations of the auditory nerve. Wherever the ocean of air without is stirred into waves, the sonorous waves transplant themselves through

the outer chamber to the ear-drum, and cause it to vibrate. The shock is imparted to the anvil, the anvil moves the hammer, the hammer makes the stirrup quiver. Through the round window the quivering stirrup transfers its own undulating motion to the water within the innermost chamber. A moving shiver runs through the water. The wavelets touch the nerve strings and play upon them as on the keys of a musical instrument. The sound vibrations then travel upward along the pathway of the auditory nerve until they reach the seat of consciousness, where they are translated into feelings, and formed into harmony and thought.

I will not attempt to expatiate on the stupendous wonders which the most perfect of all organs, the most important of the senses—the eye—displays, both in its general and minute structure. It would require a special lecture, replete with the most difficult anatomical and microscopic facts, to bring into view the divine logic incarnate in the organ of vision. Suffice it to say, that when I came to master the plan on which the human eye is constructed I felt overwhelmed by a feeling of religious awe. Unforgettable as moments of deep religious experience will forever abide with me, the memory of those hours, when the study of the human eye forced upon me the conviction that an inscrutable reason dwells embodied in nature, and reveals itself in the ascending forms of unfolding animate life. The Infinite Self formed the eye to be a window to the soul of man, through which it shall look out upon the phenomena of the universe, receiving impressions of light and color, with all their modifications of intensity and combinations, and thereby acquiring the principal ideas of form, space, and movement.

THE EVOLUTION OF ENVY.

IT is passing strange that the generality of men indulge in envy, although it is not only the meanest of all feelings, but also one of the most painful. It does not suffer us to rejoice in what we are and have. The more success, prosperity, joy, and honor we see around us, the greater is the gloom and bitterness of soul. And the distress which envy causes, apparently brings with it no compensation of any kind. Why, then, should nature have endowed man with an emotional quality which both afflicts and demoralizes him?

Our answer is: Envy is a mental relic of the primitive past of the human race; it is a survival of the savage condition and life of man. This feeling was developed to a pitch of the greatest intensity and wrought into the very constitution of man's nature during countless ages of savagery, when man was daily and hourly wrestling with man in fierce contention for the barest necessities of life. Time was when the means of subsistence were few and far between. The earth could supply only a comparatively small number of men with a sufficiency of food. Where nowadays two million human beings live in affluence by means of agriculture and manufacture, only a few hundred were able to eke out a precarious livelihood. In those days the struggle for existence was relentlessly cruel. Pitilessly the battle for life was constantly fought between societies and societies, between individuals and individuals. Plenty enjoyed by one in many cases actually meant starvation to another. Wealth possessed by one group of people invariably implied the wretchedness of another group. There was so little to divide, that what one person took to himself was regarded by all others as

taken from them. In those days envy was the dreadful, necessary, and legitimate expression of the instinct and law of self-preservation. Everybody naturally looked upon the larger possessions of his fellows as a personal injury to himself. One man's bread was once literally another man's poison or death. No wonder, therefore, that envy invariably begot implacable hatred. The envied person was indeed an enemy. He was the successful rival in the deadly struggle for existence, or rather subsistence.

In those days of most cruel competition for the scanty means available for sustaining human life, envy never was a mere passive feeling preying upon those who cherished it. Envy always led to a desperate fight with the hated person or persons who held in possession what the other lacked and desired. "You have what I want and can not do without. I will take it from you by force, if I can." The stronger man appropriated to himself what he could lay his hands on. In proportion to his gain was the suffering of others. Superiority of every kind, be it of bodily strength, of cunning, or of will-power, made, therefore, a man an object of aversion to his companions, unless he generously used his powers, skill, and sagacity in the interest of the society to which he belonged. For, excellence of every sort, by which one individual got the better of his associates, as a rule, caused loss and privation to those he had outstripped. Against such a one the envy and hatred of the whole social group usually turned with vindictive force, to keep him down to the general level, to prevent, as it were, his selfish appetites from devouring the sustenance of others.

Thus, in the state of primitive savagery, while man lived from hand to mouth, envy was a very useful, yes, an indispensable emotional force in the economy of human life and the development of society. It spurred the individual on to maintain himself in the desperate battle of life. The man who looked on without envious resentment,

while others grabbed whatever was in sight, had no chance to survive and bring up children. His unselfish and unenvious disposition would have been his own and his family's destruction. The legend of Cain and Abel truly describes the conditions of life in the foretime of the race. The envious Cain kills his gentle brother, and becomes the father of a numerous progeny. The early education of mankind was in the hard school of hunger and cold, of ceaseless combat, amid the passionate actions and reactions of untamed egotisms. The meek and weak and modest were crushed out of existence, and their race was cut off from the earth. Of all the blindly urging, unresisted and irresistible passions of self-love, envy was the most potent for good and evil. It was a powerful factor in awakening the slumbering faculties of individuals and societies and raising them to progressive activities. It created a spirit of healthful rivalry. It caused the unskillful to imitate the ways and adopt the practices of the skillful. It compelled inferior minds to emulate superior minds and copy their methods of action, in the hope of overtaking them in the race of life. In a sense we may hold with the Preacher that all the doings of men, all their forward movements, individual and social, were due to the stimulus of envy.

In like manner, the envy of people against people had its origin and justification in the state of primitive savagery and poverty. For a long time it was a tremendous evolutionary force. Like most primeval educational methods of Nature, envy was red in tooth and claw. It caused innumerable deeds of horror to be committed by one social group against another. But it also compelled the tribes of men, with the rod of an inexorable taskmaster, to bestir themselves for defense and attack, to improve their material condition, to exert and develop their mental faculties in order not to succumb and perish in the struggle for existence between society and society.

Time was when there were only a few favored regions on earth which, by natural exuberance, were capable of affording ample means of life to a comparatively large number of associated families. Outside of those favored regions there was gaunt misery, a perpetual fight against the demons of want. In those ages the well-being of one people implied the wretchedness of another. The goodly land which had fallen to the lot of one nation was coveted by other nations with envious eyes. In those days it was indeed true, that the gain of one people was necessarily the loss of another, the exaltation of one, the degradation of the others. Then was every people the natural enemy of neighboring peoples. Envy impelled the poor tribes to combine and form a more efficient and compact military organization, in order to dispossess the wealthier people of their land. The latter driven from their happier homes, carried the arts of a higher civilization into barren regions. In the fearful storm and stress of competition in the ages of low civilization envy urged every people to vie with the rest for the prize of superiority, to learn from all what could be learned, to adopt from the rivals whatever seemed to have given them the start in the race of life. In the childhood of the race and far into the years of its youth, envy was a useful companion to man, a Mephistophelian power given to him by the Creator, to prevent him from sinking into bestial sloth and contentment, to goad him onward in the road of progress, making him dissatisfied with what he possessed and achieved, stinging every people to reach out after the better conditions and the superior arts of life attained by more highly advanced national rivals.

The beneficial effects of envy on individual and social life in the remote past, the way it has helped to work out the material and moral progress of the race, is a striking illustration of the great inspiring truth, that good invariably grows out of evil, or that there is a soul of goodness in things evil.

Moreover, like all evil passions and activities envy in the course of time brought forth results which tended to lessen its virulence and to diminish its influence. The very spirit of rivalry which it has through countless ages exerted in men, caused individuals and nations to bring forth ever more wealth, to increase the sum-total of the world's goods. The more plentiful the means of subsistence grow to be in the world, the less embittered and cruel becomes the struggle for existence between individuals and societies. One man's plenty no longer necessitates another man's going hungry. One man's riches no longer doom a number of other human beings to wretchedness. Enough necessities of life are produced and accumulated to give to all, save the idle, the shiftless, and the incapable, some share for sustaining life as a compensation for their labor. Much can even be given away for sweet charity's sake to those who do not earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. The progressive development of agriculture and later on of manufacture has multiplied a thousand and a hundred thousand fold the means of life on earth. In consequence of this, envy has become infinitely less brutal and vindictive than it used to be in primitive ages. It has become a gentler, a less aggressive force, because the instinct of self-preservation has to fight a less desperate battle for self-maintenance.

The wheat fields and cotton fields of America, and the other boundless products of our country, which supply the teeming millions of the old world with an abundance of cheap and wholesome means of subsistence, are rendering an incalculable service to the moral health of Europe. They bring greater contentment to the masses and subdue their envy of the wealthier classes, which otherwise would be a destructive anti-social force. The fact is, the richer a country is in all kinds of wealth, the smaller the number of people ever on the verge of want, the less envy will there be of individual against individual, the less violent

the envy of class against class. For this very reason there is less envy in the make-up of the American character than in that of any other people. The Americans are not only exceedingly tolerant with regard to religious matters, letting every man believe and worship as he pleases, they are just as tolerant in matters of a secular nature, allowing every man to pursue his own interests, his own happiness, to the best of his ability. "Give every man a chance, let every person do the best he can for himself," is the characteristic expression of American morality. One seldom meets among genuine Americans with that grim, yellow-visaged envy which plays such disgraceful pranks in the heart of Europe.

The reason is not far to seek. Till recent times wealth was more evenly distributed in America than anywhere else on earth. Even to this day, in spite of the immense fortunes accumulated in the hands of a few families, the general average of material wellbeing is incomparably greater in this country than in any other part of the globe. For nearly two hundred years the struggle for existence has in our land ceased to be like that obtaining among animals and savages. It has not been, with a number of successive generations, the dreadful rule of unmoral nature: You are eating and I am starving, I will eat and you shall starve. There has been and still is ample room in this broad country for all diligent hands to obtain a comfortable livelihood. The widest scope is readily given to every talent and endeavor. Competition has not meant with us mutual encroachment and injury, but a friendly rivalry in making use of the vast undeveloped resources of a virgin continent. Thus, for several generations the feeling of envy in America has been called into activity far less frequently than in the Old World. Now, it is a well-known law in physiology and psychology that organs, faculties, emotions, which are seldom brought into use, tend to be atrophied, to shrink. In consequence of this

partial disuse the feeling of envy has become less violent and general in the American character than it is among the nations of the Old World.

Moreover, the exceeding scantiness of labor and the vastness of territory to be turned from a wilderness into fruitful fields and busy towns, suggested the wise policy of inviting immigration, of bidding a generous welcome to all comers, urging them to settle among us, occupy land, subdue it, and eat the fat thereof. This liberal policy toward strangers has had a most beneficial moralizing influence on the emotional springs of the American character. For it has in a practical way brought the greatest idea of humanity, the idea of the solidarity of all men and their interests, to bear upon the hereditary feelings of envy and hatred. Here was a whole people which habitually took delight in seeing strangers, men of all races, climes, conditions, and creeds coming over and sharing with the natives in their fruitful acres, their mineral wealth, in their growing prosperity. For the first time in the history of mankind the great mass of a people came to recognize the following cardinal and moral truth, which in other countries and in different environments only the best and wisest were able to grasp: "In a civilized community the interests of all men are indissolubly bound up together. The gain and success of every man in the last resort redounds to the welfare of all. The more a man produces and lays by, seemingly to his own profit and use, the more he increases the working forces of his nation's civilization, the more he contributes in the end towards its productive energy and enhances the resources of all. The failure and wretchedness of any denizen in the land in some measure cripples the vital powers and lessens the moral spring and elasticity of the whole commonwealth. The more prosperous people there are in the land, the better it is for all. The efforts to rise materially, intellectually, spiritually, made by any citizen, help to lift up all others more or less. The degrada-

tion of any person or section, tends to lower the level of the whole neighborhood or of all sections." These facts were discerned by the American people over a hundred years ago. They came not by these infinitely important economic and ethical truths by way of philosophical speculation. The latter were forced upon their mind by the necessities of their peculiar conditions or surroundings. Still, in whatever way the idea of the solidarity and unity of all men and their interests was reached, it had a most salutary educational effect on the national character. It fostered and strengthened the altruistic feelings, and kept down and weakened the selfish emotions of which envy and hatred are the most intense manifestations.

The master-builders of the American commonwealth, the conscious representatives of the ideals of civilization, recognized and proclaimed a practical principle of a still loftier character and of a much wider scope. They recognized the solidarity and oneness of the interests of all nations. They saw what most of our degenerate public men are incapable of perceiving, that the true interests of the American people do not clash, but are identical with the best interests of all civilized nations. The greatest happiness of the greatest number of nations is also the greatest happiness of America. The latest-born offspring of civilization, America should strive to be the type of the most advanced civilization. She should emancipate herself from all the emotional forces which were engendered in mankind by the inexorable necessities and the perpetual warfare of the savage and barbarous past of the race. She should endeavor to cast behind her the fatal legacy of national envy and hatred, bequeathed to the living families of the earth by a long line of ancestors whose feelings, thoughts, and actions were under the sway of nature still red in tooth and claw. America should cherish peace and goodwill toward all people. She should gratefully share in all their material and spiritual blessings and take part in all their onward movements. She

should sorrow over their calamities, deserved and undeserved, and regard them as her own misfortunes. America should hate no people for whatever power, glory, and wealth it may call its own. For, whatever good any people brings to light or produces, increases the possessions and forces of the world's civilization. Whatever things and events impoverish and degrade any nation in the end injure and demoralize the life of humanity. It is the mission of America to be the people of humanity. All influences and powers of growing humanity are to converge toward her, and help to enoble and exalt her. The gain of every nation is her gain, the loss of every people is her own loss. She bleeds with the wounds of every people inflicted by war. The healing of every people through wisdom and repentance brings healing also to her ills. She grows with the growth of all nations. She stands in the very center of modern civilization as the ingatherer of all its gifts, the interpreter of all its tendencies, as the realizer of all its ideals. How then should America envy any nation, seeing that every people, while striving to do the very best for itself, is rendering service to her, and helping her to work out her mission of peace and humanity?

The foregoing considerations, psychological and sociological, furnish us with a set of ideas which, in combination with other ideas derived from still higher sources, may be successfully arrayed by us against the impulses of envy in our breast. We should first of all with the utmost emphasis bring home to ourselves the fact, that in the present bountiful conditions of human existence, envy is an infallible sign of moral inferiority and backwardness. Whenever we observe the presence of envy in our bosom, we should not hide from ourselves the degrading nature of that feeling by cloaking it under some specious name, but with a sense of profound shame confess to ourselves that in spite of our intellectual trappings and outward forms of civilization we are still in a state of savagery and bestiality.

If we once fully realize this truth, our conscience will compel us to despise ourselves for being envious like wild dogs and wolves or brutal savages. The torments of self-contempt will gradually generate in us a feeling of abhorrence against the solicitings of envy and kindle an intense desire to preserve our self-respect by disciplining ourselves to rejoice in the success and excellence of others. By thus developing powerful antagonistic feelings, we may hope in course of time to emancipate ourselves from the tyrannous passion of envy, which is the most characteristic utterance of a nature not yet regenerated by the moral forces of humanity. It is by a slow and painful process of self-education alone that we may deliver ourselves from the immoral powers of unbridled selfishness which abide in us, being qualities inherited from a long line of savage, fiercely egotistical ancestors.

There are two beings in every one of us, each belonging to a different order of things, each swayed by a different set of impulses. In the hidden recesses of our being there lurks the savage man, with the instincts, greedy desires, and appetites of the brutish ancestors of the human race. But there is also in us the civilized man who strives to fashion his character after the image of an ideal humanity, to be in action like an angel, in works of justice and love like unto God. These two antagonistic beings within our breast are constantly contending for the mastery over us. In all men who strive after the higher life this spiritual battle is being perpetually waged within the confines of the soul, reflecting the vaster battle between the good and the evil, between barbarism and culture, which is perpetually being fought in the world at large and in history. If we have once conquered and destroyed envy within us, we may be sure that, in one respect at least, the savage within us has been forever subdued, and that we may count ourselves among the children of light and love and reason. The presence or absence of envy is the

crucial test by which we may judge our moral standing and our true share in the higher and highest attributes of civilization. For envy is the chiefest part of the mental furniture of savagery and bestiality, its principal agency in carrying on successfully the battle of life. But it is glaringly out of harmony with the environment, the requirements, and the ideals of civilized humanity. In order to overcome entirely and root out that feeling, we must transform our whole being, cast out, as it were, the old Adam, and become in feeling, thought, and action dominated by the moral laws and lofty ideals of the most advanced representatives of civilized mankind.

FROM SELFISHNESS TO BENEVOLENCE.

I.

EGOTISM AND ALTRUISM.

ALL the sins of man against man, be they sins of omission or commission, all envy, hatred, calumny, malevolence, fraud, violence, persecution, spring from selfishness. Egotism, unrestrained and unqualified, is the root of all unrighteousness in feeling, thought, and action. Moral evil does not come from without; it is not produced like physical evil by the constitution of external nature. Its source is in the unregenerated heart of man, such as is shut up within itself and is wholly absorbed in the love of self. We call this selfishness.

Selfishness is self-love perverted, or rather it is self-love in its primitive force. It is self-love still swayed by blind instincts. It is self-love not yet enlightened and guided by reason, not yet controlled by the moral ideas and transformed by tender fellow-feeling into love for others. That selfishness is so very common, so intense and persistent and so hard to conquer, is due to the fact that it is self-love in its untamed, original form of manifestation. For self-love is a tremendous inborn power. It is the primary and all-dominating element of our consciousness. It is a sleepless energy which is actively present in nearly every movement of our mind. We naturally refer all things, all events, and even all ideas, to ourselves, and their value is in the last resort determined by us in accordance with the beneficial or injurious or indifferent relations which they

bear to our own well-being. Every man is after all the center of the universe to himself.

But there is a vast difference between self-love purified and ennobled by wisdom, changed by moral and religious and social forces into love of God and man, and self-love in its natural state. If left entirely to its own low, instinctive promptings, self-love tends to make our own welfare, real or imaginary, the sole object of every imagination and thought of our heart. It will assert itself with ruthless selfishness. It will have no thought for the happiness of others. It will pursue its purely egotistical aims without any regard for the feelings and interests of other human beings. Selfishness or self-love not yet taken in hand and disciplined by the moral ideas, will isolate the individual so that he will live in a narrow, miserable little world of his own, without contact with the noble, vast world of humanity around him. If such self-love were given full sway, if it ever became general, it would break up human society into mutually-repelling, mutually-devouring units. There would be a perennial war of all against all. Man would be a mere animal amongst animals, a fierce beast of prey, more cunning than the fox, more cruel than the tiger, more venomous than the serpent. In fact, the few men who came as near being absolutely selfish as is possible for human nature to be, proved themselves monsters of cruelty, veritable fiends incarnate, who filled the earth with violence of every kind. If all human beings were like them, if all were creatures exclusively determined by motives of pitiless egotism, the human race would have no right and reason to live. Its existence would be a blot upon creation. Its complete destruction by some fearful cataclysm, such as a universal deluge, would be a consummation devoutly to be wished.

But perfect egotism or absolute selfishness is impossible to the children of men, save perhaps a few monstrous criminals such as Richard III and Iago. Those human

monsters known to history who belong to the category of Richard and Iago were as a rule descended from a long line of degraded ancestors and had passed through a long apprenticeship in wickedness. Indestructible and ever present as is self-love, it yet contains within itself the vital germ of altruism, or the love of others. The human race has at no period of its secular life suffered itself to be wholly governed by motives of selfishness. Everywhere altruism has been a mighty factor in developing the distinctive marks of humanity, in molding thought, in shaping conduct. The chiefest and noblest process of human history consists in bringing altruism, or love of others, to birth, in investing it with power to regulate the relations of man to man.

It has ever been the office of religion and ethics to combat the evils of selfishness, to wrench the scepter of sovereign power from the hands of egotism. Relentless war upon loveless selfishness, determined effort to make justice and love prevail in the hearts and actions of men, is common to all advanced religions and codes of ethics. But there is a radical difference in their methods, in the view they take of the relation of self-love to altruism, or the love of others. All systems of morality fall apart into two broad classes. One class, of which Buddhism is the most extreme development, assumes that altruism, or the love for others with the duties and sacrifices it implies, is hopelessly opposed to self-love and its claims. It holds that there is an irreconcilable conflict between the self-regarding and the other-regarding tendencies of man, ascribing the former to what it calls our lower nature and the latter to what it designates as our higher nature. The systems of ethics, religious or philosophical, which belong to this class, regard altruism alone as distinctly moral, and consider self-love as morally indifferent or even essentially immoral. According to their view, we have duties towards others, but none towards ourselves. The only duty we owe

ourselves is to practice justice and benevolence towards our fellow-men. The other class, of which Yahvism, or the moral monotheism of the Bible, is the highest representative, brings altruism into closest organic connection with self-love. Love for others is conceived as the flower of self-love. Benevolence is the perfect fruit of our unfolding self-love. The duties of justice and mercy bloom forth from the primary duty of self-development and self-expansion which we owe to our own humanity. The more genuine and spiritual a man's love for himself, the nobler and deeper will his love for his fellow-men be. Those systems of ethics which we call Yahvistic, foster and vitalize love for others by appealing to the highest aspirations of self-love. The opposite system, to which we may give the generic name of Buddhistic, attack and vilify self-love, in order to magnify altruism and cause all our moral energies to be exclusively devoted to it. In giving a succinct exposition of the Buddhistic theory of moral conduct, we are at the same time giving the general characteristics of all kindred systems of morality which are less developed and consistent.

The clearly-conceived and ultimate aim of Buddhism is utterly to destroy the love of self and to substitute for it the love of others, boundless love for all human beings as well as for all dumb creatures. The love of self is declared to be the cause not only of all moral obliquity, of all sins and vices, all hatred and violence, but also of all the physical ills which flesh is heir to. In order to deliver yourself from the curse of moral and physical evil, your love for your own self must become absolutely extinct in you. You must be dead to pleasure and pain, to the pangs of hunger and thirst, of heat and cold. You must grow utterly indifferent to sickness, old age, and death, indifferent to the world's esteem and contempt. You must cut off in yourself every root of desire and hope. The only hope you mortals should cherish is that of being one day wholly

rid of the consciousness of self, the hope of extinguishing in yourself the desire of distinct personality. When you have succeeded in reaching this stage of self-extinguishment, you have entered Nirvana. You have forever broken to pieces the tabernacle of sense-life and have escaped from the miserable prison of selfhood. Then you have attained to Buddhahood and are greater than any god. With the destruction of all your self-love you have voluntarily destroyed your personality together with all evils inseparable from it. You have ceased to be an individual being and become immersed in the universal, dreamless, wishless ground of all appearances.

In order to become thus impersonal, universal, in order to lose his own self and blend with all, a man must put forth tremendous efforts of self-denial and self-forgetfulness. He must live for all but himself, in order to become at one with all. He must lead a life of perpetual self-sacrifice for the good of others. His whole life, all his labors and thoughts must be entirely given to his fellow-creatures, both human and animal. He must cast himself away for them and consume himself for their benefit. He should treat all creatures with infinite pity, carry their life's burden, soothe their pain, feed them, if need be, upon his own heart's blood. He should commiserate them for the very fact that they are in the toils of existence, from which none but a few elect have the power to escape by virtue of their heroic self-extinguishment. For, according to Buddhism, to live is to suffer. Life is a disease, of which all evils are necessary symptoms or concomitants. Although but a small number of men, the wisest of mortals, can be completely cured of this disease called life, yet our love should offer to our hapless fellow-men whatever partial remedies it can find. But the best remedy one can give them, is to teach them the Buddhistic way of salvation, to indicate to them the path to Nirvana, though a few men only have the wisdom and moral courage to tread it to the end.

Thus, Buddhism conceived the bold scheme to overcome the evils of selfishness and prevent all manifestations of egotism by digging up all the roots of self-love and consuming them in the fire of life-long self-sacrifice and self-extinction. To Jews and Christians, brought up in the wholesome moral atmosphere of prophetic monotheism, the great scheme of Buddhistic altruism appears unnatural, irrational, and impossible of realization. It is itself the grievous disease of a noble oriental mind, gone astray in its search after the highest good. The Buddhistic ideal of delivery from selfishness by condemning and destroying self-love is at bottom immoral, since it is an outrage upon the dignity of the human personality. If the love of one's own self, the mightiest impulse of our nature, is radically and eternally evil, there is no reason whatever to hold that love for others is essentially good. If love is an evil in its fountain-head, in the original self, it can not be a virtue in its outflow towards other selves. If every individual is to regard his own life and welfare as utterly valueless, he ought to consider the life and happiness of his fellow-men as equally worthless.

II.

PESSIMISM AND MEDIEVAL ASCETICISM.

Viewed from the standpoint of progressive civilization, Buddhism appears as a sad failure. It has become a blight to the highest moral, mental, and social life of its followers, for the reason that it attempts to establish the reign of benevolence upon the ruins of the human personality, whose foundation is the love of self and the belief in the infinite value and dignity of the individual. It tries to destroy the sins and evils of selfishness by crushing out all love and respect for self. The remedy is at least as bad as the evil which it is to cure. For the economic, mental, and moral health of a race mostly depends on the vigor of individual minds, upon the energy with which, within legitimate bounds, every person asserts himself and exerts his faculties for his welfare and self-expansion. Feeble individual characters, with but a languid love of self, careless of their rights, indifferent to the pleasures of existence, make a feeble and cowardly people that easily falls a prey to the strong will of despots and readily submits to being robbed by the violent few of the fruits of their labor and cheated out of the gifts of life. In spite of its lofty ethics of benevolence, Buddhism, like other kindred theories of life, has emasculated human nature and trained men to be patient slaves that suffer meekly, like sheep while being preyed upon by wolves. Buddhism is pessimism, the most consistent and gloomiest pessimism known to the student of thought. All other pessimistic conceptions of life, ancient and modern, religious or philosophical, are either copies of it or have risen independently from a like sense of hopeless physical and moral wretchedness and from an intense desire to conquer selfishness by showing the utter vanity of all things which men desire and to obtain which they

sin against their fellow-men. The very soul of Buddhism and of every other kind of pessimism is the belief that life is not worth living, that it is a pernicious illusion which mocks us with its vain joys and torments us with its innumerable evils. It endeavors to save man from all evils and emancipate him from the sinful impulses of his selfishness by teaching him to regard his life as a hollow mockery and to become indifferent and insensible to the pleasures and pains of existence.

Closely considered, all pessimism, and especially that of Buddhism, is the very refinement of selfishness. Because life is not perfect happiness, because it is tainted with evil, it is declared to be an unbearable curse, from which one should seek to escape one way or another. Because self-love is seen to bring forth sin as well as good, self-love must be cut off root and branch. This is the philosophy of despair, despair of the world and of the human soul! At sundry periods of history large numbers of men in the Orient and in the Occident took refuge in the religion of world-despair and self-despair.

Medieval asceticism, in its worst form of aberration from the healthy moral ideals of the Bible, came dangerously near the Buddhistic ideal of world-despair and self-extinguishment. Like Buddhism it held that this world is a place of boundless wretchedness, and is governed by powers of evil. Man is the principal factor in making the earth an abode of misery. His greedy selfishness, his love of self and of pleasure, has from the very beginning marred the beauty of creation and called into existence a swarming host of physical and moral evils. Lawless self-love begets all evil desires and is the serpent which beguiles man to put forth his hands after forbidden fruits. Christian asceticism taught that the love of our mortal self in any form is the parent of all sins against God and man. It is the primeval curse which began with the first man and has been inherited by all his descendants. This curse

can only be overcome by making life-long war upon the love of self, by the sacrifice of self for the good of others, by absolute self-renunciation for the love of God and man.

Self-contempt, self-abasement, and self-torment were believed to be the necessary conditions of a life acceptable to God, the only means of redemption from the indwelling curse of sin. Love God and your fellow-men, love even your enemies, serve them and sacrifice yourself for them. But treat your own self as a thing accursed, which can be saved only by the death of your love for self, by the infinite grace of God, and by the merit of the self-sacrifice of the god-man. The root of all sin is the love of self, the yearning after happiness on earth. Kill in yourself every desire to do good to yourself, remove far from you every pleasure. Rather seek the opportunity to do yourself all possible bodily harm. Torture your flesh; quench every longing after joy and honor. Humble yourself to the dust, esteem yourself no better than a miserable worm that deserves to be crushed underfoot by divine justice. These ideas of Christian asceticism in its most advanced form, these aspirations after self-abandonment and self-extinction appear marvelously like some leading conceptions of Buddhism. In fact, there is hardly a doubt that directly or indirectly Christian asceticism both as to its ideas and institutions, was largely derived from Buddhist India. Various waves of Buddhistic influence passed over the Western world at various times before and after the Christian era. Even in our own days Buddhism exercises a peculiar spell over certain minds in Europe and America. For theosophy is nothing but Buddhism half-disguised, half-understood, combined with heterogeneous Christian ideas and certain evolutionary concepts of modern science. In like manner, Christian asceticism together with other related phenomena was in large part due to a current of Buddhistic ethics and world-despair, which once swept over Western Asia; Egypt, and various occidental countries.

But the fact that medieval asceticism was saturated with Christian ideas and hopes makes a vast difference between it and the Buddhist idea of self-effacement. The ultimate aim of the Buddhist is to annihilate his consciousness of self, to be forever delivered from the disease of life in this world and any other possible hereafter. In order to achieve this, he proceeds to extinguish his love of self, to quench every desire after any personal good, to deaden every impulse of self-assertion and self-preservation. For he regards the love of self as the final source of individual existence. From it springs self-consciousness, which is the cause of all sins and evil. The genuine esoteric Buddhist abhors individual conscious existence in every form and in every place, in heaven no less than on earth. But to the Christian ascetic only this earthly life appears as a burden and a curse. He loathes his mortal body as the vile prison of his immortal soul. But he is far from despising life as such. He does not, like the Buddhist, wish his personality to pass entirely out of existence, to be blown out like the flame of a candle. On the contrary, he aspires after the eternal life, a life of perfect bliss in the next world. He is determined to purchase for himself everlasting and unclouded happiness in heaven at the price of the transient and contemptible happiness which our miserable earth can offer. He suffers willingly here; nay, inflicts tortures upon himself, in order to earn beyond the grave celestial joys, not the least of which will be to feast his eyes upon the torments of the enemies of God in hell. He humbles himself on earth, in order to be exalted in heaven. The pleasures he casts away here in this short sublunar life, he firmly believes, will be repaid to him with a thousandfold interest in the eternal hereafter. He treats himself with contempt here below in the hope of receiving one day a crown of glory above. He makes himself as one of the despised and outcast of the earth, in order to range among the blessed elect in Paradise, and be one day venerated as a

saint, whose intercession will be implored by worshipers and whose very bones will work numerous miracles. In its core Christian asceticism was an audacious sort of egotism. Behind the most abject forms of self-humiliation there lurked the pride of the individual, daring to outrage nature in himself, and spurning her gifts and joys, in order to attain a supernatural eminence and happiness in heaven.

Both Buddhism and Christian asceticism challenge our admiration, because they show what heroic efforts high-aspiring men have put forth to destroy within themselves what they regarded as the root of evil. They are a moral inspiration to us, because they illustrate the noble struggle of humanity to conquer the baneful forces of selfishness and fire all hearts with the desire to lead a life of benevolence. But they are nevertheless irrational extremes. Whatever good they may have directly and indirectly accomplished, the impartial student can not help regarding them as hostile to the development of a healthy and vigorous humanity. For they are at war with the human personality and in a conflict with nature and God. In every such conflict man, however heroic, will suffer shock. Nature will not allow herself to be expelled from her legitimate empire, by means of philosophical, subtle theories nor by fantastic religious enthusiasm. She will come back with fiercer power and wreck the man or sect that dares offer violence to her everlasting laws which are seated in the constitution of humanity.

God has implanted an overpowering love of self, of happiness, in every human being. It is the part of supreme unwisdom, it is rebellion against His will to try to uproot the love for self and desire for personal wellbeing, in order to bring about the reign of benevolence. Whenever and wherever attempts of this kind were seriously made for any length of time, they led to hypocrisy, to mental, moral, and social stagnation, to a deplorable paralysis of individual energy. Sooner or later the vital impulses of human

nature, violently suppressed by an unnatural theory of life, rise in furious rebellion, and as a reaction bring on a reign of unbridled selfishness and shameless sensuality. The divine order of things in nature and man can not be violated with impunity.

III.

THE REASONABLENESS OF BIBLICAL ETHICS.

The religion of the Bible, or Yahvism, is characterized throughout by what we may call a spirit of reasonableness and naturalness. Even in its loftiest moral and religious ideals it is still in harmony with human nature. It never makes war upon the perennial qualities of the human soul, and demands of no man supernatural virtue to which his being can not respond. Yahvism is a religion of humanity and wisdom, because it offers no violence to the inborn qualities of human nature, but uses them as fruitful seeds, out of which it endeavors to develop the highest moral attributes and powers of humanity. The supreme end of Israel's religion and ethics is to establish the reign of universal love and benevolence on earth. But it does not strive to reach that end by condemning self-love as the root of all evil. It does not teach that the love for self must be rooted out of man's heart, before justice and mercy can be made to flourish in all hearts and bear fruit in all human relations. On the contrary, it takes self-love as a fundamental and indestructible fact, and makes it the basis of a noble code of ethics.

It is agreed on all hands that the life-principle of Mosaic ethics is contained in the commandment, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. This is the whole law of Moses, say the sages of the Talmud. All particular moral laws are merely deductions from it, every statute of righteousness is simply a special application of that universal principle. Now, this root-principle of justice and mercy presupposes the love of self as a basal fact given in the constitution of man. It is taken for granted that self-love is morally good, that it is pleasing to God and willed

by him. Self-love is assumed as the inexhaustible fountain-head, from which the stream of general love perennially flows. Love thy neighbor as thyself: in this maxim the love of others, or altruism, is made absolutely dependent on the love for self. If the latter is held to be immoral or morally indifferent, the former has nothing left to rest its claim on. If it were a sin of nature to love one's self, it would be equally sinful to love others. We should have to draw this inference, paradoxical and iniquitous though it might sound. The river can never rise higher than its spring, and the spring of all love, all feelings and aspirations, is the mighty and sleepless love which every individual bears to himself. The spring of all humanity is the individual self-consciousness. The individual soul is the spring of all the living forces of knowledge and wisdom. The individual character is the vital spring of humanity's moral dignity and god-like life. The mental, moral, and artistic originality of every age springs from the creative energy of individuals. The glory and work and power of humankind have their center and well-spring in individual minds and hearts.

The health and progress of a people are indissolubly bound up with the esteem in which every individual holds himself, with the dauntless courage displayed by every man in claiming his inalienable right to pursue his own happiness and to develop his faculties untrammelled by tyrannical social restraints. Every nation still low in the scale of civilization, every people already in a state of decay, shows contempt for the individual and treats his welfare and rights as matters of slight moment. The individuals themselves have little respect for their own selves, and do not find the center of gravity of their existence in their own manhood and character. Society or the nation becomes an all devouring Moloch, to whom the individuals are mercilessly sacrificed, body and soul.

The distinctive and creative principle of Yahvism is a noble and wise individualism. It clothes every individual

with an infinite moral dignity and worth. Every man is declared to be made in the spiritual image of God. Every individual represents the potential godlikeness of man and mankind. Every man is a world in himself, a microcosm, that through the bonds of love is to form a harmony of universal beneficent relations with his fellow-men. Every man is bidden to honor in himself the majesty of humanity that rests upon him and to reverence his own soul as an immortal being stamped with the likeness of the Perfect and Holy One. Every individual stands face to face with his God and Father. His ear may hear the voice of the universal Lawgiver; his heart may throb with the pulses of the universal Love; his mind may be filled with the revelations coming to him from the universal Soul. The Ten Commandments never use the plural, you, but the singular, thou. They address themselves to the individual man, revealing to him their eternal Thou shalt and Thou shalt not.

The supreme law of morality, the principle of all-embracing love also addresses itself to the individual, saying, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. It clearly inculcates a twofold love, the love of self and the love of others. It is thy duty to love thyself, seeing that thou art made in the image of God like thy fellow-men. It is thy duty to watch over thine own self, to develop thy mental faculties, to unfold thy moral possibilities, to make paradise for thyself on earth, as far as it is within thy power. The beginning of all morality is to love our own soul truly and nobly, to do good to our own self in the widest and highest sense, to seek for ourselves the richest and largest life attainable. It is our duty to make our existence complete, beautiful, joyous. Our love for ourselves must be so strong that it shall lead us to the summits of humanity. Where the best have stood, there we, too, must endeavor to gain a firm foothold. Where the happiest of mortals have dwelt, there we, too, on such sunny heights, ought to pitch our

tents. If we have no such duties towards ourselves, we have no similar duties of love to discharge towards our fellow-men. If our love for ourself does not bind us to seek our own highest good, whence should the obligation spring to love our neighbor and to put forth every effort to further his welfare in every possible way?

Should one answer and say, To love our neighbor is simply a duty commanded by God, and we must blindfoldly obey the will of the almighty Lawgiver; to this we reply, Such a duty, such obedience would be moral bondage, not moral freedom. It would not be a law of our humanity, but a law forced upon us by a will external to ourselves, though it be the will of an omnipotent Power. The will of God, if it is to bring us moral freedom, must well up as a revelation from our own will. Every moral principle must flow spontaneously from the deep fountain of our being. Every moral idea must be a manifestation of the constitution of our soul. All morality must derive its vitality from the well-spring of our conscious energy and expanding existence. That well-spring of moral life must be to every man his own personality. The source of our ethical energy must be the noble and aspiring love of self which the Master of life has implanted in our soul. From it are all the issues of moral life, of all the forces and activities of benevolence.

The whole secret of benevolence, the very soul of humanity, therefore, lies expressed in the supreme moral command and principle of Yahvism. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Love thyself as duty requires. Love thyself with the love due to the godlike dignity of humanity which resides in thy soul. Strive to crown thyself with the highest attributes of the race. Endeavor to incarnate in thy character all those qualities which make man but a little less than a god. Aspire to realize in thy life the ideals of humanity. Love thyself so as to make thyself a center of spiritual power and beneficent influences. Let

thy love for thyself bring about the steady growth of thy mental faculties and thy moral powers. Let thy love of self manifest itself in the continuous expansion of thy personality, in the ceaseless enrichment of thy life.

But love thy neighbor as thyself, just because he is neighbor to thine own true self. Love thy neighbor as thyself, because he is of nearest kin to thine own essence and being by virtue of your common humanity. Love him as thyself, because what is truly human, what is godlike and eternal in him, is identical in origin, nature, and destiny with what constitutes thine own truest and noblest self. Love thy fellow-man as thyself, because he is thy fellow in feelings and thoughts, in moral endowments and aspirations. He drinks with thee of the same fountains of human joys and sorrows. His mind and thine own feed and grow upon the same knowledge. The same eternal ideas abide as supreme ruling powers in his soul and in thine. The same awful moral "ought" is written upon the tables of his heart and of thine own. You both live and die, prosper and perish by the same universal divine laws. Thou and he represent the same life of humanity in God and the life of God in humanity. His self and thine own self are finite and imperfect images of the infinite Self. You both are perfectible images of your common perfect Father.

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, thus means that we shall regard our neighbor as forming mentally, morally, and spiritually a part of our own self. We are to love our fellow-man like our own self, because we and he are closely related living parts of the vaster never-dying self of humanity. The life-blood of humanity courses alike through our veins, the general mind of humanity embraces and fashions his mind and thy mind. In loving my fellow-man as myself I really love my own self, I love a representative of my own humanity. But let our thought mount still higher! We are to love our neighbor as ourselves, because

his soul and our soul have the source of their being and qualities in one universal creative Soul. His spirit and our spirit have their eternal bond of unity in one supreme perfect Spirit and Love. We are all bound up together in the unbroken identity of His life. All our love and light come to us from His being. Our human love, derived as it is from the divine Love, should flow from heart to heart and make one music of grace and benevolence of our diverse lives.

Is it not the loftiest ideal of humanity to walk in the ways of God? Now, we believe of Him that His love embraces all His creatures, that all the children of man live, move, and have their being in Him. If there is any meaning in the grand conception of man being created in the image of God, our life must reflect the all-embracing life of God, our love must walk in the luminous foot-steps of the divine Love. Our kinship with God should be realized and demonstrated in our godlike benevolent relations towards our neighbor. We should identify our selves with our fellow-man in feeling, thought, and action. Let him be in very deed a neighbor to our heart and mind! We should bear his personality, his joys and sorrows, his honor and welfare in our soul. We should love and respect him as our second self, or *alter ego*. We should give his whole being an habitation in our heart and mind. His personality should be embraced by, and bound up with, our consciousness of self and our love of self.

IV.

BENEVOLENCE IS SELF-REALIZATION.

He that truly loves his neighbor like himself realizes both in others and in himself the ideal of human life. His pure and strong love tends to ennoble the nature of his neighbor, to strengthen his character, and fill him with a sense of gladness and hopefulness. By virtue of such love a man becomes an uplifting moral power and a source of happiness to all with whom he comes in contact. Of such a man it may be said, as of Abraham, that he is a blessing to his fellow-men or that many of the children of men are blessed in him. The beautiful life of such a person reflects the beauty of the countenance of divine Love. Such conduct is an inspiring influence, a veritable revelation of the moral possibilities of human nature. Such love, which goes forth to meet all fellow-men with words and acts of soul-born benevolence, does with irresistible force bring home the conviction to all hearts that perfect Love made the world in the beginning and continues to manifest itself and work salvation through the godlike love of noble men.

On the other hand, it is only by loving our neighbor like ourself, by identifying his personality with the consciousness and love of our own self, that we can attain the fullness of our individual life. This love of others, varying in intensity and duration according to merit, according to closer or remoter natural bonds of fellowship, is self-love in ideal transformation. It is the truest realization of our own selfhood. It is the expansion of our self-consciousness to ever wider dimensions of humanity. Through sympathy, pity, love, and friendship we take up into our soul other personalities, other lives and their contents, their griefs and joys, their hopes, aspirations, and manifold experiences.

This absorption of other beings into our conscious self, this blending in thought of other personalities with our own, is no fantastic ideal, to which the realities of our life in no way correspond. On the contrary, it is the law of our mind, the immutable condition of all mental development. For the intellectual, moral, and spiritual growth of the individual consists in the process of assimilating the contents of other men's lives, their knowledge, their skill, their varied experience. As the body lives and grows by the food which it receives from without and incorporates into its own organism, even so does the life and growth of the mind depend on the mental and moral materials which it draws into itself and blends with its own being. The more a man appropriates to himself of the feelings and thoughts, of the moral personality of other human beings, living or departed, the richer and larger and nobler does his life grow to be. The position of every man in the scale of humanity is determined by the share which he has in the general and individual life of his fellow-men. In fact, a man is a man only in so far as he is a fellow-man to other human beings, in so far as there subsists between him and others a fellowship of ideas and ideals, a bond of moral relations, a community of benevolent feelings and actions.

The superior man holds within himself the best intellectual, moral, and spiritual results of his time and of all past generations. He bears within himself a world of thoughts, to which great minds gave birth in life-long labor. He has assimilated to himself that world of ideas through knowledge and made it the living contents of his own self. All thinkers, seers, lawgivers, poets, artists, and statesmen, of whose life and works he has a thorough knowledge, dwell transfigured in his mind. They live incarnated in his self-consciousness and constitute precious fruitful elements of his innermost life. The world's greatest men are those who gather up and absorb into

themselves the world's deepest and richest experience, who live over in thought the life of humanity, and reproduce in themselves the intellectual, ethical, and religious evolutions of mankind. Such typical men show in a glorious way how the individual may identify himself with the life of all. By reaching out after the largest wisdom of the world such men advance the boundaries of their individual self, and enlarge them to the vast circles of humanity's existence.

Thus, the continual blending of our mind with the minds of other human beings, through ever-increasing community of thought, the taking up of other persons into our consciousness as objects of knowledge, constitutes the growing life and mental wealth of our individual self. The more truly a man loves himself, and the more intensely he seeks his own highest good, the more thorough a knowledge he will try to gain of the surrounding world, of the world of nature and of man. But while the knowledge we have of our fellow-men is the most precious of our soul's possessions, the idea of benevolence comes in at the same time and demands of us that we should make every effort to learn to know our neighbor, to have insight into his character, to understand the motives of his actions. The first step in benevolence towards our neighbor is, to use a homely but expressive phrase, to take notice of him. The beginning of all fellowship is to deem our fellow-men worth observing and knowing. We should place ourselves in thought in the position of our neighbor and do unto him as we would be done by him. What we desire above all things is that we should be favorably known to our fellow-men, that they bear in their minds a dear and faithful image of our character and conduct. Nothing is more painful than to be unknown and unappreciated. We consider it a deadly insult to be told by any person that we are beneath his notice. What anguish to know that our fellow-men keep our personality entirely out of their mind,

that our happiness and our very existence are matters of utter indifference to them! Many of us would prefer death to such an awful isolation. No exile feels himself as wretched as he who knows himself exiled from the thoughts of his fellow-men. The most miserable of outcasts is he whom his fellow-men have cast out of their soul as a creature unworthy of holding a place in their mind and heart. The most grievous part of a criminal's punishment consists in his being banished from the interest, esteem, and thought of his fellow-men. Imprisonment is but an external or material expression of a man's being cut off from the community of minds. Solitary confinement is the most emphatic and dreadful form of a person's excommunication from the social mind. In the solemn language of the Bible, the man whose crimes have rendered him unworthy of human fellowship, his soul is utterly cut off from the midst of his people.

On the other hand, what unspeakable delight it is to be known to many thousands of fellow-men, to be understood, honored, and loved by them. To live reflected in the consciousness, to dwell crowned with esteem in thousands and tens of thousands of souls, is indeed the ambition of noble spirits. The highest reward which mankind can bestow upon the self-sacrificing promoters of human progress, the pathfinders of humanity and the revealers of wisdom, is to keep their personalities and the story of their achievements enshrined in the grateful memory of all generations. The love of such immortality, which fires the imagination and kindles the heart of the greatest mortals, is after all the desire common to all men to be known to and honored by as many human beings as possible. As the hart pants after the brooks of water, so does every man long after recognition. The wish to be recognized and not to be overlooked, to be known and admired and not be condemned to inglorious obscurity, to be appreciated according to our merits and not be misjudged and misprized, is quenched only

with our last breath. This desire reaches with every one of us beyond this life and plants the hope upon the grave, that we shall not be cast into utter oblivion, that we shall not wholly die on earth, but live transfigured in the love and admiration of our fellow-men.

What our self-love so eagerly demands of others, so ardently hopes to attain from the gracious will of our fellow-men, the idea of benevolence bids us do unto our neighbor from a sense of moral obligation. The divine command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," first of all requires of us that we should try to know and judge our neighbor as we want others to know and judge us. The benevolent man shows to every person, with whom he comes in contact that he takes genuine pleasure in knowing him. It is especially by this mark that we may recognize the moral greatness of a man. In his mouth the words of common politeness used on making a new acquaintance, "I am glad to know you," are no hollow phrase, but are full of bewitching kindness and soulful sincerity. Among the countless blessings which great and good men bestow upon their fellow-men, one of the very greatest is the sense of joy and moral exaltation which they give us, whenever they hold converse with us. Their words, their looks, their whole bearing make it manifest, that they delight in knowing us and take a heartfelt interest in our personality and welfare. A soul of benevolence beams upon us from their eyes; graceful recognition of our worth is conveyed by them in subtle ways by what they say and leave unsaid. We are impressed with the fact that they bear our personality in their mind and heart and that we stand high in the scale of their esteem and affection. They make us feel that they place us on a level with themselves. By the magic of their benevolence they raise us in our own estimation and inspire us with strong faith in our character and faculties.

Their benevolence thus affords the most exquisite of spiritual joys and confers upon us the greatest of benefits.

Men of this kind, distinguished above all others by the genius of benevolence, are loved and followed with boundless enthusiasm by multitudes of their fellow-men, who are irresistibly drawn within the magic circle of their magnetic personality. This is the secret of the wonderful mastery which certain great men, born leaders of the people, have over their fellow-men. It is intellectual greatness crowned with the attributes of love which exercises such a spell over all minds. We take pride and delight in the surpassing powers of their intellect and character, because their behavior convinces us that they bear us in their mind and embrace us with their love. We never envy the greatness of truly benevolent men. For we feel that we have a share in their glory; knowing that we live in their soul, we identify ourselves with and rejoice in the magnitude of their mind. Because they exalt us in our own eyes, we wish to see them exalted in the sight of all. Because they descend to the humblest of men and lift them up to themselves with the arms of benevolence, all men conspire to elevate them above their fellows and heap honors upon their head. For love begets love. The harvest of benevolence is honor and joy to him who receives and double honor and joy to him who gives.

Such a thing of beauty and joy is benevolence, such grace and favor does it win for those who display it, that hypocrites and demagogues mimic its ways and copy its forms, in order to gain the love and confidence of their dupes. The art which the self-seeking politicians cultivate above all others, is to make every voter believe that they feel honored and delighted in knowing him, that they are his admiring friends, that they have his well-being specially at heart. The austere, seemingly cold-hearted patriot of surpassing talent will as a rule be beaten in the race for office and honor by the shallow demagogue, who knows human nature and has learned how to play the part of a devoted lover of his fellow-citizens. So quenchless a longing have men for the tokens of benevolence that they look

for them even in the most practical dealings with their fellow-men. In all callings those persons earn largest success who wear the graces of benevolence, whose manners and words are brimful of generous recognition and hearty good-will towards all with whom they happen to be in touch.

The proud man is hated and shunned. We naturally shrink from having any transactions with him, even though it entail upon us a sacrifice of material advantages. The proud man wounds us in our tenderest feelings. He refuses to satisfy the strongest desire of our social nature. He disdains to give us even for a moment a place in his mind. He separates himself from his neighbor, and places himself upon a lofty pedestal, from which he looks down upon him as a creature that is far beneath him. Instead of raising their fellow-men in their own estimation, as is every man's duty, the proud try to humble them and make them feel their inferiority. The very presence of the proud gives pain and excites feelings of resentment and aversion. Pride is, therefore, sin and rebellion against the idea of benevolence which is the primary law and condition of humanity.

V.

BENEVOLENCE AND JUSTICE.

Justice and benevolence are of such close kin, they have so many features and relations of life in common, that it is often hard to determine whether a certain line of conduct was commanded by the former or the latter. In many cases justice and benevolence must go hand in hand; in order to reach a certain end, they must work together each in its own way, in order to energize the will and give light and direction to mind and heart. Thus, justice demands that we should be absolutely just towards our neighbor in passing judgment on his character or his actions. But the idea of justice alone will seldom suffice to make a man perfectly just in forming and expressing an opinion touching the merits and demerits of his fellow-men. It is easy enough to be scrupulously just with regard to things external, material. It requires no very keen sympathy for a man, in order to mete out to him full justice in tangible matters, to give him just weight and just measure of what he may claim as his property or his rights. But when it comes to judging of a man's inner life, of his character, the quality of his mind, his virtues and failings, his strength and weakness, his aspirations and achievements, the mere sense of justice often will not bring us far. Justice in this respect frequently proves a blind guide of the blind.

We need must have the lamp of love in order to search the innermost chambers of a fellow-man's heart and being. We may try our utmost to do full justice to our neighbor, but as long as we lack the light of benevolence, we grope in darkness and can not see him as he really is. Every man is hidden from us behind a dense veil, until we look at him with the penetrating eye of intense sympathy. Is not every human being a mystery even to himself? Is it

not exceedingly difficult for him to know himself? How much more is he a mystery to others! How much more difficult is it to have a clear and appreciative insight into the inner life of another man! The personality of every man is separated from us by the unfathomable gulf of individual consciousness and history. Only love can form a magic bridge, on which our mind may cross over to the soul of our fellow-man, and read aright the writing engraven on the tablets of his heart, discern the elements which make up his character, and spell the true meaning of his life. Through benevolence we learn to see our neighbor with his own mind's eye. We grow one with him; we understand him as he understands himself and judge him as he judges himself in his calmest self-scrutinizing mood.

The benevolent man is exceedingly slow in judgment. He is ever full of fear lest he do his fellow-man injustice in thoughts and words. He is continually afraid that he might weigh a brother man in balances of deceit, in balances of prejudice and injurious ignorance. For he tries to love his neighbor like himself, he feels for him as for himself, and he realizes the grief of one who knows that he is misjudged and misrepresented, that his image lives distorted in the soul of his fellow-man. The benevolent man will judge his neighbor only from personal knowledge, long and carefully gathered, from observations made with the eye of sympathy. The kindness of his heart warns him against judging any human being from hearsay. He refuses to lend credence to unfavorable rumors, though repeated by a thousand tongues. The benevolent man will not let his judgment of any person be warped by the opinion of the masses that are blind in their love and hatred, in their praise and censure. He will not follow a multitude to do evil to any man who is maligned and persecuted by wicked and designing persons. He will never speak lying words in a cause, neither incline after many to wrest the judgment of an unhappy man entrapped in a snare

laid for him by ruthless enemies. He will not quail before the fury of public opinion, when it rages against a defenseless, calumniated man. Like Voltaire and Emile Zola and other heroes of humanity, he will bid defiance to the wrath of the maddened populace and reject with scorn the unrighteous verdict of those smitten by hatred with judicial blindness. With the light of love that is within him he will search for the truth and find it, though it be hidden beneath a mountain of falsehoods and calumnies. With the dauntless courage and unconquerable might of benevolence he will do battle for the right of the innocent. Panoplied in the shining armor of humanity he will appear in the arena as the champion of his brother man against a whole people intoxicated with hatred, reeling in folly and fury. Undismayed by the threats and curses of the populace, unterrified by the anger and violence of tyrannical power, he will stand up for the right and dignity of humanity, outraged in the person of any oppressed man. He will cast behind him popular favor and applause, wealth and honor, nay, he will expose his life to the fury of the masses and the hatred of the mighty, in order to redeem the oppressed from the hand of their enemies. He will fight for justice with such deathless devotion, because he loves his fellow-man, and shares in the soul's agony of him who is misjudged, persecuted, and condemned by malice, envy, and ignorance. The benevolent man will judge every person according to his individual merits and demerits, and will not let the element of race, nationality, class, and religion bias his opinion with regard to any human being. He who tries to realize the ideal of love as proclaimed by the inspired seers of humanity, he who ever hears in his heart the words of our common Father, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy self," will wage life-long war upon all baneful prejudices which have been transmitted as a curse from generation to generation, which blind the eyes of the mind to truth and pervert the judgment of the wise.

The typical representative of this fearless militant benevolence is Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, the ever-glorious champion of truth and humanity. Though he had grown up in an atmosphere dense with religious and racial prejudices, he walked by the light of universal justice and love. His heart was full of infinite pity for poor Israel, despised in his time, and hated by all men without reason and cause. It was assumed that every Jew was a contemptible wretch, simply because he was a Jew. No one took the trouble to learn to know the individual Jew, to honor or despise him for what he was and not for what an inhuman prejudice presumed him to be by dint of his blood and faith. But in the midst of a world steeped in injustice and malevolent prejudice, Lessing sprang up a true shoot from the spiritual stem of the prophets. The nobility of his soul grew up from the roots of Moses and Jesus. There rested upon him the spirit of true religion, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of love and moral might, the spirit of saving knowledge and the fear of humanity's God. He did not judge men by the marks of their race and by the name of their sect, nor did he decide the moral worth of any person by the voice of the ignorant masses and the damning cry of religious prejudices. He judged the poorest and most downtrodden of his time with enlightened benevolence and claimed equity for the most afflicted of the land. He smote the fanatics of Germany with the rod of truth; with the breath of his lips he drove the dragon of racial prejudice into hiding. Humanity was the girdle of his loins, and the love of man was a lamp to his feet. The intellectual giant of Christendom bound to himself the meek little Jew Mendelssohn with indissoluble ties of friendship, and glorified one of the children of despised Israel as Nathan the Wise, proclaiming him as the type of ideal manhood. He did not grow weary nor become faint in his struggle to make a highway for justice and love.

Praise be to the God of mankind that He sent us His servant Ephraim Lessing to teach a benighted world anew the gospel of justice and benevolence! Glory be to the Master of life who revealed Himself once again in a great seer, and inspired him with wisdom and courage to fight a life-long spiritual battle for the moral dignity and honor of the weak and meek, around whom fanaticism, ignorance, and prejudice had built a wall of contempt and hatred, separating them from the heart and mind of their fellow-men! As long as the race brings forth men like Lessing, champions of truth and justice and love even unto death, we need not fear that the spirit and practice of true benevolence will die out of the midst of men and make room for the spirit of hate and envy and malignant selfishness. Their teachings and examples are a perennial fountain of life, from which generation after generation will draw new moral youth, new spiritual strength, new powers of love.

ETHNOLOGICAL FICTIONS.

SOME time ago an officer in the Austrian army called a Jewish physician "an impudent Semite." The latter retorted and called the officer "an arrogant Aryan." A bloody duel was the outcome of the altercation. The two men slashed each other to vindicate the honor of their respective race. If there be evil powers that hover between heaven and earth, watching the doings of mortals, and rejoicing in their follies and crimes, they must have taken a fiendish delight in the sight of Jew and Gentile driven by the figment of an Aryan and a Semitic race to spill each other's blood. There was precious little Aryan blood in the race-proud warrior, and the doctor, though a Jew, was not much of a Semite.

There is no Aryan race anywhere in existence. And the Jews certainly can not lay claim to being pure Semites. This honor, if honor it be, belongs exclusively to the Bedouins of Arabia. During the first third or half of this century the imagination of certain famous linguists gave birth to the myth of a great and homogeneous Aryan race, which, with the exception of the Basques in Spain, the Magyars in Hungary, the Turks, and the Finns, comprised all the nations of Europe, the inhabitants of Northern India, of Persia, and of Armenia. Because all those nations were found to speak kindred languages, the philologists, with pardonable but unscientific rashness jumped at the conclusion that they were all of one blood, of one race, that their common ancestors one day must have lived somewhere in Asia as a united people, governed by the same laws and institutions and worshiping the same gods.

On the basis of this fiction the scholars went on building up a spurious science of a common primitive Aryan culture,

of Aryan religion and mythology, of law and government, of their racial characteristics, their emotional and intellectual traits. Imaginative writers, such as Professor Max-Müller, drew charming pictures of the idyllic life which their reputed Aryan ancestors, the forefathers of the Hindoos, the Iranians, the Lithuanians, the Teutons, and the Slavs once upon a time led in their Central-Asian home, dwelling together almost under the same roof. Ernest Renan, with his all-knowing retrospective imagination, did most to elaborate into a consistent system the luckless legend of an Aryan race, perennially opposed in its innermost nature, in its habits of thought and modes of feeling, in its conception of nature and life, to a fictitious Semitic race, embracing the ancient Babylonians and Assyrians, the Arameans or Syrians, the Hebrews, with their kindred, the Ammonites, the Moabites, and the Edomites, the Phenicians and the Carthaginians, all the inhabitants of Arabia, and largely also the tribes of Ethiopia. He describes the Aryans as the most valiant, the noblest and lordliest of races, endowed by nature with a rich and creative imagination, an intellect vigorous, profound, metaphysical, rather inclined to mysticism, and possessing constructive political powers of the highest order. He but voices, though he exaggerates, the views of the other Aryomaniacs. He exalts, above all others, the stock of which he believes all the European nations to be the living representatives, he glorifies it as the earth's natural born aristocracy, and magnifies it as the imperial race of the world, destined to bear sway over all the children of men by the grace of its high and indestructible native qualities.

How did Renan and the whole school of which he was the most eloquent exponent, come to know, with such wonderful exactness and fulness of detail, all the emotional and artistic, all the mental, moral, and religious characteristics of the hypothetical Aryan race? By a simple process of selection and combination. He selected the finest

qualities of the noblest Grecian tribes, as displayed in the season of their richest flowering and fruit-bearing, and spoke of them as inborn qualities of the whole Aryan race. He took the grandest and ripest achievements of the Hellenic genius in the fields of poetry, art, and science, and deduced from them instinctive tendencies of the imaginary Aryan race. The rare capacity of the Roman people for military and political organization, slowly developed under favorable conditions during centuries of fierce contest and growing experience, the sturdiness, the unyielding tenacity, the undaunted courage, the iron will and domineering spirit of the Roman nation, were turned by a mere sleight of hand into innate attributes of whole Aryan families. Whatsoever things good, whatsoever things true, whatsoever things beautiful and great the Italians and the Spaniards, the Dutch, the English, the French, the Germans, and the Americans have accomplished in course of many ages in war and peace, in art, poetry, philosophy, science, and commerce, were by a delusive fancy traced back to hereditary racial powers peculiar to the fancied Aryan stock. The hymns of the Rig-Veda composed by successive generations of swarthy poets on the banks of the Indus are spoken of with comical enthusiasm as the hymns of *our ancestors*, as the oldest poems of our race. The pantheistic speculations of the Indian thinkers, and the refined mysticism of Persian Sufism, are claimed no less than the ideal philosophy of Plato, the monumental system of Aristotle, the epoch-making meditations of Descartes, and Kant's revolutionary Critique of Pure Reason, as emanations of the Aryan spirit. All the greatest men of the Occidental world, all the kings of poetry from Homer to Shakespeare and down to Goethe, the Indian poet Kalidasa, Firdausi, the famous poet of the Persian epic, Shahnamah, the immortal masters of art from Phidias to Canova, the most renowned statesmen from Alexander and Cæsar to Charlemagne and Napoleon, the most celebrated

scientists from Archimedes to Newton and Darwin, were compelled to yield their best parts in order to make up the psychology of the Aryan race. A composite photograph was taken of the supreme men of India and Persia, of Hellas and Italy, of Spain and Portugal, of Holland and England, of Germany and America, of the glorious men who within the space of nearly three thousand years appeared at long intervals in the sky of humanity. This composite photograph, looking so ideal, so beautiful, was declared to be the true likeness of the Aryan race. It was indeed ideal but absolutely unreal, the fanciful picture of a fancied race.

This imaginary superior and aristocratic race, poetic, artistic, polytheistic, philosophical, imperial by virtue of incredible instincts, finds its natural contrast and historical antagonist in another fictitious race, the so-called Semites, whom the omniscient Renan, with his usual promptness and recklessness of judgment, brands as an inferior race. The method by which the most famous linguists, with the adventurous Renan for their spokesman, managed to draw a pen-picture of the emotional, intellectual, moral, and religious nature of the Semitic race, corresponds with that adopted in delineating the character of the Aryan race, and forms one of the most discreditable chapters in the annals of modern scholarship. The monotheism of Israel, the belief in one only God, the Maker of heaven and earth, which was the result of at least a thousand years of moral and religious development, was changed by Renan, with audacious self-assurance, into a general characteristic, into a necessary mental state of the whole race, into a religious instinct peculiar to all Semites, past and present. In the opinion of Renan and his numerous followers, all the nations regarded as members of the Semitic race, because they are known to have spoken or to speak the Semitic languages, have been and are monotheists by an invincible necessity of their mental constitution. They can not help believing in one God only. Just as spiders weave their

web, as bees gather honey by instinct, so were Semites compelled by the form of their mind to believe in, and to worship, only one divinity. The Semitic mind, he says, is too narrow, too unimaginative, to believe in more than one God, to conceive of more than one divine power ruling all the phenomena of nature. The expansive imagination and creative intelligence of the Aryan race could not rest content in so narrow a faith, so beggarly an idea of the supreme power. They peopled the universe with a host of self-conscious, self-determined divinities. Every natural phenomenon was personified, and represented as a divine individual. Even after the Aryans of Europe had been converted, by persuasion or force, to a Semitic religion, the indestructible tendencies of their polytheistic soul speedily turned the barren Semitic idea of an absolute divine unity into the richer and profounder idea of a divine trinity. The belief in only one God is good enough and natural enough for the inferior Semites. But as to the Aryans, heaven forbid, that they should be satisfied with one only God ruling in the heavens above and on the earth beneath! However hard History tried, she could not change the immutable nature either of the Aryan or of the Semite. The two races are like opposite poles. Some sort of polytheism is in the blood, the feelings, and the intellect of the Aryan, while monotheism, uncompromising, fanatical, poor in ideal contents, is bound up with the very nature of the Semite.

The chain of reasoning by which Renan and other Aryomaniacs arrived at this startling generalization is as plain as it is delusive, as simple as it is false. Israel glories in the fact that it has given the religion of monotheism to the world. But did not the people of Israel belong to the inferior Semitic race? How should the spirit of originality in this one particular field, in the province of religion, have departed from the great creative race, the standard-bearer of civilization and progress, the chosen Aryan race,

and come to manifest itself in so signal a manner in the midst of the Semitic Hebrews? Does it not seem like a perversion of the laws of nature and history? Starting from such false premises, only one answer could be given by thinkers who believe in blood, instinct, race, inherited tendencies, as the cause of causes, as an all-sufficient explanation of all things animate, of all things human. The Semite Israelites were believers in one God only, because they were Semites. All Semites are born monotheists, just as it is the nature of sheep to grow wool and bleat. The syllogism is perfect. The Hebrews were Semites; hence, all Semites were monotheists. You ask for proofs? Proofs shall be forthcoming. Are not the Semitic Arabs monotheists? Is not the Semitic East monotheistic? On the other hand, the whole Aryan Occident, all Europe, is Christian, trinitarian. Is this not convincing evidence? What if History protests against such an unwarranted assumption, and is indignant at such a wilful perversion of her facts, at such reckless falsification of her records? What if every page of history bears witness to the fact, that the so-called Semitic nations, Babylonians and Assyrians, the Syrians, the Phenicians, and the rest of the Canaanites, and the Arabs down to Mohammed's time, were steeped in idolatry the most abominable, believed in innumerable gods, male and female, in gods of heaven and gods of earth, gods of the seas and of the rivers, in mountain gods and forest gods, divinities of the sun, divinities of the moon, divinities of the stars, divine rulers of life and of death and the underworld? What if proofs irrefragable go to show that the Israelites themselves had for ages been rank polytheists, that there had been as many gods in Israel as there were cities in the land, that it required a thousand years of prophetic preaching, nay, that the nation as such had to be destroyed, before the leaven of heathenism was overcome, and a small remnant was thoroughly and permanently converted to the belief in one God? If the facts contradict,

down with the facts! Let them perish in order that the theory of Aryan superiority and Semitic inferiority may live and prosper.

The Semites are all born monotheists, instinctive worshippers of one God. This is the first, though far from praiseworthy, characteristic of the race! Moreover, the despots of Babylonia and Assyria are known to have been fierce and cruel conquerors. There are to be seen on the ancient monuments harrowing scenes representing acts of cruelty done by the ruthless victors upon the vanquished. King David treated the conquered inhabitants of Rabbath Ammon in a manner which, to our refined humanity, must appear exceedingly inhuman. What inference was drawn from these facts? Why, they were generalized into a race quality of the Semites, and renowned writers did not hesitate to teach, with an air of scientific infallibility, that savage cruelty toward vanquished foes was a distinguishing feature in the character of the Semitic race. And what a glaring contrast such Semitic bloodthirstiness is made to form to the gentleness and the sweet uses of humanity usually displayed by Aryans against their enemies! Several days after he had slain Patroclus in battle, Achilles, the hero of the Aryan Greeks, tied the corpse of his great foe to his chariot and dragged it, driving furiously, round and round the camp, in order to appease his wrathful and vengeful heart. Yet no one ever asserted that the savage action of the ideal Greek was characteristic of the whole Aryan race. Alexander the Great destroyed the glorious city of Corinth, one of the centers of Hellenic civilization, and sold all its inhabitants into slavery. Yet no writer ever held that in so doing Alexander simply acted in obedience to the ferocious instincts of the Aryan race. Great Cæsar one day ordered a whole German people, some sixty thousand persons, to be massacred in cold blood, sparing neither age nor sex. That fearful butchery is declared by historians to have been dictated by

motives of far-seeing policy. But the Aryan race is not dragged in to stand godfather to it. Was it by virtue of his brutal Aryan nature that Titus caused over a hundred thousand Jewish warriors to fight with wild beasts in the arena?

Hadrian hunting the conquered Jews of Cyprus and other lands like wild beasts, is not declared by historians to have acted out of the inhuman disposition of his whole race. Historians have diverse kinds of judgment for what they regard as the Aryan and for what they designate as the Semitic race. Urged and favored by their geographical position, the ancient Phenicians were enterprising and shrewd merchants; ages of remorseless exclusion and restriction have compelled the Jews after their dispersion to eke out a livelihood by trade. What follows? Why, the Semites of all lands and all times are born traders and money-getters. The Babylonians and the Canaanites are known to have been lascivious in their religious practices and sensual in their private conduct. Forthwith the conclusion was reached, that the whole Semitic race was and is exceedingly sensual by nature. The peculiar characteristics of the Bedouin tribes of Arabia have been worked as a rich mine of adjectives, to be applied indiscriminately to all the peoples speaking Semitic tongues. The Bedouin is avaricious and rapacious, both a miser and a spendthrift according to his varying moods. So are all the Semites. He is unscrupulous in his dealings, lacking in truthfulness, unreliable; faithful to his guests as long as they are in his tent, treacherous as soon as they have left it. In all these respects the modern Bedouin is declared to be the typical Semite. The Bedouin is in his usual demeanor calm and dignified, but when aroused, he is capable of the wildest outbursts of uncontrollable passion. He is revengeful and cruel. Lo and behold, they cry, the true son of Shem! He dislikes physical labor, and wishes to earn his bread with as little muscular exertion as possible.

He is of migratory habits. He is superstitious, fanatical, his religion is mainly one of fear. In all these points he is held up as the true representative of the Semitic race. In this curious way there has been formed a complete, but most incongruous, picture of the Semites.

What a strange animal the hypothetical Semite is made to be! What an incredible creature he is, made up of irreconcilable contradictions! He is moved, by the invisible wires of instinct, to utter forth with a prophet's tongue the deepest truths regarding God and the moral dignity of man, such as the wisest of the wise among the Aryans did not dream of, and at the same time he adores vile and vicious gods and pays homage to them in ways unmentionably abominable. He preaches the gospel of love and mercy, of universal brotherhood and broadest humanity in Jerusalem, and in Babylon and Tyre he is a bloodthirsty despot. In a word, he is all things to all men and all times. Yet he does not act out his part in the free play of spontaneous development, in harmony with his changing surroundings, but he is compelled to be what he is, and to do whatever he does, by the fatality of his immutable racial nature! Through all times and all lands he forms, by the indestructible laws of his being, an enduring contrast to the Aryan. They have met in thousands of places and times, they have exchanged innumerable services, they have adopted from each other the arts of civilization and learned each other's wisdom of life. But they have never blended. There is a natural gulf of separation between them. There is a deep-seated mutual antipathy between the Aryan and the Semitic races!

Many scholars have sinned grievously against the holy spirit of history and humanity by giving expression to such perverted and mischievous views. But it was chiefly the witchcraft of Renan's marvelous powers as a writer that gave currency to those pernicious theories of race, and made them popular throughout Europe

and America with the educated and half-educated, from whom they gradually percolated down to the masses. Without knowing it, without willing it, Renan was in a sense the intellectual father of modern anti-Semitism. He with others sowed the poisonous seed of the baleful theory regarding the Semitic race and its eternal antagonism to the Aryan race, from which in course of a few decades the upas-tree of anti-Semitism has grown, to their own dismay and disgust. The very term anti-Semitism bears the birthmark of its origin in the lucubrations of philosophizers. Linguists and historians gave birth to the idea of Semitism; knavish or insane agitators tacked on to it their malignant "anti." Strange fate and nemesis that Renan, the gentlest and sweetest-tempered of men, as true a lover of his kind as ever lived, should have fathered a theory, the practical consequence of which became the shame and curse of our century! Like many wise men before him, he did not give heed to his words, and did not calculate the effect which his theory might have on natures in which the instinct and the ideas of the savage lay dormant, and which only required the right word to be awakened to full life.

With savages blood kinship is everything. Right and wrong, love and hate, are derived exclusively from the bonds of race. For thousands of years the prophets of Israel and their disciples have tried to substitute the moral dignity of man and the brotherhood of all men for the brutal conception of descent and race. Barely had these supreme ideas of humanity begun to make a deeper impression and to translate themselves into a humanizing practice, when leading scholars came up with their theories of an Aryan race and a Semitic race, drawing hard and fast lines of separation between these two races, and tracing all the grandest achievements of the human mind back to racial qualities, to hereditary instincts and tendencies. The fanaticism of nationalism in our days and the still

fiercer fanaticism of race is largely due to the influence of such teachings. Since the Jews are Semites and we are Aryans, the anti-Semites say, and since Semites and Aryans are forever separated from one another by their physical and also by their moral and emotional constitution, the Jews are and forever will remain strangers in our midst, aliens that can not be assimilated with us. And since the Semites are an inferior race, their presence in our midst is a perpetual danger to our higher Aryan life and character. Fortunately, a deeper and more conscientious research, a science based on fact and not on fancies, during the last ten or fifteen years has begun to deal staggering blows to the ill-starred fiction of an Aryan and a Semitic race, and bids fair soon to drive it entirely from the temple of knowledge and rob it of all power to affect the views of men for evil.

Certain eminent scholars, foremost among them the distinguished French anthropologist Broca, were not dazzled by the splendor of the Aryan theory, and asked themselves in sober earnestness, what evidence there was for assuming that nearly all the nations of Europe and many peoples of Asia form one vast homogeneous race. True, the nations in question do speak languages which are closely related to one another and may, in a sense, be regarded as but widely divergent dialects of one common speech. But does community of language prove community of race? There are eight million negroes in the United States and several more millions in the West Indies who speak English, the language of the New Englanders, the language of Gladstone and Tennyson. Will any one contend that the blood of Washington and Cromwell rolls in the veins of the South Carolina blacks? The Spaniards, the Portuguese, and the French speak Latin tongues, yet there is scarcely a trace of Roman blood in these nations. The Mexicans speak Spanish, a Latin dialect. Still, of pure Spaniards there is but a dwindling number in Mexico.

The overwhelming mass of the natives are of Aztec blood. The present inhabitants of Greece are largely a Slavonic race, which in the eighth century occupied the lands and learned the speech of the Greeks. The Bulgarians speak a Slavonic language, but they belong to the Turkish race. The Arabic language is spoken today by all the Egyptians, the lineal descendants of the Hamitic pyramid builders, by the Berbers and Kabyles of Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, and Morocco, the descendants of the ancient Libians and Mauritians. By adopting the speech of the Bedouins they did not exchange their blood for that of the Arabs. The Arabic has killed off all the native languages of Asia Minor, of Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine. But in their racial features the populations of those countries have continued substantially what they were before the Arab conqueror had set foot there. The speech of Tunis has been in turn Numidian, Phenician, Latin, Vandal, and Arabic. The inhabitants of southern Germany speak German; but, taken as a whole, they belong to the Celtic stock. They exchanged their Celtic speech for German within historic times. Instances too numerous to mention could be adduced from every part of the inhabited earth to prove that, under certain conditions, there is a tendency in language to spread from people to people. Spanish, Portuguese, French, German, Arabic, and, above all, English, are steadily invading new territories, occupied by races physically and mentally the most varied.

Such causes as conquest, slavery, the necessities of commercial intercourse, and religious propaganda co-operate to give to certain languages dominion over vast areas and over multitudinous tribes of men wholly unrelated to the people whose speech they have come to adopt. What has taken place within historical times, what is happening before our very eyes, doubtless, under the operation of the same causes, was going on in prehistoric ages. One such universal language, split up into numerous branches,

is the Aryan speech, which is spoken by about six hundred millions of human beings through the length and breadth of Europe, in northern India and all Persian lands, in the south of Africa, and in the two Americas and Australia. Many, many thousand years ago, in the dim past of mankind, it originated somewhere in Europe, but not in Asia, in the midst of a people which scholars are agreed to call the Aryans. It must have been a masterful people, since, like the English, the Spaniards, and the Arabs of these latter centuries, they imparted their own speech, be it by conquest or by the powers and arts of a higher civilization, to the various distinct races which inhabited and still inhabit Europe. Which of the modern European nations may be regarded as the descendants of the original and true Aryans? Most probably none. The original Aryans very likely mingled and blended with the conquered alien stocks, and, disappearing as a distinct race, left only their language behind them as the record of their power and far-reaching influence.

There exists an Aryan language, but no Aryan race in Europe. The population of that continent and of other continents settled by European colonists, consists of four distinct and easily recognizable races. Any man with an observant eye can, in a large assemblage of Europeans or Americans, readily enough distinguish extremely divergent types, being the living representatives of the several races which have occupied Europe from time immemorial. Here you see a man small in stature, of slender build, swarthy of complexion, with black eyes and black hair. His head is long, his forehead narrow and nearly perpendicular. He is either a Welshman from Denbighshire or an Irishman from Kerry, Donegal, or Galway. Or you may discover that he or his ancestors came from the Basque provinces of Spain. But it is just as probable that he hails from the island of Corsica. He belongs to the Iberian race. The Berbers of northern

Africa and the Guanches, of Teneriffe and the Canary Islands are his close racial kinsmen. The bones of his remote ancestors are found in sepulchral caves in England, France, Corsica, and other parts of Europe. Next to your Iberian you may see another small, dark-complexioned man with black hair and black eyes. He too has a straight forehead. And yet he belongs to quite a different race. His head is extremely short. If you inquire you are sure to learn that he or his forefathers came from central France, and more specifically from where the Auvergnats dwell. Or he will tell you that he is a Savoyard or a Swiss. The skeletons of his savage ancestors are found in Belgian caves and in the round barrows of central France. Though both speak French or German, they are as to their race the brothers of the Laplanders. They and the Lapps have, of all existing races, the shortest heads. They resemble one another in their swarthy complexion, their black hair and eyes. The head of the Auvergnats and Lapps is alike abnormally narrow across the cheek bones and wide at the temples. They belong to the Ligurian race, which once inhabited large parts of Italy.

Besides those representatives of the Iberian and Ligurian races, you may notice in any large gathering in American cities a number of tall men with blue eyes and blonde hair and a white skin and somewhat projecting jaws. They have very long heads. You will, at a glance, recognize them as Swedes or Frisians or North Germans of the fair type. They belong to the Scandinavian race. The bones of their ancestors are found in numerous graves in the southwest of Germany, in Holland and Sweden, in Burgundy, and many other parts of Europe. These primitive Teutons were the oldest inhabitants of Europe. They were muscular, athletic, and of great stature. They were nomad hunters, who sheltered themselves in caves, but were without fixed abodes or even any sepulchers. These savages were the direct forefathers of the Germans and the Englishmen who represent the pure Scandinavian type.

Besides those three races, the Iberian, the Ligurian, and the Scandinavian, there lives in Europe and in many other parts of the world a numerous race, the Celtic. The living representatives of this race are like their prehistoric forefathers, men of tall stature, with light eyes and yellowish red or brownish red hair. They have long and prominent jaws and florid faces. They are marked off from the Scandinavian race mainly by the fact that they are brachycephalic or short-headed. The great mass of the English, Scotch, and Irish are the descendants of the ancient Celtic Britons. The other element which has entered into the composition of the British people, are the dark-skinned Iberians and, to a certain extent also, the Teutonic Anglo-Saxons.

The fiction of an Anglo-Saxon race is one of those delusions which the pride of the English and the American hugs to its heart. They speak with unbearable vanity of the noble, glorious, invincible, creative, liberty-loving Anglo-Saxon race on both sides of the Atlantic. In listening to the Fourth-of-July spread-eagle eloquence on the Anglo-Saxon race, one would imagine that every American and every Englishman had nothing but the purest blood of the purest-blooded Anglo-Saxon invaders in his veins. But in reality the present Americans are a mixture of all the European races. And even the English and their purest descendants in America have at best but a streak of Anglo-Saxon blood to boast of. Only a number of noble families in England may lay claim to being largely the offspring of the invading Anglo-Saxons. But the English as a mass are Celts and Iberians. For even the Danes, who settled in certain parts of England, are like the Danes of Denmark itself, no Teutons, no genuine Scandinavians, but Teutonized Celts, as is evidenced by their racial characteristics, chiefest among which is their being short-headed, instead of long-headed, like the true Scandinavians. The same short-headed Celtic race inhabited, as Gauls and Celts, large provinces of France. The French people thus

consists of a mixture of Iberians, Ligurians, and Celts, with a sprinkling of Teutons. The present Spanish people is composed of Iberians and Celts, and in a measure, also, of Phenicians and Jews. The south of Germany as far north as the Teutoburger Wald, the Thüringer Wald, and the Riesengebirge is in the main Celtic in race, though German in speech. The Swiss people, whose ancestors erected pile dwellings around the Swiss lakes, belong, together with the people of northern Italy, to the same Celtic race, with a large mixture of Etruscan and other blood. The southern Italians are of quite a different race. All the nations of Slavic speech, except the Great Russians, or the Russians proper, are members of the same far-spreading race. They have short heads, light hair, and light eyes. Yet let not the Celts of France and England believe and boast that they represent the genuine high-born Aryan race. For the despised tribes of Siberia, the barbarous Finno-Tartaric tribes, that speak Turkish languages, belong to the same aristocratic race. All of them are short-headed. Most of them have blue eyes and flaxen or red hair. The Turcomans are usually blonde. The heads of the Mongols are precisely like those of the ancestors of the short-headed English.

All of the foregoing details will suffice to convince the most skeptical mind that the belief in a close racial kinship between all the Aryan-speaking nations is a mere fiction refuted by incontrovertible facts. There exists an Aryan language, but no Aryan race. And as the fiction of an Aryan race has in the light of careful inquiry vanished like a mist, so has the myth of a Semitic race recently been condemned by the spirit of true knowledge and made to pass into the limbo of exploded delusions. Eight nations, the Babylonians, the Assyrians, the Hebrews, the southern Arabs or Sabæans, the Phenicians, the Armenians, the Abyssinians, and the Arabs proper, are known to have spoken or still to speak languages so closely

related that they may be regarded as merely dialects of one language. In their vocabulary, in their grammatical structure, and above all in the law that every root must consist of three consonants, they form among themselves the most intimate unity and stand in striking contrast to all other languages. From the community of speech the deduction has been made that all the above-mentioned nations belonged to the same race, the Semitic race. But the facts brought out by the most searching investigations of the foremost anthropologists of our time flatly contradicts this assumption. Sixty thousand heads or skulls belonging to those various nations have been examined with circle and tape-measure, and the result has been "not unity of race, but a bewildering variety of racial characteristics." Only the Bedouins of Arabia form a surprising exception. They alone can be regarded as a physically homogeneous race, among whom the variations are reduced almost to a minimum. Just as their speech, though in a literary sense two thousand years younger than Babylonia, has, with wonderful tenacity, preserved the oldest and fullest forms of the original Semitic languages, so do they in their physical qualities represent the genuine Semitic race in almost absolute purity. They have invariably long and narrowed heads, as they appear depicted on numerous ancient monuments of Egypt. This goes to prove that the Bedouins of today are the lineal and unmodified descendants of the primitive inhabitants of Arabia. These Arabs are without exception of a dark complexion with black eyes and black hair. But, what is most to be noted is the fact that the Arabs have short and small noses, which are hardly curved at all. They form in every respect a striking contrast to what the vulgar regard as the typical curved Jewish nose. The physical traits of these genuine and unmixed Semites seem to connect them, in some as yet unaccountable way, with the long-headed and dark-skinned Iberian race, which, in

prehistoric times, occupied England and many other parts of Europe.

Which of the so-called Semitic nations, living or departed, does or did, in its racial characteristics, most closely resemble these pure Arabs? Only the ancient Phenicians can be looked upon as true Semites, as the full brothers of the Arabs. Many Phenician skulls have been most carefully examined by eminent anthropologists, and bear out the testimony of the Egyptian pyramids, on which Phenicians are represented as pronounced long-heads, and otherwise showing the distinguishing marks of the pure Semitic or unmixed Arabic stock. Now, what has anthropology, after years of most conscientious searching, after collating and comparing many thousands of facts, ascertained regarding the Hebrews and Syrians, both of ancient times and of the present day? Are the Syrians, are the Jews pure Semites, or even largely Semitic? There are numerous and life-like representations of Hebrews and Syrians on the monuments of ancient Egypt. Those carefully-drawn pictures of the Egyptian artists of Hebrews and Syrians tally to perfection with the observations made by modern investigators on Syrians and Jews. And what do we learn from both these reliable sources of information? Only five per cent. of the Syrians and the Jews are found to be true long-heads, and to bear the other distinctive features of the genuine Semites. Stranger still, fully eleven per cent. of the Jews and Syrians have blue eyes and blonde hair, and display the other characteristics of the Scandinavians and the fair North Germans. No less than fifty per cent. are veritable short-heads, and consequently do not belong to the Semitic race. Of these a good many are the happy possessors of so-called typical Jewish noses. How came there to be eleven per cent. blue-eyed and blonde-haired genuine Aryans among the Jews and the Syrians? Fortunately, the ancient Egyptians have preserved for us on their imperishable monuments a clear and decisive answer to this important query. The Amorites, one of the

seven nations that inhabited Palestine before and after the invasion of the Israelites, are depicted on those monuments as tall white-skinned, blue-eyed, and blonde-haired men. These Amorites are called in Egyptian Tamehu, the people of the Northland. These Tamehu or Northmen are described by the Egyptian writers as white savages, who were dressed in skins and, in Indian fashion, adorned their heads with feathers. It is certainly no disgrace to the blue-eyed and blonde-haired among the English, the Americans, and the Germans, that their ancestors were living in Europe, in North Africa, and Palestine as savages long after the Babylonians and the Egyptians had reared the grand edifices of their civilization, that their forefathers were dressed in skins and dwelt in caves at the time Moses had laid the foundation of the kingdom of righteousness and humanity. Nor are we Jews specially proud of the fact that a good deal of the blue blood of the blue-eyed Aryans is rolling in our veins, almost as much of it as is to be found in southern Germany, in many parts of England, and in most parts of America. We only wish to call attention to the fact that they who pride themselves on being Aryans did not receive a charter from nature to be exclusive standard-bearers of civilization and the privileged creators of the arts and the wisdom of a higher life. At the same time we desire to point to the fact that we Jews are after all, by the ties of blood, second or third cousins to the very people who, as Aryans, regard us as Semitic aliens.

But whence do the fifty per cent. short-heads among the Jews and Syrians come, who are evidently no Semites? Prof. Felix von Luschan, whose data I am freely using and whose lines of reasoning I am closely following in this lecture, has, in a paper recently read before the German Anthropological Society, given a satisfactory solution of this great problem. The fifty per cent. of the Syrians and Jews that have short heads, dark eyes, and dark hair are the descendants of the once great, very numerous, and

powerful Hittites, one of the seven nations found by the Semitic Israelites when they conquered Canaan. The Hittites belonged to the wide-spread race called by Luschian the Armenoid, by Hommel the Alarodian stock. The modern Armenians are the purest representatives of that race. The Armenians have short heads, dark eyes, dark hair, and the most pronounced typical Jewish noses. They resemble in every respect the ancient Hittites, as represented on numerous Hittite monuments. The same race forms the main stock of the population of Asia Minor. Most of the Greeks and Turks bear the features of that race. The ancient Pelasgians, the aboriginal inhabitants of Greece, were a branch of the same race. The latter, again, are very probably identical with the Ligurians, whose descendants form the bulk of the population of southern Italy, and make up a very large part of the French and Swiss.

The result of the foregoing discussion is: The so-called Aryans consist of four distinct races; the Semites do by no means form a racial unit, and, lastly, we Jews are far from being a pure race. On the contrary, we are a very mixed race. Three elements have entered into the composition of the Jewish people: the true Semitic race, the blue-eyed, or, if you choose, the Aryan Amorites, and the Hittites, have mixed their blood to produce the Jewish or Israelitish people. The Aryan Amorites and the Armenian Hittites were turned into Israelites, into worshipers of Yahve and followers of Moses, by a small but masterful Semitic tribe, the Bene Israel. Many a Jew will doubtless groan in spirit or be filled with indignation on being told that he shall no longer vaingloriously boast of being a member of the purest race on earth! "What are we then," many of these race-Jews will cry, "if we are not unmixed and lineal descendants of one of the tribes of Israel? Alack the day! We are told by a teacher of the religion of Israel that we are not pure Israelites. All our glory will depart from us, and the faith of the prophets will lose its hold on the Jews,

if they should come to think that we are after all a very mixed race, if we can not all lay claim to being lineal descendants of those that went forth from Egypt." To this lament of race-Jews, I reply: Let the voice of your ignorance and irreligion be hushed! There has never been a great people on earth that was of an unmixed race. Only among savages do you find pure races. The English, French, and German nations, on whose shoulders rests the civilization of Europe, have been composed out of four distinct races at least. The valiant, free, rich, and progressive American people is the most mixed of all peoples. There is hardly a race on earth that has not contributed some of its blood toward the making of this youngest nation. All the greatest nations known to history: the civilizers of the world, the Hellenes; the conquerors of the world, the Romans; the Egyptians, before whose stupendous works we stand in speechless wonder; the Babylonians and the Assyrians, who gave to the world the art of writing, of architecture, and sculpture, the science of astronomy and the elements of mathematics—all grew out of an amalgamation of various races. And should the people of Israel, that has given to the world something more precious than all the gifts bestowed by all other nations, namely, the belief in the one only God, the Maker of heaven and earth, and the Father of all men, the belief in Yahve, the righteous and merciful, that has given birth to the Bible, and enriched the families of the earth with the highest spiritual treasures, should that people alone have formed an exception to the universal rule and done its life-work as a pure race? Savages exist as a race just as animals form distinct species. All the civilized nations of the earth, however, were welded together into a living unity by spiritual forces.

The Israelites were, closely considered, no people in the narrow and accepted sense. They were from the very beginning a religious community. It was the supreme

genius of one man, of Moses, that delivered a few small Semitic tribes and a multitude of non-Semitic people from the bondage of Egypt. It was through him that the infinite mystery of all manifested itself for the first time as Yahve, the just God, who loves the stranger, pities the oppressed, and wreaks vengeance on the cruel oppressor. For the first time in history oppression exercised in the name of race and nationality, were resisted and overcome in the name of human rights, defended by a God that loves right and hates wrong. It was on Mount Sinai that the hero of justice promulgated the leading principles of social and individual morality as a revelation of the Deity. It was there that he made a covenant between Yahve and the freedmen, not as between a tribe and its divinity, but as between the redeemed ones and their Redeemer, between a God of righteousness and the people that was to walk in the ways of Justice. With this step taken by Moses, the spirit of mankind broke through the bounds of race and made the attempt to establish a commonwealth on the foundation of human rights as laid down and made sacred and inviolable by the will of Yahve. The people of Israel, as fashioned and inspired by Moses, had in itself a spiritual power of attraction and assimilation. No race and no class could be excluded from a community which had for its animating and unifying principle the belief in Yahve, the Protector of the weak and oppressed and the Lover of right. As the Israelites marched through the wilderness they attached to themselves a number of Midianitish tribes. Though by no means a numerous people, they conquered Canaan and made it the land of Israel and of Yahve, not so much by the prowess of their arms, as by the spiritual power inherent in their religion. The seven nations were not annihilated, as a late legend would make us believe, but were assimilated by the Israelitish spirit and incorporated into the people of Yahve. Translated to Babylonia, the Jews converted the population of whole provinces to

Yahvism and incorporated them into the body of the Jewish people. Only about fifty thousand Jews returned from the Babylonian captivity. But in spite of the vehement protests of the puritan nationalists against intermarriage, nearly all the pagan inhabitants of Palestine were transformed into Yahve-worshipping Israelites. In every province and city of the Roman empire numerous Gentiles embraced the faith of Israel and formed flourishing congregations. And the blood of these Gentiles still rolls in our veins. In a modified form as trinitarian Christianity, the religious spirit of Israel has conquered and assimilated the best part of mankind and made it Israelitish. But Yahvism, pure and simple, did not cease to gain accessions. The blood of the converted Turanian Khazaars has mixed with the blood of the Russian Jews. Teutonic, Celtic, Slavic, and Latin are elements that have entered into our composition. The very vigor and vitality, physical and mental, of the Jews is, next to the perennially active influences of their moralizing religion, due to the fact that they are an extremely mixed race.

Some of those who hear, and many more who will read, this lecture, will exclaim: "If we are not Jews by race, if we are not Jews by the sacred and indissoluble ties of blood, why should we continue to be Jews, why should we hold to Judaism?" To such we answer: "If you are not Jews by faith, but by race, the sooner you will depart from us, the better it will be for you, the better it will be for the mission of Yahve, for the religion of Moses and the prophets, the religion of the psalmists and sages who worked and prayed, who lived and died not to glorify a race but to glorify the God of humanity. If I knew that there is not a drop of Semitic, not a drop of Jewish blood in my veins, I would yet cling with every fiber of my being, as long as there was breath in me, to the religious community of Israel, to the Church of Yahvism, to the monotheistic faith of pure humanity."

Abraham is not our father, Isaac did not beget us, Jacob we know not, but Yahve, the Maker of heaven and earth, the Father of all men, the Father of justice and mercy, He is our Father and our God, He is the Redeemer and Guide of spiritual and universal Israel from generation to generation.

THE MEANING OF THE MACCABEAN STRUGGLE.

WE celebrate this week the half-feast of Hanukkah, or the feast of the Maccabees. It was instituted many years ago, to commemorate an event which for good and also for evil has exercised an incalculable influence on the religious and moral destinies of the human race. On the one hand, the dreadful persecution which the Jews suffered for the sake of their faith and laws under Antiochus Epiphanes, and the heroic uprising of the people under the leadership of the immortal Maccabees, saved the religion of Israel from imminent death. The battles of Emmaus, Bethzur, and Eleasa decided the fate of Hebrew monotheism as against paganism, just as the battles of Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa preserved to mankind the blessings of Greek culture. On the other hand, the blood of the martyrs not only kept alive the religious truths and moral ideas of Yahvism, to be transmitted as a precious heritage to generations unborn, but it also hallowed every priestly rite and custom, consecrated every ceremony, and gave a divine sanction to every dietary law. A fearful price had been paid for the preservation of the Mosaic and the traditional laws. Every part, therefore, came to be regarded as of equal religious importance and of imperishable ethical value. The yoke of the Law was, in consequence thereof, fastened more firmly than ever upon the neck of the worshippers of Yahve, and was not to be removed for thousands of years to come. Only a few enlightened men were henceforth able to make a clear distinction between eternal moral obligations and transitory

ceremonial institutions and ordinances. When the times were ripe for Yahvism to go forth from Zion, and bring its glad tidings to all the ends of the earth, it was unable to move freely forward, being weighed down by the ceremonial laws; it could not change its external forms and adapt itself to new conditions and a larger mission.

Glorious beyond praise were the victories won by the Maccabean warriors against overwhelming odds. The inspiring personality and military genius of Judas the Hammer, turned pious scholars and peaceful rustics into a band of heroes, whom he pitted with marvelous success against the trained Greek armies of the king. They snatched the Jewish nationality, which the furious tyrant had determined to exterminate, from the jaws of death. They secured the religious freedom and the political independence of their country for about a century, and made the name of the Jewish people, so long held in contempt by the ruling pagans, a terror to the surrounding nations. But while these achievements must be regarded as unmixed blessings, when viewed from the purely national standpoint, they proved for ages to come a fatal hindrance to the spiritual mission, to the Messianic destiny, of Israel. For they intensified a thousandfold the already existing antipathies between Jews and Gentiles, and bred in the latter that spirit of aversion and implacable hatred of which we, after two thousand years, are still reaping the bitter fruits. When, in the fullness of time, the mountain of the house of Yahve was to be established at the head of the mountains, and exalted above the hills, when all nations were to flow unto it, and many kingdoms were to say: "Come, let us go to the mountain of Yahve, to the house of the God of Jacob, that He may teach us of His ways, and that we may walk in His paths," then mountains of inherited hates, misunderstandings, and prejudices rose between Israel, the foreordained teacher and redeemer, and the tribes that he was to gather into the fold of Yahve.

It was a great historical calamity, of dire consequences to all times and races, that Greek and Jew met in deadly conflict, the Greek as a ruthless persecutor and murderous oppressor, and the Jew as the desperate defender of his spiritual possessions and of his national existence. The twenty or more years of inhuman persecution and bloody warfare, full of shame and crime on the part of the Greek, full of fervid enthusiasm, of heroic endeavor, and death-defying fanatical resistance on the part of the Jew, engendered feelings of mutual detestation in the combatants, inflamed the breast of the Greeks with extinguishable hatred for their antagonists, and caused a wide and deep chasm to yawn between the two greatest nations of antiquity. Henceforth the Greeks were irreconcilable and conscienceless Jew-haters and Jew-baiters. It was their fertile imagination, inspired by deadly hatred, that invented those dreadful lies and calumnies against the Jews which, with but slight modifications, are to this day the stock in trade of our enemies in every land. It was they that spread through the world those envenomed prejudices which still poison our lives. It was they who inoculated Christianity, for a time the faithful and loving daughter of Israel, with the virus of fatal enmity. They had the ear and held the minds of every people belonging to the Mediterranean circle of civilization. Their language was understood and spoken, and their writings were read, by the educated classes of every country and nation. Greek colonies existed in almost every part of the civilized world, mostly in close local contact and hostile rivalry with Jewish colonies. Thus it came about that their violent antipathies against the Jews and their malignant slanders of the Jewish character and religion spread from people to people and from kingdom to kingdom, and were transmitted as an inherited curse from generation to generation, even to the children of our own times. On the other hand, the most pious and zealous

representatives of the Jewish people could not help remembering, with a sense of bitter resentment, the fearful spiritual and physical misery, which the cruel despotism of the Greeks had brought upon them. They could not but bear in mind that contact with Greek culture and adoption of its views and ways, had caused a large part of the Israelitish nation, the wealthiest and most aristocratic part of it, to become apostates from their faith and traitors to their country. No wonder, therefore, that they held Greek customs and manners, Greek modes of life, in abhorrence, and were sore afraid of Greek speech, of Hellenic art and science, poetry and philosophy, as leading to idolatry and its vices and abominations. Though it was impossible wholly to stem the tide of Greek influence on the life and thought of Israel, still there was a deep alienation from, and invincible distrust of, Hellenic civilization in the hearts of the most vigorous leaders of Palestinian Judaism.

Alas for the follies, the passions, and the crimes of men, alas for national hates and strifes, which caused the civilization of Greece and that of Judea to stand apart, and observe towards each other for centuries an attitude of mutual contempt and hostility! Do they not together form the whole of humanity? The genius of Athens and the genius of Jerusalem complement each other, each supplies the elements of higher life that the other lacks. Is it not the aim of modern civilization to make one music of the spiritual life of Israel and the glorious artistic life of Hellas? Does not the process of history consist in blending the ideas and ideals of the Hebrew prophets, psalmists, and lawgivers with the imperishable ideas and ideals of the Hellenic poets, artists, philosophers, and to weave them into a higher unity and harmony? This all-important historical process had indeed begun to work itself out quietly but progressively since Alexander the Great had led the rich stream of Greek civilization into Asia and northern

Africa. The Eastern lands were being fertilized with new elements of intellectual, poetical, and artistic life. The melodious and rich language of Hellas, the most perfect of all idioms, her wonderful literature radiant with incomparable beauty and teeming with treasures of wisdom, the refined modes of Greek life, the grace and elegance of Greek manners, the wit and charm of Greek conversation, the vivacity, suppleness, and keenness of the Greek intellect cast a spell over the mind of every people that came in contact with representatives of that sunny race. The Israelites who dwelt in Egypt and Palestine formed no exception. They, too, felt the irresistible charms of Greek life. They had to confess to themselves, that there was much in Hellenic civilization which was superior to that of any other people. There was sweetness, loveliness, and beauty attached to Hellenic culture which could not but profoundly impress the most open and sensitive minds among Judeans. The upper classes learned to speak, to read, and to write Greek. The poetry and philosophy of the ruling race exercised a stimulating and rejuvenating influence on Hebrew poetry and speculation. Some of the most original and profoundest works, some of the greatest masterpieces of Hebrew literature, saw the light during the Grecian period before the era of suspicion and hate had set in. Greek ways and manners were slowly and imperceptibly adopted by all classes. The more tinged one was with the elements of Hellenism, the greater was his claim to general culture. The language, the intellectual and material civilization of Greece, comprised under the general name of Hellenism, were not only cosmopolitan elements, shared in more or less by all the subject races, but they constituted the only bond of union which held together the diverse and discordant countries and nations that formed the kingdom of the Seleucidæ. The more Hellenized a people was, the higher was the position it occupied in the empire, the nearer it approached as to dignity and rights

the imperial Hellenic race. No wonder, therefore, that there existed a strong Hellenistic party in Judea. We ought to divest ourselves of the violent prejudices which we have, from the days of our childhood, imbibed against that party. It was originally far from being composed of a set of traitors or apostates. The highest aristocracy of the nation belonged to it, the high-priestly family of Judea that traced its descent back to Aaron, the brother of Moses.

Since the return from the Babylonian captivity the Zadokites were the hereditary high priests and political chiefs of the Jewish people. The pious high priest Onias and his brother and successor, Jason, were zealous friends and promoters of Hellenism and the acknowledged heads of the party. Surely the sons of Zadok, whose exalted position depended on the religion of Yahve and on the people's adherence to the laws and teachings of Moses, can not have intended to undermine the very ground on which they and their power were standing. That party was originally actuated by motives of true patriotism and inspired by ideas of generous progress. While clinging to the God of their fathers and to the laws of righteousness, mercy, and holiness, they wished to deliver their people from the state of appalling isolation in which it found itself. Their neighbors, the Samaritans, the Ammonites, the Moabites, Idumeans and Philistines, hated the Jews with a deadly inherited hatred. The Greeks despised them as barbarians and ridiculed their peculiar customs and manners. The Hellenists determined to bridge over the gulf which separated the Jews from the Gentiles. By adopting as much of Greek culture and Hellenic modes of life as was compatible with Israel's religion and morality they hoped to remove from their people the reproach of national exclusiveness and barbarism, so that it would come to be treated as the social and political peer of the ruling nation. But they made a grievous mistake in the means they chose to bring about the consummation so devoutly wished for by

them. They were impatient of the slow pace of time, and unwise and violent in their measures. Instead of letting spiritual forces and the accumulative influences of time work out the process of conciliation, by which both the Israelitish and the Hellenic minds were to be quickened with a richer life, they resorted to purely external measures of assimilation, that were regarded by the puritan party with loathing and hatred.

The Greeks assigned to gymnastic exercises the foremost place in their scheme of education. They looked upon athletic sports as the most serious business of life. A great athlete was honored as a national hero. Public games, such as the Olympian, were held at stated periods in the mother country, and wherever else Greeks were settled. Whoever proved himself in those national contests to be the best wrestler, the most accomplished boxer, the most skillful thrower of the discus, was crowned as victor, was celebrated in dithyrambic songs; statues were erected to him and he and his family were exempt from taxation. Only born Greeks were permitted to take part in those games. Any non-Hellenist, who was allowed to participate in them, was by this special privilege adopted into the ranks of the noble Greek race. At the urgent request of the high priest Jason, King Antiochus Epiphanes granted to all such Jews as gave proof of being skilled in Greek athletics, the rights of full Macedonian citizenship, and the privilege of taking part in all public assemblies and the national games. Then Jason and the Hellenists resolved to open gymnasia in Judea, in order to obtain by this means the higher citizenship for their compatriots, and to abate the contempt in which they were held. In the year 174 B. C. a gymnasium was opened for young men and boys in Jerusalem in the Acra, northwest from the temple. But the puritans were filled with dismay and indignation. For a Greek gymnasium was not like one of ours. The very etymology of the word, which is derived

from gymnos, nude, will of itself explain why those games so deeply offended their moral sensibilities. Suffice it to say, that no civilized people of today would allow such gymnasia to exist for one day. The modern Christian nations are simply not Greeks but Jewish puritans in this respect as well as in many others. Those puritans were God-fearing, sternly moral, simple, pure, abstemious, and hard-working people. It was entirely indifferent to them whether the idolaters despised or respected them, whether they loved or hated them. They knew the moral rottenness of the Greeks, they were fully aware of the unmentionable abominations practiced by those graceful and elegant Greeks, and held their manners and ways, their whole conduct of life in sovereign contempt. They feared contact with them as a source of moral contamination. No wonder, therefore, that the sight of Jewish young men exercising in the Greek fashion put their sense of shame to blush, and caused them to burn with righteous anger. Fierce strife, mutual recriminations, and partisan hates filled Jerusalem and all Judea.

The Hellenists became ever bitterer against what they called the blind fanaticism and narrow exclusiveness of the Assideans or Puritans. In course of a few years the most radical among them gained the upper hand. The most unscrupulous, fanatical, and cruel, of them all, Menelaus, bought the high-priesthood from the king, although he does not even seem to have been of priestly descent. Being intensely hated by the people as a sacrilegious plunderer of the Temple, as a murderer and blasphemer, he became a relentless enemy of his nation and religion. Vile apostate that he was, he persuaded the king that the laws of Moses were full of hatred to mankind, forbidding the Jews to sit at the same table with Gentiles, and to do aught but evil to strangers. He, therefore, advised the king to abolish the whole Mosaic Law. Thus Menelaus hoped to turn the Jews into Greeks by destroying their faith and national laws. Antiochus Epiphanes was senseless and cruel enough to listen

to such advice and carry it into practice. The king was a strange admixture of madness and statesmanship, of egregious folly and keen prudence. He was an inhuman despot and a pleasant boon companion, a reckless spendthrift and yet full of insatiable avarice. He believed in no God, and yet shed human blood like water in order to convert the most faithful and inoffensive of his subjects into worshippers of the Greek gods. As the Czar of Russia is trying to prop up his tottering despotism by driving all his subjects into the Greek Church or driving them out of the land, so did Antiochus Epiphanes hope to give fresh coherence to his fast disintegrating empire by means of a forced unity of religion. Hence, he issued the insensate decree abolishing the religion of Israel. The sons of Israel were forbidden to worship Yahve the Holy and Righteous, or to observe the laws of Moses. They were commanded to adore the Olympian Zeus. His statue was placed on the greater altar in the court of the Sanctuary, and swine were daily offered up to him. Every Jew was ordered to abjure his faith, burn incense and sacrifice to idols, and in token of his apostacy to eat of the flesh of swine. The practice of the Abrahamic rite, the observance of the Sabbath and the holidays, and abstinence from forbidden meats were most severely punished, in many cases with death. Tens of thousands submitted to the decrees, purchasing life and peace at the price of faith and conscience. But there were also thousands of holy men and women who preferred death to spiritual suicide. Many suffered martyrdom, many expired on the cross, or were in other ways tortured to death. The inhuman persecutors strung up many heroic women, tying their dying babes to the breast of their agonized mothers. The pious fled from the towns and villages, and hid themselves in caves. Most of them were massacred or burned in their hiding-places, on Sabbath days, when they would not raise a hand to defend themselves. The land became desolate, Jerusalem was

without inhabitants, save the Greek garrisons and the Hellenists, who dwelt in the Acropolis. Such infinite woe had the Hellenistic party brought upon their country and their people through their reckless and fanatical measures. The people of Israel, and what is infinitely more precious, the religion of the prophets seemed doomed to perish. To all human calculations the cause of Monotheism was hopelessly lost.

But when all was darkness and despair, a star shone forth from Jacob, and a savior came forth from Israel. The priest Mattathias and his five sons took up arms against a host of evils, and by heroically opposing, ended them. They gathered the scattered sheep of Israel, and transformed them into irresistible warriors. They rushed with their bare bodies against the mailed ranks of the Greek phalanx, and broke them to pieces. The doves chased the vultures. A few thousand peasants, scholars, singers, and priests put large armies of Greek veterans to flight. For at their head marched the five Hasmonean lions, whose roar terrified the foe. They all lived and died working out the salvation of the Lord unto his people and through it unto all nations and times. But the greatest and mightiest of them all was Judas Maccabee.

O Judas Maccabee, glorious hero, fierce as a lion in battle, gentle as a dove in peace, radiant with holiness, girt with strength, crowned with all the attributes of manhood, we, the latest-born children of those whom thou didst lead from darkness to light, from shameful oppression to victory, we, and with us countless myriads of Christians, who adore thy God and seek His ways, we all bend our knee to thy hallowed name, and offer the tribute of our love and gratitude at the shrine of thy memory! We see thy flashing sword dazzling thy eyes of thy enemies. We hear thy thundering voice marshaling the hosts of Faith and Liberty against their destroyers and the murderers of their infants. We behold thee in the thick of

battle, surrounded by slain foes as a reaper is by sheaves. Thine eyes shine and burn like two stars. Majesty is seated upon thy brow. Thy mighty frame bestrides the earth, a born king of men. We note thee watching by the camp-fires, devising new victories. Thy great soul communes with God in the night, it bodies forth immortal songs, those melodious psalms that have been ringing through the ages, and are chanted in churches and synagogues, as numerous as the stars of heaven. We hear thee pray before the battle, as thou kneelest with thy host on the ground, lifting up thy heart unto heaven. We see thee fight thy last fatal battle on the field of Eleasa, deserted by those who ought to be with thee, with but eight hundred faithful knights of the spirit around thee. All day thou strivest, with superhuman valor against overwhelming forces. Towards evening thy enemies beset thee round about. Now thou fallest, sweet master, high priest of God, our light and deliverer! Thou didst not live and die in vain. Thy precious blood has made the earth fruitful. The future of humanity was in thy keeping, and nobly didst thou discharge thy trust. As for us, may our tongue cleave to its roof, may our right hand forget its cunning, if we ever forsake the holy cause for which thou hast laid down thy heroic life! May our name become a byword and a hissing if we become faithless to the spirit which animated thee! O may a spark of thy fiery soul fall into ours and illuminate it! And you, unhappy Hellenists, who grew impatient with time and were thrust aside by time, whose good intentions were turned into curses, to yourselves and your people, you, too, we understand and over your tragic fate, too, we shed tears of sympathy. We and generations unborn will work out your plans of conciliation and fraternization, but in calmness and wisdom, taking heed not to awaken love violently before it be willing. In due time God will hasten His salvation and bring on the great day of universal harmony when He will blend all the tribes of man into a higher unity.

ERNEST RENAN.

IF "there are sermons in stones, books in running brooks," there are certainly excellent sermons in the lives of the humblest men. How much more information must there be in the life of Renan, who for fifty years and upwards has been among a host of brilliant authors the most brilliant writer of France, who, during half a century, has largely moulded the religious ideas and moral tendencies of the French people, and has exerted a considerable influence on the thought of Europe, and more especially affected its views regarding the origin and development of the religion and ethics of Israel. How great soever his faults as a thinker, how numerous soever his glittering but superficial generalities, how grievous soever his shortcomings as an historian, how perverted and exaggerated soever his religious and philosophical ideas may have been, he is nevertheless in his weakness and strength, in his aspirations and his skepticism, in his idealism and his pessimism, a representative Frenchman, the very embodiment of the national spirit, as it was fashioned by the classic age and literature of Louis XIV., as it came forth from the school of Voltaire, Diderot, and the other Encyclopedists, and as it was shaped with the shanks of doom by the great revolution and later political and social cataclysms.

The age of Louis XIV. and its galaxy of great writers and artists brought to a head what the native instincts of preceding ages had been tending to, it made the French the modern classical people of beautiful forms in social intercourse, in art, and literature. From the court courtly forms spread to the upper and the middle classes, and from them

they descended to the lower strata of society. French manners are most elegant and winning. From the academician to the artisan, from the great lady to the wife of the small shopkeeper, there is a natural courtesy and urbanity in the French which forms a pleasant contrast to the natural rudeness and brusqueness observable in the great mass of the other European nations. More than any other people, the French seek to cover up the ugly features of selfish human nature with the veil of exquisite politeness, and try to make the converse of man with man a thing of beauty and joy.

Renan was the typical son of this amiable nation. He was perhaps the most amiable and lovable Frenchman of his time. There was a refinement about him, an indescribable charm of manner, a sweetness of temper, a joyous kindness of nature, that made everybody who had the good fortune to know him love him tenderly, enthusiastically. Even those who most bitterly opposed his theological views and hated his writings as prolific sources of spiritual evil, cherished for him personally but feelings of respect and affection. No bitter words ever escaped his lips or flowed from his pen against those whose fierce opposition had driven him from his professorial chair at the College of France and who continued to assail his works with unsparing invectives. He was generous to friend and foe alike. It may be truly said of him, that he loved his enemies. He bestowed valuable favors on them, whenever there was an opportunity, and aided whatever good cause they worked for with his immense influence. Struggling talents of every kind received encouragement, liberal help, and advice from him, and whenever his own means did not suffice, a note of recommendation from him to any of his millionaire friends, to a Rothschild or Baron de Hirsch, was as good as a note of the Bank of France. Not only in France, but in every European country and in America he left behind him a host of devoted friends and admirers among Catholics, Protestants, and Israelites, among believers and

unbelievers. He recognized in his personal relations no difference of creed, race, or nationality. He corresponded on terms of intimacy with dignitaries of the Church, with leading Lutherans, and with Jewish scholars, such as Geiger, Levy, and many others. Though the fratricidal war between France and Germany had enkindled fierce hatred between these two nations, it did not alienate Renan's soul from his German associates, nor did it blind him to the superiority of German scholarship, nor cause him to think less highly of the noble qualities of the German heart and mind. France may justly be proud of Renan, and as long as she can produce such characters and pure lives as his, her moral standing among the civilized nations will be firmly secured.

As a literary artist, Renan ranks among the foremost representatives of the French artistic genius. As respects the art of literary composition, the French have no rival among the modern nations. From this point of view they are, in a higher sense than any other people, the heirs of Greece and Rome. The Renaissance, or the rebirth of the models of ancient art and literature, has in this respect done more for them than for any other nation. The French language is itself a most perfect masterpiece, devised by no individual artist, but bodied forth by the artistic soul of the nation. It is a marvelous vehicle of communication, which conveys thought with astonishing precision. It is rich, copious, yet never ambiguous; it has the logical directness, lucidity, and syntactic coherence of the Latin together with the grace and beauty of the Greek language. These native qualities of their idiom have, since the golden age of Racine, Molière, Bossuet, Fénelon, and many other stars of first magnitude, been developed to a wonderful degree of perfection. The French style is as clear and transparent as the water of the most limpid brook. With hardly an exception French authors in every province of literature strive above all other things to write

with elegance, precision, and grace. They form every sentence with the utmost care, as if they meant it to be in itself a model of literary art. There is in French books and essays a proportion between parts, a symmetry of ideas, an airy gracefulness, a vivacity of movement, a spirited sententiousness, that makes them the model and envy of all nations. The French mind is nothing if not logical; it is passionately fond of symmetry. Hence the French excel in mathematics and astronomy. A French writer will take up an idea, which he holds to be true, and will with admirable skill develop it to its utmost logical consequences, oftentimes without regard to historical or social facts. If the facts of history and life do not agree with his idea, which ought to be universally true, the worse for the facts. A French author will erect a grand, many-storied edifice out of the materials of one truth, one idea. There will be many large windows to that building, and at each window the same theory will stand smiling, and look out at you with a winning grace. The more is the pity if the realities of things are seen standing outside, declaring aloud that there is no room for them in that beautiful building, and that, if once admitted, they would burst it apart and bring it down upon the author.

It is needless to say that there are very numerous exceptions to this rule. But the general characteristics of the French mind and of French authors most fitly apply to the mind and works of Renan, and give a fair estimate of his merits and faults as a writer. He was one of the most brilliant writers of modern France. Apart from their contents, from their truth or falsity, his works possess excellencies of a very high order. They are masterpieces of literary art. Long after progressive biblical research will have exploded, long after a deeper and truer philosophy or religion will have refuted, and the religious conscience of the world will have rejected, his theories and ideas, his books will be read as French classics. In this

respect Renan is one of the incarnations of the French artistic genius. But also his faults as a thinker and historian, which are many and grave, are faults of the French mind, appearing exaggerated and individualized in his writings. He has the French passion for completeness at any price, though there be but the slenderest fragments upon which to build. A theory, an idea, always ingenious and dazzling, though at best but a partial truth, will take possession of him, and with it he will start out to explain the best part of the universe, or a vast section of history, and will resolutely move on bursting through brazen walls of opposing facts, leveling mountains with his unterrified imagination and raising valleys, in order that his beautiful theory may spread unchecked, and present an harmonious whole. He will draw a picture of the past, so perfect, so vivid and attractive, that it looks as if it had been taken from life, as if he had lived in closest daily contact with, and kept a diary of, the persons whose characters and conduct he describes. But when you turn to the given material and evidence from which he drew, you will find in most cases that they are woefully inadequate, or diametrically opposed to his statements.

As you wander through the charming chapters of his "Life of Jesus" or his "History of Israel," you often wonder where he got hold of the alleged events he narrates, and the traits of character he depicts, events and characteristics which no reader of the Old and New Testament ever dreamed of, which no investigator has been able to discover. One often asks himself, "How did Renan come to know all these unknown things and features? Has the genius of history bequeathed to him a chest full of original documents and dispatches?" He really makes no secret of his plan of procedure. In the preface to the first volume of his History of Israel, he says: "We must not, with the modern school of historians, insist on being guided only by the evidence at hand. In that case the history of Israel

up to the time of David would be a blank, and could not be written at all. The question is not, how the things really came to pass; we must imagine the various ways they may have happened. What has not been true in one case has been true in another." And then he goes boldly on to construct a history, such as his poetic imagination and his French love of logical symmetry require. In fact, his "Life of Jesus" is no real biography, is no more a history of the founder of Christianity than Wallace's "Ben Hur." His "History of Israel," at least in the earlier volumes, is really no history. These works are delightful historical romances. As such they are as excellent, as artistic, as Walter Scott's novels, with the difference that the latter mirror the Scottish past more truthfully than Renan's so-called histories reflect the Biblical and post-Biblical past of Israel.

Yet it can not be denied, that there are in these works flashes of wonderful insight into the innermost workings of the souls of the prophets and apostles. He at times looks with the divining eye of a true poet into the most secret laboratory of the Israelitish mind, where the great religious ideas and moral ideals were formed out of older amorphous elements, ideas and ideals which went forth to bless the families of the earth. Few men have had as firm a grasp of the central religious and moral ideas of the faith of Israel, or Yahvism. Few men have, like him for fifty years and upwards, held their ear to the heart of Israel's prophets and teachers, and heard it throb with a mighty love of justice, and palpitate with a fierce hatred of injustice. Few men have for half a century stood, like him, with the prophets before the burning bush of the world-mystery, and listened intently to the solemn message, that there is an Eternal Being, Yahve, the supreme Intelligence, who is the Father of justice, mercy, and truth, and who will in the fulness of time cause right and love to prevail. He heard the message, but he lacked the faith to receive, and to believe in it. He did not believe in a

World-Soul, whose essence is love; he did not believe that the heart of the universe is justice, nor did he believe that the world of humanity is governed by the powers of goodness, that justice will one day find an abiding home with man, that the common good will in the end be crowned with victory. He was a pessimist in religion, ethics, and politics. The establishment of democracy in France and its conduct frightened him, and filled him with gloomy forebodings as to the future of his nation. In his poem "Caliban" he describes the ultimate triumph of the bestial elements of man and the suppression of the higher.

In this, his religious, moral, and political pessimism, he is again a representative of modern France. His pessimism is said to have infected the new generation of writers. There is a school of young authors, who profess and preach, in novels and more serious works, the sad doctrines of Renan. But in reality he was not the father, but the child of French pessimism, he was in this respect, too, but the son of his time and people. What took place in the life of the individual Frenchman, Ernest Renan, who, having been brought up in a Catholic seminary in the strictest doctrines of the church, not only broke entirely away from Catholicism, not only renounced Christianity, but also gave up, though with a bleeding heart, the very essence of the monotheistic Israelitish faith—this same spiritual tragedy has been and is still being enacted in the life of his great mother, the French nation, a tragedy the more awful, because it is national and because in this case there is no death to bring it to a conciliating end. To the head and heart of France, to the upper classes as a whole, always reserving many thousands of exceptions, to those who lead and think, who in the last resort determine the great movements of the national life, religion even in its broadest and most liberal sense, even the faith of the prophets, the belief in a supreme Power and Wisdom, the belief in an overruling Providence shaping the destinies

of mankind to ever higher ends, are utterly dead and past resurrection. As it is dead with the upper classes, so it is with the laboring masses. What is left to fill the place of lost faith are grandiloquent phrases, high-sounding sentimentalities, which are often used to cover the yawning abyss of spiritual despair. The nation's loss of faith in an Infinite and Absolute, a conscious Will making for righteousness and goodness, has also brought with it the downfall of the belief in a future redemption of mankind from evil and sin, in the final establishment of the kingdom of righteousness on earth, the belief which is the very soul of morality, that goodness is bound to prevail and wickedness to succumb in the end. The French mind, vigorous, rich, progressive though it is, for the present, at least, is in its representative classes and thinkers thoroughly pessimistic, sad and hopeless, believing neither in God, nor the soul, nor in the victorious power of right and truth. Hence the cynicism and painful realism that appears in the works of even the best authors; hence also the unblushing sensualism and mocking selfishness of the laboring classes, from the taint of which the upper classes are by no means free.

The pessimism of the French stands in glaring contrast to the optimism of the English, and more especially to the wonderful hopefulness of the American mind. The two English-speaking nations have not lost the three magic jewels of humanity, faith in a heart of goodness throbbing at the center of existence, faith in the soul of man and its kinship to the highest, faith in the coming kingdom of righteousness, though it tarry long to appear. This gives buoyancy, joyousness, moral vigor to their national character. They know that their destinies are bound up with the awful and holy mystery of infinite existence, they are convinced that their future is in the keeping of a Power whose will can not be thwarted nor turned away from its purpose. The English people and the Americans owe the

preservation of the three jewels of faith, to which is due the wholesomeness and hopefulness of their mind, to the fact that religious and political liberty stood guard over their growing life. Where freedom holds her gentle sway, knowledge and faith do not wage a deadly conflict with each other. These two daughters of heaven grow and wax mighty together, and move before man to lead him to ever higher destinies. Knowledge drives away the darkness of ignorance, slays the dragons of superstition, buries dead traditions and withers soul-enslaving forms. She gives him power and victory over evil, and multiplies his possessions an hundred and thousand fold. She chains nature's forces to the chariot of his mind and gives him wings to fly over space and time. Faith teaches men purity of feeling, sincerity of thought, and nobility of action. She bridges over the gulf which separates the individual from his kind, and causes his interests and love to grow incorporate with the common good of all. Faith holds up the mirror to man, in which he may see all the wonders and glories that are to be. She marches before him with the torch of hope. She points out to him the city of God, seated on the hill. She lifts him up when he has fallen, and gives him new strength when his spirit grows faint. She plants the tree of life on the grave. The French people lost the jewels of faith because political despotism and religious despotism had for centuries put their conscience and mind in chains, and trampled the rights of the citizen underfoot. And when at last conscience and mind burst their fetters, and the rights of man rose from the dust, they rushed with demon-fury against the Church and the State. The French revolution was the offspring of French despotism, the terror had its birth in the bastille, the axe which cut off the head of Louis XVI. and Mary Antoinette, was forged by the hands of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. The night of St. Bartholomew gave birth to the iconoclastic spirit of Voltaire, the dragonades were the mothers of the

Encyclopedists. As soon as this wrathful spirit of denial was born, it sent forth such peals of sardonic laughter, that it made the saints tremble in their seats, caused the mitres of bishops and cardinals to appear as fools' caps, it turned the holiest mysteries of religion into mummeries, and changed, in the minds of the people, the profoundest dogmas into hollow delusions. The corrosive poison of its fearful satires dissolved the very substance of faith in the upper and in the lower, largely also in the middle, classes. The doomsday of the revolution merely consumed the body of a dynasty already dead, and abolished a religion which was already extinct. Though it has been officially restored, it has not been resurrected in the soul of the nation.

The sins of the fathers are visited upon their children and children's children, not only in the domain of physical life but also in the domain of the spiritual life. Renan was one such child of time, who suffered in his heart and mind for the iniquities of his people's past. For fifty years and longer his soul stood disconsolate at the gates of Faith's paradise. He heard, as few men of his generation did, the sweet psalms of holy singers with startling distinctness, he saw the glorious visions of the world's seers with a clearer eye than many a professed believer in literal inspiration, he felt the burden of the prophets' divine tidings more keenly than many a teacher of orthodox religion. But he could not enter the paradise of Faith. For between him and its walls flowed a river of blood, the blood of those slain by fanaticism. In it he saw swimming the myriad corpses of those murdered by cruel statecraft and priestly fury. Over its red waves he heard the loud wail of countless souls tormented, while in the flesh, beyond human endurance. And louder than the songs of seers and seraphs resounded in his heart the scornful laughter of Voltaire and the other voices of revengeful and wrathful denial!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A STRONG, melodious, and holy voice of nature and humanity has been hushed a few days ago. Lord Alfred Tennyson, lord of song and wisdom, has gone silent. He will add no more psalms of life to the world's psalmody, he will enrich with no more gems of thought mankind's store of higher knowledge. For sixty years and upwards, since he was a mere youth, he has stood on the watch-tower of time, and whatsoever things beautiful his eye beheld, and whatsoever things true his mind discerned, and whatsoever things good his heart perceived, he uttered forth in undying rhythmic measures. Two generations listened to his song and rejoiced in their hearts, and two great English-speaking nations received his message, and their lives became purer and wiser thereby. Tennyson was one of the world's genuine men, an original intelligence. Most men pass through life as mere shadows, flitting along paths trodden before them by real men. They are hollow forms, which simulate the features and actions of genuine men. Their thoughts are echoes of other men's thoughts, their faith is not soul-born, but something external, learned of men; their very feelings are imitated, copied. Tennyson was no mere shadow, no empty form. He was a powerful human reality, that steadily grew and expanded from early youth to a high old age, bearing the golden flowers of beauty, ripening the perfect fruits of wisdom. He forced his way through the painted copies of things, through the spectres of words and traditions, to the breathing life of nature and the throbbing heart of man. He stood face to face with nature and

humanity, and gazed awe-struck upon the countenance of the world's history.

"He saw through life and death, through good and ill,
He saw through his own soul,
The marvel of his everlasting will,
An open scroll
Before him lay ; with echoing feet he threaded the secretest
walks of fame."

Like all great poets, like Wordsworth and Browning, like Schiller and Goethe, Shakespeare and Dante and the poet of Job, Tennyson was a deep thinker, a profound philosopher, and, like a true poet, it was not with the dissecting knife of the logician, not with the scales, measures, and weights of the scientist, that he approached the great problems of existence, but with the riving power of poetic intuition. The logician and the scientist forever remain on the outside of things, but the poetic genius penetrates to their innermost chambers, by the magic of his universal love for all life. A mind of such penetrating, original insight was that of Alfred Tennyson. He was no warbler of idle songs, no wild poet who "worked without a purpose or a conscience." The great problems of existence pressed in upon his mind, demanding a fresh solution. His age, which is also our age, the age of great political and social revolution, the age of tremendous upheavals of thought, the age whose fire has melted old institutions, theories, creeds, traditions, like snow, required new answers to the spirit's everlasting questions, and Tennyson returned answers from the heart of his own experience. The spirit of the times formed for itself in Tennyson an inspired interpreter, to spell out its hidden meaning, to voice its desires, and to lend the beauty and sanctity of song to its ideas. In the gloomy night of his own misery, while his soul was moaning and weeping over the death of his dearest friend, Arthur Hallam, who was dearer to him than his own brothers, whom he revered as the type of perfect

manhood, whom he loved as the embodiment of what is divine and beautiful in man, in that night he wrestled with the demon of ghastliest doubts, that in his age and our age threatens to blight and blast the breathing spring of human hope and faith. In that night of woe, fear, and doubt, he struggled for us all to deliver us from the horrors of atheism, to redeem us from the terrors of the soul's annihilation, to free us from the furies of spiritual despair. In his own soul, Tennyson battled for the soul of human kind, to save it from self-slaughter. Every cry of anguish he uttered during that struggle became a melodious lament of all souls smitten with grief, the red blood which flowed from his wounded heart was turned into unfading flowers of faith.

Tennyson descended to the lowermost circle of the spirit's infernal regions, having cruel sorrow for his guide. There he saw the gigantic shades of dead worlds, the spectral corpses of extinct suns; there lay shriveled up the once blooming earth, bloodless, motionless, a monstrous mummy. No love was throbbing at the center of existence, no world-soul was bodying forth living thoughts in purposeful creation. He seemed to see the spirit of man leaving the body as a mere breath, and dissipate itself and vanish into air. And this universal death bore the pale features of his dead friend. Cruel sorrow whispered:

"The stars blindly run ;
 A web is woven across the sky,
 From out the waste places comes a cry,
 And murmurs from the dying sun ;
 And all the phantom, Nature, stands,
 With all the music in her tone,
 A hollow echo of my own—
 A hollow form with empty hands."

And from the vaults of death a voice murmured :

"The cheeks drop in, the body bows ;
 Man dies ; nor is there hope in dust."

"All, then," his soul moaned, "heaven and earth, is darkness at the core. All, nature and man, is but dust and ashes."

But his love, that was stronger than death; his love for his lost friend, whom of all creatures he deemed the fairest, whom he revered as the flower of man, did not suffer him forever to remain a bondsman to the dark, did not allow him long to be shut up with sorrow and despair and unbelief. He whom he held to be half-divine, that glorious life, the noble will, strong and pure, could not become earth's rubbish and slime. The still voice of love within him spoke: "The high intelligence, the lordliest of all powers, the reason ruling over all and reigning supreme in head and breast, can not be blown out like a light, can not vanish like a mist. Mind is the lord of all; the mind of man is a beam of the supreme intelligence." Then he gathered strength and fought his doubts.

Then new-born faith, a stronger faith of his own, born in darkness and in clouds, leapt full-armed from his soul, faced the spectres of his mind and laid them. Then he threw himself with his weight of cares on "the great world's altar-stairs, that slope through darkness up to God." And on these stairs he ascended to the sunlit heights, where Hope sits rejoicing at the foot of God's throne. And with him he brought his own strong faith, brought it to the children of his time, who dread the countenance of science and tremble at her words, because she, the all-knowing, knows naught of God, of free will, of the soul's immortality. With prophetic fervor he sang to the sons of his time: "Knowledge is of things we see; God's immortal Love, whose face we can not see, by faith and faith alone we embrace, believing where we can not prove. We have but faith, we can not know." Not that he did not love knowledge, not that he 'railed against her beauty,' not that he wished to 'fix her pillars,' to set bars to her progress. Knowledge, he believed, came from God, a beam in our

darkness. "Let her grow from more to more," said he, "let her work prevail, may she mix with men and prosper." But there should be more of reverence in her. 'Let mind and heart, according well, once more make one music as before.' On the forehead of science sits a consuming fire. She submits all things to desire, to natural impulses, to instinctive forces. She knows only what is, she deals with things as they are. She knows no over-ruling moral law, no sovereign "ought." Can science fight the fear of death? Cut from love and faith, she is some wild Pallas, sprung from the brain of demons. Fiery hot, she will burst all moral barriers in her onward race. "Let her know her place; she is the second, not the first." Let wisdom guide her footsteps. "For she is earthly of the mind, But Wisdom heavenly of the soul."

The continental masters of science did not heed the warning voice of our seer. Their theories, true within their own domain, set their faces boldly forward, and leapt into the spiritual domain, where they wrought sad havoc among the European nations. Their teachings, misunderstood, misapplied, have wellnigh consumed faith with their fire, and in her stead have arisen soul-killing atheism, the despair of pessimism, all-degrading sensualism, and the fanaticism of race hatred. But the English and American nations, the spiritual mothers of the poet, were swayed by his prophetic counsel, and with them faith and knowledge dwell together in unity, making one music as before, but vaster.

Lord Tennyson was abreast with the knowledge of his times, not as a trained scientist, but as a man of highest culture, who watches with keenest interest the intellectual movements of the time, and whose mind moves and grows along with them. The great intellectual revolution of this century that goes by the name of Evolution, the far-reaching revolution set in motion by the genius of Darwin, his countryman, who was born in the same year as he, in

1809, was welcomed by him as a new ray of light, as a beam from God. But as the new theory of the flowering and growing of life passed through his mind, it was beautified by the rays of his poetic genius: the moral ideas blossomed forth from the germs of development, and the ideals of humanity appeared as perfect fruits on the topmost branch of the world-tree. The poem, "Contemplate all this Work," is a noble hymn, in which the greatest English poet of this century gave the approval and sanction of the world's conscience and faith to the new theory of life, taught by the greatest English scientist of the century. "Arise and fly the reeling faun, the sensual feast; Move upward, working out the beast, And let the ape and tiger die." These are the concluding words of the gospel of growing humanity, proclaimed by the poet from the heights of modern knowledge.

Lord Tennyson was not only a great poet and a great thinker; he was also a great, good man. He scorned scorn, he hated hate, loved love. The well-spring of his song was love of the best, hatred of sin, love of right, hate of wrong. The charm of his poetry lies mainly in his profound sympathy with man, his woes and sorrows, his rise and fall, his aspirations and struggles. With his ringing song he strove to "ring out the false and ring in the true." While 'he moved his course, crowned with attributes of woelike glories,' he longed to ring out, by teaching men faith and wisdom, "the grief that saps the mind." He grieved over the feud of the rich and poor, and regarded it as a poet's mission to "ring in redress to all mankind." Whatever laws, institutions, and old forms of political life he saw to be decaying, slowly dying, he wished to be speedily rung out of existence, and be replaced by "nobler modes of life, with sweeter manners and purer laws."

More than all the sermons preached in his lifetime have Tennyson's inspired verses, his flame-winged rhymes, done to ring out old shapes of foul disease; to ring out the want,

the care, the sin, to ring out in England and America 'the narrowing lust of gold, the faithless coldness of the times to ring out false pride in place and blood, the civil slander and the civic spite, and to ring in the love of truth and right, the common love of good.' And in coming ages, when the thousand wars of old shall have been rung out by the combined influences of knowledge and faith, by the efforts of the wise statesmen, the heroes, martyrs, and seers of all times, then will Tennyson's name be known and revered among those whose life and work helped to ring in "the thousand years of peace." His heart did not misgive him as to the final triumph of right and truth. Even while 'the red fool-fury of the Seine piled again her barricades with dead,' his soul knew that all was well; even while in the roaring storm, 'faith and form seemed sunder'd in the night of fear,' he heard a deeper voice across the storm proclaiming, "Social truth shall spread, and justice."

What a rich life was his, how full of ceaseless effort, how fruitful in accomplishing, how nobly he worked his life-work from early youth to the last days of his high old age! A spiritual Ulysses, he could not rest from traveling onward on wisdom's road. How dull it seemed to him ever to pause, though he had seen much and known much, and become a part of all he met. Though his had become a name known to all the nations of the earth, he would make no end of work, would not let his mind rust unburished. He shone in use even in the last days of his high old age. He saved every hour of his life from the eternal silence, he was ever a bringer of new things, of immortal works. With an ever hungry heart he roamed the plains of knowledge, his spirit longed in desire to follow knowledge, like a sinking star, beyond the utmost bounds of human thought. Though his body had been made weak by time and fate, he was to the last strong in will, to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. Alas, the King of Song

has passed away; the shining knight of love and faith, of truth and human brotherhood, has been wafted from the shores of mortality! And we, still standing on the banks of time, have seen how a dusky bark hove in sight, all the decks dense with stately forms, the figures of those to whom his genius gave immortality. King Arthur was there, and the three Queens with crowns of gold, and all the famous Knights of the Round Table. Ulysses also was seen and his companions; brave-hearted Enoch Arden was in the funeral barge; and chaste Godiva, Isabel, Mariana, Maud and Lady Clare, Dora and the Gardener's Daughter, Queen Mary, Harold, and the Foresters. But one there rose, the tallest of them all and the fairest, Arthur Hallam, who laid the poet's head on his lap and called him by his name, complaining loud. And from them all and from us all, that loved and revered him as our guide, from millions of souls whose light he had been in darkness, there rose

"A cry that shivered to the twinkling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or has come, since the making of the world."

ALEXANDER III.

THE Czar Alexander III. is dead. He passed away after a most painful illness before completing his fiftieth year. The autocratic ruler and master of one hundred and fifteen million human beings has yielded to an Autocrat mightier than he. He whose word could make a prince of the veriest beggar and turn princes into vagabonds, is now poorer and weaker than the most wretched exile working in chains in a Siberian mine. He whose single will commanded the bodies and souls of vast multitudes, has not will-power enough left to stir his little finger. The man whose decree drove millions of his subjects from their homes, has been compelled by an omnipotent Will to leave his own palatial home and take up his abode in a subterranean chamber. He whose empire stretched from the Arctic Ocean to the Black Sea and from the Pacific to the Baltic, now is content to lie a still and harmless man within the narrow confines of a coffin—a beautiful and precious coffin, no doubt—still a coffin. Such is the impotence and vanity of all earthly power and pomp. What a grim satirist Death is! What cruel sport he makes of the mightiest kings! How he puts his grinning mask upon the face of majesty! How, in the twinkling of an eye, he changes their crowns and sceptres into a ghastly mockery and makes the vain shows of royalty a derision! There is something at once tragical and farcical in this sudden collapse into nothingness, which God's alleged vicegerents suffer on being touched by the cold hand of Death. The man to whom for thirteen years the twelfth part of the human race looked up with brutish awe and slavish fear, whom they dreaded more and obeyed

more readily than God in heaven, will furnish a banquet to the worms like the corpse of any pauper.

Vanity of vanities, all earthly glory and authority are vanity! But no, all is not vanity. Wise kings, righteous rulers, who strove to establish the reign of universal justice and equity in the land and wielded the scepter of mercy and humanity, are more glorious in death than in life. They live transfigured in the grateful memory of their people, and are venerated by the nations of the earth as heroes, guides, and benefactors of the race.

No unprejudiced observer of these times, who goes by facts and not by fictions, will assign to Czar Alexander III. a place among the wise and beneficent rulers known to history. Though we put the most charitable construction on his intentions and acts, we are driven to the conclusion that his reign was most calamitous to the Russian people and a great misfortune to the best interests of civilization. The saddest feature of all is that the dead Czar, who caused more human misery and degradation than Caligula, Nero, and Domitian combined, was by no means a bad man at heart. Had it been his good fortune to be a mere private citizen, he would have been an estimable, though commonplace, man. He possessed in a marked degree what are called the domestic virtues. He was a most faithful and loving husband in the midst of a notoriously shameless society, compared with which even French society under the Regency, with all its cynicism and blots and foulness, possessed certain redeeming traits. His love for his wife was almost morbid in its intensity. He was a most devoted father. Grief over the fatal illness of one of his sons hastened his own end. He found his greatest enjoyment in being with his wife and children. He was a very industrious and plodding man. Save for brief periods of holiday-making with his family, he used to work till two or three o'clock in the morning, examining records, reading suggestions, and signing papers. He was a giant

in health and strength. Had he been born to one of the minor thrones of Europe, he would most probably have proved a respectable figure-head. The tragedy of his life, with all its horrors and dismal failures, sprang from the fact that he, a man of the very slenderest talents, very imperfectly educated, a slow, narrow, prejudiced, and stubborn man, was fated to guide the destinies of the Russian empire at the very time when it would have required the genius of a Cæsar or a Napoleon to cope with the gigantic evils and innumerable difficulties bequeathed by the sin-laden past. Nature had fitted Alexander to occupy in some industrial establishment a subordinate position requiring great physical power and habits of industry. The cruel irony of fate called this poor Philistine of stunted intelligence, of dimmest vision, hard-headed and bigoted, to fill the imperial office which his highly endowed, broad-minded, noble, and enthusiastic father after twenty years of heroic struggle found to be beyond his powers.

His statesmanlike and high-aspiring father undertook the tremendous task of governing Russia wisely and justly, of making her a truly civilized country, of saving the peasantry and the Jews from the misery of ages, and of delivering the people from the curse of inconceivable official corruption pervading and paralyzing all departments. He succeeded in the herculean effort to liberate between fifty and sixty million peasants from the yoke and degradation of serfdom, or slavery. He ordered schools to be established everywhere, in order to bring to the brutalized and incredibly ignorant peasants some light of education. He introduced the jury system not only for civil suits, but also for criminal and political offenses. He made some inroads upon the crushing despotic system of absolute centralization. For the first time in the history of Russia, he tried to give the people some measure of local self-government by creating the institution of the Zemst-

vos, or local administrative boards, elected by the provincial nobility and the wealthier citizens. He, moreover, encouraged the Zemstvos to establish common schools of various orders, not subject to the supervision of the ignorant and drunken clergy. The censorship of the press was relaxed, and public opinion was allowed to develop and express itself with a great deal of freedom and independence. He gave relief to the hitherto cruelly oppressed sects of Russian dissenters, who, beside the Protestants, are the only real Christians in the empire. He allowed them to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, although he did not dare to remove all legal restrictions. He alleviated the miserable lot of the Russian soldier, greatly reducing the years of service, and in every way trying to stay the thieving and rapacious hands of the officers who were preying upon him. He not only abolished the fearful national instrument of torture, the knout—a whip provided with several thongs having a leaden ball at the end—but he also forbade all corporeal punishment.

Of all the wretched people of Russia, the Jews profited most by the liberal policy of the good Emperor. They had till then been cooped up within the so-called Pale, a circumscribed territory consisting of seventeen provinces, which formerly constituted part of the kingdom of Poland. The rest of Holy Russia was hermetically closed to "the scurvy Jews," as they were officially styled by Catherine II. The generous and far-sighted Czar threw open the gates of all Russia to certain classes of Jews, viz.: to skilled artisans, graduates of high schools and universities, and the merchants of the first guild. The latter are merchants who for five consecutive years had been paying an annual tax of six hundred dollars inside the Pale, which amount they have to pay for two years longer after settling in the interior. About one million Jews, mostly artisans, flowed over into the provinces of Russia proper. This outflow gave some relief to the fearfully over-crowded Jewish

population in the Pale, and enabled the remaining five millions to earn a little more bread. Free access was given the Jews to all educational institutions. There was a wonderful intellectual, commercial, and patriotic revival among the Jews of Russia, which redounded to the benefit of the whole people. The Jewish youths and maidens pressed forward to the high schools and universities, to drink with avidity the long-withheld waters of knowledge. They distinguished themselves by native ability and persevering industry, incited as they were to utmost exertion by the ambition to enjoy the privilege of higher education. A number of men of world-wide fame came from their midst. Among others I will but mention Mendelieeff, the greatest living chemist, and Antokolsky, one of the greatest sculptors of the age. During the beneficent reign of Alexander II., Jewish intelligence and enterprise exerted a most powerful stimulating influence on the industries and the trade of Russia. During those years of relative enfranchisement the Jews became enthusiastic patriots. They learned to feel themselves as children of their Russian fatherland. The cruel lines of race and creed demarcation which had been so deeply drawn in previous reigns, became less prominent in men's minds—in places faded away altogether. The Jews of Russia call those comparatively happy years "the golden age."

Alexander II. tried, also, to reconcile his Polish subjects. He made to them large and valuable concessions. He granted them a certain measure of local self-government, and appointed a Polish statesman, his personal friend, Count Wielopolsky, as governor-general of Poland. He cherished the plan of restoring to Poland a sort of autonomy, like that enjoyed by Finland. Unfortunately, the impatient and fantastic Poles rose in rebellion against their best friend, following the will-o'-the-wisp of French assistance. The Polish insurrection was the first great misfortune which befell Alexander's reign, being the

first defeat which his liberal policy suffered. The Polish uprising excited a tremendous national reaction in Russia. The bureaucracy, which hated the Emperor's liberal ideas, used the Polish rebellion as a lever against his liberal course. The reactionaries declared aloud that it was fatal for Russia, and especially for the autocracy, to adopt the principles and methods of European liberalism. The old national prejudices and hates of the Russian people were aroused to a state of frenzy. The more Europe seemed to favor the cause of Poland, the fiercer and more fanatical became the reaction against everything foreign, that is to say, against all the influences of Western Europe. The innate barbarism of the Russian people began once again to rebel against the forces of Western civilization represented by the Emperor. Public opinion and evil counselors forced him against his better nature to send the butcher Muravieff to Wilna and other savage satraps to Warsaw, where they established a reign of terror and crushed out every vestige of the liberal régime.

From Poland the anti-liberal policy spread to Russia. The old despotic officials who detested the Emperor's liberalism, raised their heads again. They declared in court and through their allies in the press, that it was dangerous to Russia, and especially to the autocracy, to govern in accordance with the principles and methods of modern liberalism. They pointed to the rise of Nihilism as evidence that the measure of freedom granted bred criminal discontent and prepared the way for a tremendous revolution which would overthrow the dynasty, or at least reduce it to the impotent position of English royalty. The unhappy Emperor battled on single-handed against the national instincts of his barbarous and brutalized people and against the intrigues and secret enmity of a vile and corrupt bureaucracy. On the one hand the Nihilists dogged his every step, determined to murder him because he refused to carry out their wild schemes of social and polit-

ical revolution, and also because they wished to avenge on him the cruel persecutions they suffered at the hands of his agents. On the other hand, the old Russian party, which abominates the chromo-civilization forcibly imported by Peter the Great and upheld, by fits and starts, by some of his successors, declared his generous designs to civilize and liberalize Russia as fatal attempts to denationalize the Russian people. There arose in Moscow a powerful school of reactionary thinkers who protested that Western civilization or modern culture was effete, diseased, immoral, and godless to the core. They proclaimed in all seriousness that the unwashed, unlicked, and illiterate peasantry of Russia represented the genuine type of Russian national manhood. They contended that the Greek Orthodox Church was the only true form of Christianity and that all the inhabitants of Holy Russia should be brought, by persuasion, if possible, and by force, if necessary, within the pale of the national church. They declared that it was the mission of Russia to combat all the vital ideas and to uproot the liberal institutions of Western Europe as vicious powers and noxious growths. They taught, and still teach, that Russia was providentially called to unite all the Slav populations of Europe into one all-dominant Pan-Slavic nation. They hold that this Pan-Slavic nation of the future is destined to conquer the rest of Europe, by infusing into it its own young and healthy blood, and by inoculating it with wholesome ways of life to rejuvenate the effete and moribund European world. This is the wild dream of Panslavism, without a right comprehension of which the baneful policy of Alexander III. can not be understood. This is the fantastic ideal which a set of very able publicists of Moscow elaborated and gave the widest currency. So strong a hold did it gain on the ruling and educated classes that Alexander II. was against his will driven into the Turkish war, undertaken for the purpose of liberating their so-called Bulgarian brothers. During that war the

unhappy monarch learned to know the utter rottenness and incompetency of his army, due to the inconceivable and universal corruption which permeated the officials both military and civil. After immense sacrifices of blood and money in a useless war, a bootless peace had to be concluded. The Emperor returned to his capital a broken-hearted man. Yet he still struggled on, although he had lost faith in the possibility of carrying out his plan of regenerating Russia. He recognized that he lacked the proper agents, through whom he might work out his beneficent designs. The official classes thwarted his purposes by lying, stealing, and knavery of every kind. The last years of the noble prince were full of gloom. At last he was hunted down and massacred by the inexorable Nihilists. Some competent observers of that mournful event asserted that his murder was connived at by certain high officials. On the very day he was slaughtered he had intended to set his name under a constitution which he had resolved to give to the Russian people.

The sudden and shocking death of his father put upon Alexander III. the fearful responsibility of guiding for good or evil the destinies of one hundred and fifteen million human beings. Which road should he travel? Should he go forward, following the course pursued by his father, or should he entirely abandon the path of liberal reform and go back to old Russian methods of despotic government? He did not hesitate long in making his choice. The terrible end of his father was regarded by him as an unmistakable proof that liberalism was a fatal policy, which must needs lead to the overthrow of autocracy and perhaps to the disruption of the empire. He had been brought up under the influence of the old Russian Pan-slavistic party of Moscow. The chiefest teacher and guide of his youth had been Pobiedonostseff, the Procurator of the Holy Synod. This remarkable personage is the very incarnation of the national reaction in religion and

government. He is a fanatic of the fiercest and most uncompromising type. "He is a modern Torquemada," as someone has said. "He is a sincerely and fanatically pious man, as the Greek Church understands piety. During the great fast of the year he retires to a monastery and mortifies his flesh like any anchorite, remaining for days on his knees, fasting and beating his forehead against the stone floor. This does not prevent him from uttering the most amazing and barefaced lies." Like the dreadful persecutors of Spain, he does not shrink from committing monstrous cruelties against Catholics, Lutherans, dissenters, and Jews for the greater glory of God. Acting in accordance with the satanic logic of medieval fanaticism, he holds it right to serve God with falsehood, with theft, with shameless treachery, with torture, massacre, and wholesale persecution. This man became the Czar's chief adviser and most trusted friend. By him the narrow mind of the Emperor was thoroughly impregnated with the idea promulgated by the Moscow school of reactionary thinkers that the Orthodox Church was the one prop of social order and autocracy. From him he learned to adopt the vicious theory that the Russian state is identical with the Orthodox Church. He taught him to draw the inference that all his subjects who stand outside the church are the natural-born enemies of the nation and the dynasty, and should by all means, fair or foul, be brought within its pale.

The mind of the ruling classes, including the dynasty, is haunted by the fear that a tremendous revolution will one day shake up Russia from center to circumference. To stave off the day of wrath and if possible to prevent its coming, is the chief aim of her statesmen. To the reactionaries the Church alone seems to offer the sought-for means of salvation. For the Church is, indeed, thoroughly Russian. It represents the primitive national barbarism. It is devoid of all spiritual and progressive life,

and its ignorant ministers are on a level with the drunken and bestialized peasantry. If all the inhabitants of Russia could be permanently brought under the stupefying and soul-killing influence of that Church, if all could be made to embrace its teaching of slavish submission and unquestioning obedience to the God-Czar, there would be little danger that the spirit of liberty will ever possess the Russian people and cause it to break the fetters of despotism. This idea became the guiding principle of the late Emperor's policy. This belief of his furnishes the key to his otherwise unaccountable conduct toward the Catholics, the Lutherans, the dissenters, and the Jews, whom he persecuted with merciless cruelty. He honestly believed that it was his sacred duty to make them all good Orthodox Christians, and to transform what he considered dangerous foreign elements into genuine Russians.

This was the true motive which set on foot the cruel persecution of the dissenters, and more especially of the hapless and helpless Jews. It was not the wanton cruelty of a bloodthirsty tyrant, but the impious and suicidal policy of blind fanaticism and senseless statecraft which caused the Czar to commit such inhuman crimes against the most intelligent, useful, and inoffensive part of his people. The original intention was to make life outside the Orthodox Church absolutely intolerable to the non-Orthodox Christians, and most especially to the Jews, so as to drive them from sheer despair into the National Church. The villainous officials, high and low, were glad of an opportunity to show their devotion to the Czar by acts of persecution and rapine which satisfied the savage instincts of their natures. The very men who had a short time before publicly borne testimony to the usefulness and patriotism of the Jews, suddenly turned with the wind blowing from St. Petersburg and became their most violent haters and persecutors. There was enacted a drama of horrors, of fiendish outrages upon the primary rights and the eter-

nal sanctities of humanity, which has added another dark page to the record of mankind's shame. There ensued a carnival of lying, plunder, and murder. The Jews were hunted down like wild beasts. They were driven from their homes in the very heart of one of the coldest Russian winters. Their homes were surrounded by the police at midnight; the inmates, without regard to age or sex, sick and dying people, women in the most delicate condition, with their babes a few days old, were dragged out of their beds and driven to jail through the streets, while the thermometer stood at thirty degrees below zero. Those who fled wandered through the woods or took refuge in neighboring cemeteries. One woman, while fleeing from her invaded home, became sequestered from her husband and son and made her way alone to the Orthodox cemetery. She was found by the morning light, lying insensible on the frosted grass among the graves. Beside her was a dead child, to which she had given birth during the dreadful night. The expulsions from Moscow on the 22d of January, 1892, reached the climax of horror. On that day the thermometer marked thirty-four degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. The gas could not burn in the street lamps in such a temperature, great bonfires were kept blazing in the squares and at corners to prevent citizens compelled to be out of doors from freezing as they walked, the schools were closed, and garrison drills suspended, the forwarding of criminals from the central prison was stopped for the time being, owing to the terrible cold. But several thousand Jews were compelled to leave the city on that very day. Four little children were frozen to death in the streets on their way to the railway station. Over a million Jews have been chased into the over-crowded Pale, where the fierce struggle for existence has been and is still causing a state of misery which only the pen of a Milton would be able adequately to describe. The Jews during the reign of Alexander III. have been treated, in accordance with his

decrees, as pariahs and outlaws. Their personal liberty has been completely taken away from them, their religion proscribed, and their very souls killed by the contempt heaped upon them.

The wholesale expulsion and pauperism of the Jews have proved most disastrous to the economic welfare of the Russian people. The commerce and the agriculture of vast provinces have been smitten as with a blight. But Czar Alexander III. stuck to the policy mapped out for him by his Panslavic counsellors, to give all Russia uniformity and security from revolution by compelling all her inhabitants to enter the Orthodox Church. Part of this plan was to keep the masses in a state of brutish ignorance, to confine education to the higher classes, to proscribe the free movements of national intelligence, to suppress with ruthless cruelty the lovers of liberty, to train all minds to be in love with despotism. He was, after all, but a tool in the hands of the Panslavistic reactionaries, whose theories and aims have been described above. But, tool as he was, he lent to their barbarous schemes the tremendous power at his disposal. He undid all the good work done by his high-minded father. He has driven the Russian people back to where it was under his grandfather, Nicholas, and in many respects he made it go still further in a backward direction. The peasantry has been pauperized by grinding taxation and by a most pernicious economic policy. By encouraging the excessive use of liquor, from which the exchequer derived the largest part of its revenue, by suppressing all temperance movements, he has caused the peasants to become still more brutalized. By abolishing thousands of communal schools and placing the remaining ones under the supervision of the ignorant and debauched orthodox clergy, by denying to whole classes access to the educational institutions, he has systematically bred ignorance and fostered all the evils flowing from it. By oppressing the dissenters in the most

cruel manner, by punishing peasants with flogging and exile for studying the Scriptures, he did his utmost to dry up in the Russian people the fountains of religious and moral life.

History will sit in judgment on his reign and will declare it to have been a curse to the Russian people, and in some vital points a bane to modern civilization. That he was not a bad man at heart, that the untold evil he did and suffered to be done, did not spring from a spirit of wanton wickedness, makes the case still more deplorable and still more disheartening to the believers in an overruling Providence governing the destinies of mankind through human agency. The great criminals known to history were not, as a rule, wicked men in the narrow sense of the word. They were seldom persons addicted to common vices, they were not led to commit acts of inhumanity by the mere love of evil. Licentious rulers are usually too easy-going, too much absorbed in the pursuit of pleasure, to care very much about carrying out any consistent policy, good or bad. They leave the administration of public affairs to their ministers, whom they change at their caprice. Voluptuaries, they are, moreover, as a rule sensitive to the censure of public opinion which disturbs them in the enjoyment of their sensual vices. Like all rakes, they believe in nothing, neither in God nor in man nor in any principle, and do not take the trouble to serve the cause of heaven or of Satan. Again, constitutionally cruel men are rare phenomena. The monsters of the past, who wantonly shed blood and committed other useless crimes, were most of them monomaniacs. The most dangerous men in power, the most ruthless destroyers of human life and happiness, are the virtuous fanatics, who honestly believe in some false and pernicious principle, and try to carry it out to its utmost consequences. They are firmly convinced that they have a sacred mission to save society at any cost. They consider themselves providentially com-

missioned to realize a certain policy, be it religious or political, without regard to the current idea of justice and mercy. These saviors of religion and society think themselves justified in committing any crime for the glory of God or the welfare of the state, regarding nothing as a crime which serves the end they have proposed to themselves. They do not spare themselves nor do they spare any man who stands in their way. They calmly carve human victims as sacrifices on the altar of God or of the state. Hecatombs of men, women, and children are immolated to what is regarded as the supreme good, be it called Olympian Jove, or the Holy Roman Church, or the Goddess of Reason and Revolution, or the Orthodox Russian Church, or the Autocracy. The dreadful grand inquisitors, who tortured and burned myriads of human beings and turned many a blooming land into a howling wilderness, were intensely religious persons. They were men of pure and exemplary lives. They mortified their flesh, fasting many days, scourging their body and praying on their knees through many a night. Robespierre was a most virtuous man. All the Terrorists of the great Committee of Safety, who in cold blood sent thousands of their fellow-beings to the guillotine, were sober, earnest, and honest men. One such virtuous fanatic and great criminal from honest convictions was the late Czar Alexander III. Like the others he held that the interests of religion, of the state, or of the nation should override the common rights and equities of humanity, and that crimes of every kind are legitimate means to compass about the assumed ends of statesmanship. But what mortal, be he the wisest and greatest, has the wisdom and the right to decide that there is a good which is better than universal justice, that there is any interest higher than the eternal rights of humanity common to all the children of God? There is but one safe principle for churches, empires, and republics to live and act by—to do justice toward all men without distinction of race and creed, to practice mercy at any price

toward all human beings. As soon as statesmen and nations forsake this everlasting principle, they are at sea without a moral compass and readily fall a prey to the dark powers which lurk in the depths of man's lower nature to beguile and betray him into acts of inhumanity.

Alexander III. fell a prey to the dark powers and became the author of infinite woe, committing unpardonable sins against God and humanity. Pobiedonostseff was his evil genius. The Panslavists of Moscow were his evil counsellors who seduced him. The barbarism and slavish nature of the Russian people led him to set back the dials of time. The desperate condition of the autocracy and threats of Nihilism urged him on. His narrow mind and undeveloped nature made him a fit vessel to receive all the poison flowing toward him, and then to diffuse it as a deadly force through the length and breadth of the land. What saddens the lover of man and of progress most is the thought that the accident of birth should have put into the hands of so incapable a person so much power for evil. The horrors of his reign caused many an agonized soul to question the existence or the goodness of God. We used to hate him with the most intense hatred as the worst enemy of humanity. But from the moment that it became known that he was suffering excruciating pain our hatred was suddenly and wholly gone. We could wish him no ill. He was, after all, a poor mortal like us. He felt the pangs of nature and passed through the throes of death like our dearest friends whom we mourn. One touch of suffering makes all men kin. There is a conciliating and pardoning power in death. We pity his faithful wife, although he had no pity for the thousands of widows and orphans he made. Let us think of him in a spirit of charity. We have charity for the criminal who dies on a gibbet. Let us have charity for the criminal who dies on a throne, pitying him as our misguided brother! Let our judgment show the quality of mercy!

JOHN ALBERT BROADUS.

A MEMORIAL SERMON.

THE glory of Louisville has departed from her with the departure of John A. Broadus. The splendor, the ornament of this place is gone, since the greatest and saintliest man who had dwelt in it has left it forever, never to return. Our city is like a ring, the precious stone of which has been torn from its setting and become lost. All feel the general loss, but his personal friends mourn over the fact that they have been bereft of a great spiritual force under whose directing and elevating influence they had stood for years. There was a moral magnetism about him, an uplifting power in his personality which no one could help experiencing who was in more or less close contact with him. In his presence you felt like exclaiming: "*Ecce homo*—behold a genuine man; behold an ideal man!" It was borne in upon you that you were standing face to face with one of the great and original men of earth, with one who towered high above you in intellect and knowledge, in will-power and nobility of character, in breadth of culture and refinement of manners, and in those indefinable spiritual powers and qualities of mercy which mark off a few men as the children of light and immortality. Still, the consciousness of your mental and moral inferiority, as compared with him, did not humiliate and pain you. So lovable and full of grace was that large, sweet soul that you actually rejoiced in knowing and acknowledging that he was a greater, wiser, and better man than you. His great superiority in all things in which ambitious men aspire to

excel never excited envy. His rich, full, and strong personality almost seemed to have nothing personal in it, so absolutely free was he from self-assertiveness, from self-consciousness. So humble was Broadus, the man of God, and so spontaneous were the varied manifestations of his genius that people accepted him, as it were, as a natural blessed fact, and regarded him as one of those beneficent realities for which we are thankful to the Giver of all good.

We took pride in his greatness, as if it were in part our own. We gloried in his fame and in his immortal achievements, as if we had a share in them. We felt that his extraordinary powers and singularly beautiful life shed lustre on our common humanity, that we were all elevated with him and made wise in his wisdom. The strange feeling which possessed his friends—that his light and strength, his sweetness and moral excellencies belonged to us all; that they were simply the forces of man's higher nature revealing themselves and acting in him—was the reason why his presence made us think better of ourselves, raised us in our own estimation, and inspired us with confidence in our own intellectual and moral faculties. We saw our spiritual aspirations and our noblest ambitions realized in a fellow-mortal who loved us, and walked before us in meekness, never intimating that he was the leader, never showing by word or sign that it cost him an effort to take us with him as his companions on his journey. His presence somehow tamed and put to sleep all low elements of our nature, hushed the voice of selfish passions, and made us for the time being feel that we were worthy of being his associates. The fact is, in loving and venerating Broadus we loved goodness as realized by a few rare mortals such as he, and paid homage to the spirit of faith which lived incarnate in him.

He was the most intensely and genuinely religious man I ever knew. Religion was not with him some theory of divine government which he professed, no system of theology which he accepted and taught. Religion was life itself

with him. Faith in God was the very heart of his moral and spiritual being, and the spring of his power. The fear of God and the love of God, hatred of evil and love of righteousness dwelt central in his soul as its ultimate, ruling ideas. They were the controlling and molding forces of his character. They gave tone and color, coherence and direction to all his thoughts. They determined all his actions from the greatest to the least significant, from composing a standard work or establishing a seminary to writing a note recommending a worthy person to a friend's kindness. Of him it may be truly said that he walked with God. To him the belief in God and His saving mercy was not a creed learned of men, but an immediate intuition, a soul-born conviction. The existence of a righteous and redeeming God was to his mind a self-evident truth. To his consciousness it was surer than any facts gathered by experience, truer than any axiom and principle of science. The idea of God, of His justice and abounding grace, was an ever present reality, with which he stood face to face in loving communion and daily experience. He took delight in the fear of God and in His service. To him religion was not a spiritual luxury, a personal privilege, a way of securing his own salvation here and hereafter. To him religion meant doing the work of our Heavenly Master with all our heart, with all our soul, and all our might. As the hart pants after the brooks of water, so did John A. Broadus, the inspired servant of God, long to establish the kingdom of God on earth, to save men from the curse of degradation, of sin, and win them back to the higher life.

If there ever was a true servant of the Lord who loved and served Him with an undivided heart, it was John A. Broadus. He loved God as Abraham did, striving like him to spread the love of God among men. More than through the charm of his eloquence did he win men from sin and lead them to God through the witchcraft of his example.

His conduct was such that men came to love God through him. To him may in very deed be applied the words of Isaiah: "The spirit of Yahve rested upon him; the spirit of wisdom and understanding; the spirit of counsel and might; the spirit of the knowledge and the fear of God."

Consider it well, Israelites and Christians; mark the meaning of this highest tribute paid by a rabbi to the religious power and saintly character of a Christian divine, of a teacher of uncompromising trinitarian Christianity! I have always differed, and as long as there will be breath in me I shall differ, from him as to the characteristic dogmas of Christianity, to which he clung with every fiber of his being. But when I contemplate the holy life of this typical Christian, and find it in all its essentials marvelously like the life of Jewish saints and martyrs, I come to realize that behind the different dogmas of Judaism and Christianity there is the indestructible unity of religious essence, of moral ideals, and sanctifying power. Before I became familiar with Dr. Broadus I knew Christianity only as a creed which seemed absolutely incomprehensible to me. I judged it mainly from the untold, unmerited misery, the agony of ages which Christian rulers and nations had entailed on poor Israel under the impulse given by Christian priests and teachers. But when I learned to know and revere in Broadus a Christian who was truly a man of God, in whom there was the spirit of justice and mercy, the spirit of brotherly love toward all men without distinction of nationality, race, or creed, my conception of Christianity and my attitude toward it underwent a complete change. For the first time in my life Christianity presented itself to me, not as a bundle of unfathomable dogmas, but as a living power for good, as actualized in an ideal man. Broadus was the precious fruit by which I learned to judge of the tree of Christianity. Would there were many Christians like Broadus in the world to bless it, and bring peace and good-will to all men! The strife and bitterness of

ages, the mutual misjudgments and historical recriminations would soon cease among kindred religions. Jews and Christians would soon recognize that they are, under different standards, doing battle for the same eternal cause, for spirituality and holiness, for the brotherhood of all men in God, their common father, for the establishment of the kingdom of Heaven on earth. Sinai and Golgotha would no longer be standing for conflicting creeds, but would be the spiritual symbols of the one only true and universal religion, of which Judaism and Christianity represent each a special aspect and carry on each a peculiar mission. Oh, that the mantle of the wise master would fall on many disciples, that they may have a double share in his spirit of broad humanity, and continue the work of uniting the hearts and wills of men in the service of God which the great man has left unfinished!

What a blessed privilege it is to have been familiar with a great man, to have basked in the sunshine of his genius! What a precious memory it will be to have enjoyed the friendship of a man like Broadus, to have often listened to his sparkling conversation and to his inspiring sermons. What rare and radiant creatures truly great men are! When God makes a great man, He equips him with marvelous powers and graces of mind and heart which render him the wonder and delight of his age.

What a keen, capacious, and lustrous mind Broadus had! His intellect penetrated with native force to the heart of every problem he dealt with. He mastered with an easy grace the profoundest and abstrusest questions in metaphysics and theology. He was a deep, philosophical thinker, was thoroughly familiar with the various systems of ancient, medieval, and modern speculation, and fully understood their mutual relations and the meandering course of their development. He ranked among the foremost theologians of our time. He and his lamented friend, Boyce, were the greatest and most original exponents of

Christian theology within the Baptist Church. He understood the spirit of the Old Testament and of the New, and the mighty currents of their religious and moral forces as few men of our time did. Being himself an inspired man, he was by native insight at home with the prophets, apostles, and wise men of Israel. The seers of Zion spake to him as to a kindred soul. He was no occasional visitor with them, catching now and then a glimpse of their beauty, truth, purity, and morality; he was familiar in all their house. Few men had as clear and keen an appreciation of the sublime oratory of the Bible as he. In his history of preaching Broadus, who was one of the greatest preachers of all times, gave striking proof of his affinity to the immortal preachers of Israel. His knowledge of the whole field of biblical literature was simply amazing. He was a great biblical scholar. He was no dry-as-dust pedant who gropes about the outside of the temple of the Scripture and now and then picks up and with great glee explains an antique fragment. By virtue of penetrating sympathy and original power, he worked his way into the holy of holies of the Bible. He commented on the world's seers and on the volumes in which their imperishable thoughts are enshrined like one in authority. His commentary on Matthew will remain an everlasting monument to his ripe scholarship, to his strong grasp of central ideas, and his masterful literary style.

His style is as clear and transparent as the limpid brook. Because one seems to look to the very bottom of his thoughts, one might imagine that they are not deep. But let us just try to dive down into the current of his ideas, and we will soon find that there are deeps underneath deeps. He possessed the rare faculty of making the most difficult and complex matter appear as simple and clear as a child's problem in arithmetic.

He was a philologist of uncommon attainments. Greek and Latin were as familiar to him as his mother

tongue. He thoroughly understood the language of nearly every European literature. His mind was stored with a vast amount of knowledge, culled from every field of literature, ancient and modern, Asiatic and European. He was familiar with the best results of science, and with her methods and principles. Still he would not be overawed by any second-rate scientist, who gave out his personal lucubrations and subjective theories as the deliverances of infallible Science—with a capital letter. He was a profound student of history. The landscape of the past lay clear before his mind's eye. To his comprehensive mind the history of mankind was no jungle of accidents, delusions, follies, and crimes, of battles and conquests, of migrations and discoveries. He was firmly convinced that a divine plan of love was realizing in all the vicissitudes, changes, and evolutions of humanity's secular life. He saw an eternal purpose of justice and mercy running through all times, giving unity to all periods and events, and imparting a lofty meaning to all the struggles and sufferings, the aspirations and victories of the human race. This belief in an overruling Providence, making for righteousness and blessedness, made him an optimist in the best sense of the word. He never despaired of human nature; he never lost faith in the ultimate victory of good and evil. Even the phenomena of reeking corruption and disgraceful demagogism, which saddened his patriotic heart, could not rob him of the belief that liberty will, under God's providence, work out her salvation and solve the most difficult problems in our America.

He had a quenchless thirst for knowledge of every kind. He knew perhaps every good book in English, American, and continental literature. He read with avidity, from the ponderous volume on biography, history, science, philology, and travel, down to the light novel of the day. He read rapidly, yet absorbed what was worth remembering in any work. He was an ardent lover and fine judge of poetry.

The great poets were, next to the Bible, his dearest companions, his comforters in days of sorrow, his inspirers in seasons of intellectual ebbing. Among others he held Browning in highest estimation, regarding him as one of the world's great seers.

His tastes were catholic and his range of knowledge was of universal scope. He seemed to be at home in every province of human knowledge. In hearing him lecture or converse on any subject one was tempted to think that he had devoted many years of painstaking study to just that particular subject. Much he learned from books, but much more he gained from personal observation. He was a keen observer of men, of things, and of times. He looked quite through the people with whom he happened to be thrown. He understood at a glance the permanent qualities and forces of a man's character. He was full of pleasant and instructive reminiscences of the great men whom he had known and been in close touch with in America and Europe. He had traveled extensively in Europe; had visited Egypt and Palestine. He knew the cities, the arts, the habits of mind, and the manners of the nations he had observed.

His conversation was, therefore, extremely instructive and entertaining. He possessed wonderful conversational powers. He was the most charming and brilliant conversationalist I have known. He touched on no subject but he adorned and illumined it. Whatever the subject of conversation, he opened large and new vistas to the surprise and delight of his admiring friends. However trite and stale the topic, he lifted it to a higher plane. There was a play of fine humor and wit in his talk. But he never employed the weapon of sarcasm or irony. He never abused his great intellectual powers in debate. In fact, he was not conscious of them. There was such a touching gentleness in his voice, such a noble modesty in his demeanor, that it was a pleasure to bow to his superiority. He was an

excellent listener. He was all attention and eagerness to hear what one had to say. He seemed to be expecting to receive from you some message of higher truth and new light. He greeted the most ordinary persons with gracious cordiality and utmost respect. Ah, it was his delight to honor and love men, and to inspire them with self-respect and moral courage. The central warmth of his great heart diffused itself as a genial influence in glance and smile, in clasp and word, on his family, his friends, his disciples. Broadus was an ideal American gentleman. He was perhaps the most amiable and loveable Southerner of his time.

There was a refinement about him, an indescribable charm of manner, a sweetness of temper, a joyous kindliness of nature, that made everybody love him tenderly, enthusiastically, who had the good fortune to know him. No bitter word ever escaped his lips or flowed from his pen against any opponent. He was generous and charitable almost to a fault. His heart was a noble vessel, brimful of the milk of human kindness; the slightest touch of pity caused it to overflow.

With all his gentleness there was combined an iron will, an unyielding tenacity of purpose, an untiring energy, working without rest and toward a fixed end. He was a ruler of men by the power of a steadfast will, by the might of a vigorous intellect and the magnetism of his pure character. He was a brave man in the highest sense of the word. A certain man in this city who belonged to the same Confederate regiment in which Broadus served as chaplain, a few days ago said in a voice trembling and almost hushed in emotion: "That pale and delicate preacher on numberless occasions exposed himself to mortal danger while attending to his office of mercy. He could be seen moving calmly where the bullets were flying about thick and fast, bringing physical relief and spiritual comfort to the wounded."

Great as he was in many things, he yet appeared greatest in the pulpit. There his rare powers of mind, heart,

imagination, and will blended in perfect harmony and acted with concentrated energy. The clearest light of logical reasoning was combined in his sermons with the kindling force of ardent emotion; sublime thoughts expressed themselves in language comprehensible to a child. The most stirring pathos, the blaze of proud faith went hand in hand with the most lucid exposition and a marvelous freshness and variety of illustration. There was music, there was a soul-bewitching persuasive sweetness in his voice. There was a certain indescribable tone in his voice which touched the chords of the heart and carried conviction. There were at times melting tears in his voice, while the eye of the speaker was dry. While he swept the audience as by an irresistible torrent, he never lost control of himself. As much as he gave, you felt that there was still a reserved force behind. As you looked up into that noble, spiritual face, you could not help thinking that an ancient prophet was standing before you delivering a message received from on high. He was, in my opinion, one of the greatest preachers of all times. Will I ever hear and see the like of him again?

Methinks his place will not be filled in this city and in the South in our lifetime. What a grievous and irreparable loss his death is! Well has it been said by his eloquent friend, Professor Whitsitt: "Broadus ought to have lived a thousand years." Somebody remarked to me a few days ago: "Why should Broadus be dead, whose life was a general blessing, while thousands of vile men are enjoying life?" I answered him in the words of the Talmud: "The wicked are dead while they are alive, the righteous live most truly after their death." The life of Broadus was worth the lives of a hundred thousand common men. His memory will be even a greater blessing than his life was. Men like Broadus never die, and the grave of their true self can be seen nowhere.

Farewell, wisest and sweetest soul! My love of thee was passing the love of woman. Pardon this tribute paid

by an inferior mind to thy greatness! Suffer me to link for a brief moment my obscure name to thy immortal memory. May all the inhabitants of Louisville shine for a day with the light reflected from thee! Let men rise and call our city blessed, because Broadus has in her midst done the best part of his life-work! Many sins shall be forgiven Louisville, because she has for years harbored, loved, and revered Broadus, the servant of God. His life and his death will plead for her, and stay the hand of retribution till she consider, repent, and learn to walk in the ways of John A. Broadus.

ISAAC MAYER WISE.

ADDRESS OF CONGRATULATION.*

BELOVED Master, Dear Friend, Rabbi Isaac M. Wise, in the name of the Rabbis here assembled, in the name of all the members of the Rabbinical Conference of America, founded by you, presided over and wisely guided by you for ten years, in the name of this large audience which is truly representative of American Israel, I congratulate you upon the completion of the eightieth year of your life, and above all upon the manifold, fruitful, and noble work done by you during the days of your long and ever upward pilgrimage. All who know you—and to know you is to love you—all who have been inspired by your example, all whom your thoughtful yet fervid eloquence has edified, all whom your teachings have made better and wiser, all who have derived knowledge and guidance from your writings, the vast number of men and women throughout our broad land who have directly and indirectly felt the uplifting influence of your personality and activity, rise on this great day and call you blessed, all praise you, saying: Many have done valiantly, but thou excellest them all! Deceitful are the triumphs of selfish ambition, vain is the glory of mere learning, vain the pride of high-sounding oratory. But the man who has given all his powers to the general good shall be praised. The man who has walked in humility and uprightness

*Spoken at the Central Conference of American Rabbis, at Cincinnati, Nissan 8, 5659 (March 14, 1899), at the celebration of the eightieth anniversary of Dr. Wise's birthday.

with God shall be exalted. We say of this righteous man, on this his eightieth birthday: It is well with him, for he eateth of the fruits of his labors. He has scattered blessings, he has been as a father to the poor and needy, he has sown light for Israelites and Gentiles. His name and his work shall endure forever.

This is indeed a week of rejoicing and thanksgiving not only to the venerable sage himself and to his immediate family, not only to his disciples and friends, but to all those who are ever looking out for manifestations of divine goodness and signs of divine guidance in the lives of individuals and nations. Consider his marvelous physical vitality, unabated even to this day, note the vigor and elasticity of his mind even at this late season of his life, mark his abounding energy equal to all conditions and demands, contemplate the long and blessed result of his career! You can not help realizing that the Soul of Existence as manifested in the life of Isaac M. Wise, is beneficent order and compensating grace, you are bound to conclude that the divine Power which makes for progressive development in nature and for righteousness in the secular life of mankind, is behind those who with an indomitable will and a clear purpose strive to co-operate with the plans of Providence. The lives of persons such as Isaac M. Wise justify the ways of God to man. The lives of most men seem to indicate that the lot of man is weakness, misery, and failure. They are like the shadow of a dream. They are carried away as with a flood. They seem to be consumed as in a quenchless anger divine and troubled by Nature's unappeasable wrath. They spend their days like a sad tale that is told. The days of but a few men are three score years and ten and the gain thereof is weariness and sorrow. Age brings decay to all their faculties. All things become stale, flat, and unprofitable to them. The pleasures they had lived for, abandon them. Disappointment sits brooding over their soul. They come to feel that

human existence is but vanity and illusion, that man is the helpless victim of envious and pitiless powers.

But the wholesome, rich, and joyous life of this Grand Old Man, his ceaseless intellectual, moral, and spiritual growth, his bearing precious fruit even in high old age, confute the gloomy view of human existence, which we are inclined to hold on observing the average life of humanity. Men like Isaac M. Wise show that God who made man rejoices in him, and is just and kind to him in all his ways. This mortal, whose eye is not dim nor his natural force abated at eighty, who is physically and mentally still full of sap and green, is a living proof that there is no unrighteousness in the Rock of Ages, that He is forever making for strength and victory and gladness in the realms of nature, and above all in man, the crown of all creation. We hail our teacher as a witness to the lovingkindness of the God of Nature. We reverence him as a typical man such as the creative Love divine intends man to be. We rejoice in his individual life because we believe it foreshadows the life of the coming man. We rise from the contemplation of this particular man to ideal conclusions regarding man in general. This glorious birthday, promising many more like birthdays, seems to foretell the latter days, when the average life of man will be eighty or ninety years, when wisdom will guide the steps of every mortal in the ways of God, and the old age of every man will bring home a rich harvest prepared by his youth and manhood, a harvest rich in noble results and honors, such as we are celebrating to-day.

What is the secret of this man's immense spiritual power and moral influence? What is the ultimate cause of this man's triumphant career? What has enabled him to bear so many burdens and perform truly herculean tasks? My answer is: His character and his achievements find their explanation in the fact that he has from the days of his youth to this, the crowning hour of his life striven

with all his powers to be a witness of the one only God, the living God of justice and mercy, the God of holiness and truth. It has been with him a life-long instinct and a passion to be the champion of the universal faith and the sublime ethics of Israel. Indissolubly interwoven with the very constitution of his mind is the belief that the religion revealed by God through the seers and lawgivers of Israel is the fountain-head of all true religion, the primal and perennial source of all humanity. He has ever firmly believed in the deathless mission of Israel unto all the families of the earth, he has ever held that justice and equity can prevail only where the eternal principles of the Mosaic moral and social laws are fully acknowledged and carried into execution according to the varying conditions of the times. His love of Judaism has been the great and holy passion of his life. This love is with him synonymous with the love of God, with the love of humanity, and of reason. In his mind there has never been the shadow of a doubt that the triumph of Israel's religion would be the triumph of reason against superstition, of light against darkness. In his heart of hearts he has always borne the conviction, that the realization of the moral ideas and ideals of Judaism would bring on the reign of righteousness, of peace, and of human brotherhood. Our religion has never been a lip-deep profession with him. It has been and is the very life of his mind and heart. It has informed his thoughts, shaped his character, and determined the whole course of his life's activity.

Smitten with the passion for the truths and the mission of Judaism, he has been exceedingly zealous for the cause of Israel, which he justly holds to be identical with the cause of God and humanity. His heart burned within him when he saw Judaism fettered by innumerable ceremonial ties, weighted down by the yoke of medieval orthodoxy, disguised by an outlandish garb, disfigured by unnatural excrescence. To reform Judaism in the spirit

of Moses and the prophets and their true successors, to regenerate it in the spirit of wisdom and might, to make it again the living heart of Israel, to make it a great moral and spiritual world-power, has been the central and all-determining purpose of his whole life. You can not truly read the meaning of Dr. Wise's career, you can not comprehend the movements of his mind, nor understand his varied and restless activities, unless you view them in the light of his high ideal.

He made himself a voluntary exile from his country, his birthplace, and father's house, because he was convinced that a thorough-going reform of Judaism was not possible under the hardened conditions prevailing in the Old World. His prophetic soul told him that in the New World there would be found free scope and favorable surroundings for a Judaism purged of its dross, a Judaism adjusted to the conditions and requirements of modern civilization, and fitted to open a new era of moral and religious life to Israel, and to bring light to the nations. Fifty-three years ago he landed on the shores of America. And from that hour to this day he has lived and toiled, battled and suffered and conquered for that ideal. Not for one moment during all those years did he become faithless to the central purpose of his life. Not for one moment did he doubt that God was with him, and was helping him in his arduous work.

This intense enthusiasm for one great ideal has given his life that unity of purpose, imparted to his character that strength and consistency, and endowed him with that marvelous capacity for work, which have made him the greatest force in American Israel, and the greatest reformer of his time and generation. All his native powers—an indomitable will, a vigorous, keen intelligence, wonderful nerve force, clear and straight vision—all were taken into service by his great ideal and directed with concentrated energy towards a fixed goal. He always knew what he

wanted, because he always knew the requirements of the times and the demands of the cause for which he lived. He invariably recognized the right means which would lead to the purposive ends. Though working for one eternal ideal, he never was an impractical dreamer. He always had an eye for the realities of things, and sound judgment to distinguish between the possible and the impossible. Because he wanted little or nothing for himself and everything for Judaism, because he did not work for his own glory, but for the glory of God and humanity, he was always fearless in thought and act. His ideal and his faith in God inspired him with dauntless courage, so that he ever looked with an unflinching eye on conditions and men, on things old and new, on friends and foes. With unfaltering steps he walked toward his goal, far or near, and rejoiced in overcoming the innumerable obstacles which he met in his way. For his is essentially a militant energy. Isaac M. Wise always loved a good fight in the service of a good cause. But he never did anything in malice or in hate, but in honor. Battle and victory and rule were never regarded by him as ends in themselves, but as means to a high end. And that end was, to help establish justice on earth, to give victory and glory to the faith and moral ideals of Israel.

One after another he determined upon the means to serve the central purpose of his life. He early recognized that preaching in English, the language of the country, that preaching every Sabbath and holiday, and on all opportune occasions and in all possible places, was the first prerequisite for bringing the truth of God home to the hearts of the Israelites, and for making Judaism a moral and religious power in the national life of America. For over fifty years he has made his preaching a means of incalculable good to all American Israel, and to the country at large. There is not a region in our broad land where his inspiring voice has not again and again been heard. Every-

where his sermons have kindled enthusiasm in the soul of his co-religionists for the law of God and for Israel's glorious historic calling. Everywhere his word has been like a hammer breaking ancient prejudices. Everywhere his message turned the heart of the Gentile towards the Jew, and the heart of the Jew toward the Gentile. That anti-Semitism does not exist in this country; that Jew-hating and Jew-baiting are an impossibility in our America; that Judaism is universally respected and regarded by many enlightened Gentiles as co-equal with Christianity; that our temples are more and more becoming houses of prayer for all nations, is in a large measure due to the far-spreading influence exerted during a half a century by Dr. Wise's preaching and writings. Upon this grand achievement we congratulate you today, saying: You have wrestled with darkness, with indifference and enmity, and have prevailed by the might of your word.

The deep and lasting effect of his preaching is not due to any tricks and artifices of oratory. His has been and is the eloquence of a powerful personality, the eloquence of unshakable conviction, the eloquence of reason alive with passion, the eloquence of ideas irresistible in logic but charged with emotion. The fruit of that eloquence of character, of knowledge, of life-long enthusiasm, for the moral and religious ideals of Israel, is the condition of Judaism in Cincinnati. It may be said without fear of contradiction, that Cincinnati has been for years, and still is, the center of American Israel. The right man and the right conditions met in this city, and the outcome of their harmonious co-operation, their mutual actions and re-actions, during wellnigh half a century, has been a blessing to all the inhabitants of Cincinnati, the Jews first and next the Gentiles; a blessing to all American Israel, a blessing to Judaism in the Old World. Here he found the men, who, as members of congregations or as colleagues, entered with eager sympathy into his intentions,

lent him the influence of their characters, of their positions, of their wealth or learning, and enabled him to advance step by step towards the realization of his far-reaching plans. Many of his fellow-workers have gone to their reward, and at this hour he remembers them with mingled feelings of gratitude and love and sorrow, but many more are, thank God, still with him, celebrating himself and themselves in him, in his work and honor. And with them are their children. A new generation has risen with their fathers and mothers who know Isaac M. Wise and his works. They are filled with his spirit, and are resolved to keep his name and his work alive and transmit them as a precious legacy to their children and children's children. This man deserves to live in your heart, and to shine transfigured in your mind, as the typical teacher and guide of American Israel. For he not only preached the gospel of the one only God of humanity, he not only inspired himself and others with the grand ideals of the prophets, but he has also wrought with all his might for their realization. One by one he had to fashion the instruments with which to do his self-imposed work. He had to prepare the means and measures wherewith to compass his high ends. He felt called to satisfy the wants which his own bold spirit of reform had created.

Judaism in America required a reform prayer-book which should respond to the ideas of American Israel, eliminating dead hopes and exploded national issues, making room for new aspirations, giving expression not to lamentations over vanished glories, but to joy and gratitude for deliverance wrought in our own day. Still such a prayer-book was nowhere to be found. So he set to work, and after years of toil and labor, he brought out the "Minhag America," which was adopted by most reformed congregations, and which for many years served as the common ground for their religious solidarity, and as a sign of their spiritual union.

He recognized the need of a weekly journal, to represent reform Judaism in America and abroad. Under innumerable difficulties which would have made a less sturdy heart give up the attempt in despair, he succeeded in establishing the *American Israelite* and the *Deborah*, as consistent organs of progressive Judaism. In them is stored up the history of Isaac M. Wise's growing and expanding character and mind, the history of his high-aspiring ideals, of his struggles and achievements. In them the future historian will find the ample records of American Israel during almost half-a-century, the records of its inward and outward evolution. From them he will trace the gradual development of Judaism in America from an insignificant foreign plant, until it became a mighty, far-spreading tree of life of indigenous growth. From them the future biographer of Dr. Wise will be able to reconstruct his life-work, discern the innermost meanings of his various movements, and lay bare in the character of the man the cause of the tremendous influence exercised by him on his time and generation. He will be able to show that among other qualities of true genius, Dr. Wise possessed the capacity for taking infinite pains in doing thoroughly and in due season the many arduous tasks required by the ideal to which he had consecrated his life and all his powers. He will be in a position to prove that our Master pursued a constructive plan for building up theoretically and practically Reform Judaism on the free soil of America. He laid the foundations broad and deep, and went on erecting with incessant labor one part after another of the superstructure.

American Israel needed a catechism for the religious instruction of the young. Wise produced one, which is really a systematic treatise on Judaism, embodying in popular form the cardinal beliefs and the imperishable moral ideas and laws of Israel's religion of humanity. It stands unsurpassed among the catechisms which have appeared in

this country and elsewhere. It is a clear and fearless expression of the universal religion of the prophets, free from narrow tribalism, free from Jewish national chauvinism and the pagan pride of blood. It breathes the pride of Messianic hope and brotherhood for all the families of the earth.

American Israel needed a history of Israel. Dr. Wise wrote a brilliant history of the First Commonwealth, which unfortunately has long been out of print. He gave years of most painstaking research and arduous labor to the composition of the history of the Second Commonwealth. Neither envious silence nor hostile criticism will ever be able to commit that work to oblivion. It will forever be a monument to his learning, to his tireless energy, his literary ability, and his all-absorbing love for the science of Judaism.

He has given us a systematic treatise on the theology of Judaism, a treatise profound, lucid, strong in logical reasoning. In another splendid work he has brought into clear view the relations subsisting between Judaism and Christianity, showing their agreements and disagreements, defining their boundaries, giving unstinted praise and honor to the daughter religion, yet making good the claim of the mother church to eternal life and a universal mission.

His ideal of a rejuvenated Judaism, resting on reason and lit up by revelation, compelled him, as it were, to write his "Cosmic God." There is great profundity and originality of thought in it, and astounding cogency of reasoning and a vast array of learning. The purpose of the great argument is to show, that the well-ascertained and co-ordinated facts of nature and the fundamental concepts of science, as well as the cardinal ideas of metaphysics, lead up to the supreme truth of all, to-wit: to the belief in an all-creative, self-conscious Cause, in an all-embracing, all-unfolding spiritual Power—the eternal essence and parent

source both of nature and of man. That work was a great step in his intellectual and religious pilgrim's progress, which he invited us to make with him.

Admirable and rich in noble fruitage as are his theoretical and literary works, more important still are his practical achievements for the growth and honor of American Israel. The Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the Hebrew Union College, and the Central Conference of American Rabbis, are the three creations by which he will mainly live. The union of all reform congregations in our land has been the dream of his life. Attempt after attempt was made and failed. But in the fullness of time, some twenty-five years ago, with the aid of valiant men and true, he succeeded in establishing a Union, which has grown from more to more, until it has come to embrace every progressive religious community of Israel in America. Though still at the beginning of its career, the Union has already accomplished great results. It contains within itself the promise and potency of untold good, moral and religious, yet to be achieved in course of generations. The very fact that over a hundred congregations know themselves to be members of a great spiritual Union is in itself a moral gain of utmost value. For union is the ultimate end of morality; peace and good will are the signs of our nearness to God, our common Father, the Holy One of Israel. Discord and disunion are the deadly fruits of self-seeking ambition, of mutual suspicions and jealousies, of apostacy from God and humanity. In celebrating Isaac M. Wise today, we are celebrating the Union of American Congregations, the noble offspring of his enthusiasm and sagacity. Through him and his faithful fellow-workers a permanent union and harmonious co-operation have supplanted sectional discord and personal strife. Blessed be the God of peace and love, the Guardian of Israel, who has given us in Isaac M. Wise a prince of peace and father of union!

The Central Conference of American Rabbis, created by him, imbued with his spirit, and guided by his calm judgment, crowns the work of union in the camp of progressive American Israel. We congratulate him today upon having banished the evil spirit of disunion, suspicion, and jealousy from among the Rabbis of this country. We congratulate him upon having united us into a true brotherhood. We thank him for having made us a band of mutually-respecting and mutually-helpful fellow-workers in the vineyard of Israel. All misunderstandings have given way to mutual trust, all animosities have been quenched by the love which we bear to the head of the Conference. We have come here to honor ourselves by honoring him. We are assembled here today to pay homage to him as the typical American Rabbi. We wish the possibilities and aspirations of the American Rabbi to be judged by his ideals and achievements. For his ideals are our ideals and upon his works we shall strive to pattern our own. His spirit will live in and act through the Central Conference of American Rabbis long after his career on earth shall have come to a close. Whenever and wherever the Conference will meet in coming days, his name will be mentioned for a blessing. The permanency of this organization is secured not only by the character which his mind has stamped upon it, but also by the fact that a majority of its members are his disciples and that their number will increase from year to year.

The Hebrew Union College is the greatest creation of his idealism and of his practical genius. By it he has become the Rabban Johanan ben Zakkai of America. He has planted it as a tree of life and knowledge in the house of God; it shall flourish forever in the courts of Judaism. It shall rise like a palm tree on the mountain of Yahve, and grow up like a cedar on the spiritual Lebanon of American Israel. By this institution, if by no other work of his, he has gained his immortality. By this institution he

will live as a creative spiritual force in the growing life of American Israel. The College is the most perfect and precious fruit of his life. By it he has linked his own individual existence to the universal and eternal existence of spiritual Israel. In fact, it is dearer to him than all things else that he has accomplished. Were an angel from heaven to appear to him and say: "All your work save *one* shall perish; the choice lies with you. Which do you choose?" He would without a moment's hesitation answer: "Let the Hebrew Union College live and grow, though all things else, willed and worked for by me, should dwindle into nothingness!" He would readily consent to let his own name sink into utter forgetfulness, if thereby he could further the cause for which he has lived and labored and suffered. Not for his glory, nor for the greatness of his house has he toiled incessantly for over half-a-century, but for the glory of God, for the mission of Israel, and the progress of humanity.

For he is an Israelite to the very core of his being. He is like one of the ancient leaders of Israel come to life again. He is a Hebrew of Hebrews in the best sense of the word. He has the stubbornness of will, the tenacity of purpose, the unyielding endurance of a genuine son of Israel, who may at times bend but never breaks. He has the intellectual vivacity, the keen penetration, and the love of knowledge for its own sake, which are characteristic qualities of the superior Jew. But he has also the tenderness of heart, the mercifulness and the strong family affections, by which the true Israelite is distinguished. Infinite pity for the poor and needy and the disinherited of the earth, quenchless hatred of tyranny and tyrants, fierce anger against the wicked, who disguise their lying spirit, their envy and low passions as patriotism and religion, an ardent faith in the God of righteousness—these attributes of the soul of Israel have been the sleepless forces of his character and the impelling motive of his conduct. Ana-

lyze his character, scrutinize his life, and you will find that he has ever been a loyal man—loyal to God, loyal to Israel, loyal to his beloved America, loyal to his family, loyal to his friends, loyal at all times to his convictions. He has always stood on his convictions as on an immovable rock. He was never overawed by popular outcries, nor swerved from his position by the assaults of fanaticism. The waves of orthodox reaction, which of late years, in consequence of anti-Semitism, have risen in Germany and flowed over to our own shore, have not been able to tear him from the moorings of Reform Judaism. The madness of Zionism, the most deplorable effect of vile anti-Semitism, has met in him an uncompromising antagonist, convinced as he is, that it is utterly opposed to the spiritual and universal mission of Judaism. Mysticism of every kind, whether the romanticism of neo-orthodoxy or the wild day-dreams of the Zionists, is abhorrent to his light-loving soul. For half a century and upward he has been standing on the watch-tower of time, warning his co-religionists against the dangers of materialism and of letter-worship, warning men of all denominations against making love to darkness and superstition, warning the people of America against calling evil good and folly wisdom. Oh, may he stand on that watch-tower for many more years to come—the guardian of our highest interests, the type of the true Israelite, the noble representative of American manhood and patriotism!

FILIAL PIETY.

THE love and reverence for parents partakes of the nature of religion. Filial piety and the fear of God spring from one and the same root. "He that feareth the Lord will honor his father." We adore God as the fountain of infinite existence from which our own life has flowed. It is the mystery of existence surrounding us on all sides to which our soul bends in speechless worship. Our whole being is overwhelmed with awe as we stand in the presence of this all-embracing infinitude and eternity of which we know ourselves to be a part. We are drawn by love and yearning toward the nameless Being that is the parent of the heavens above and the earth beneath, the parent also of our own self. Impenetrable is the veil which enfolds all things, inscrutable their whence and whither. From what seeds did matter sprout and blossom forth? From what central fire was the spark of life taken and blown into a universal flame? Where is the hidden eternal light of will and reason of which our own mind is a beam in darkness? Eagerly, anxiously our soul puts these questions to the world-mystery, and answer is returned by a still voice within: "Sink on thy knees, O mortal, and in hushed awe worship Him, the unseen yet everpresent, whom no thought of thine can grasp, yet whom by faith thou dost embrace. In fear and love adore Him under the image of a father, under the symbol of a mother." And we fear and love our earthly parents as the image and symbol of our heavenly Father. For they link us as no other being does to the mystery of world-existence! It is from them and through them that we have received life. They alone form the vital chain which connects us body and soul with the multitudinous life of the universe. They stand between us

and the infinite divine existence. The torch of life passing through countless ages from the hand of one generation to another has been transmitted to our person through our parents. Noble natures, therefore, gaze rapt in wonder at the countenance of father and mother, and are stirred by feelings akin to the religious emotions which the contemplation of the mystery of existence excites in them. "He that feareth the Lord will honor his father, and he that is obedient to the Lord will be a comfort to his mother."

We adore God as the ideal of perfection. We believe Him to be the highest and holiest of goodness. We do not worship the Infinite because He is all-powerful. His omnipotence could arouse in us only feelings of craven fear, and awaken the anxious desire to live at peace with His will, lest the arm of His dreadful might strike us down. But despite His infinite power we should withhold our love and reverence from Him, did He not reveal Himself to the heart of our faith as the realized ideal of justice, mercy, and holiness, an ideal which we mortals, enslaved by our passions, clogged by our infirmities, are striving after in vain. We can love and revere only those beings that we know to be adorned with the attributes of goodness. We prostrate ourselves and pour out the praises of ardent devotion before Him whose perfection is unsearchable, whose essence is love radiant with holiness.

Similarly, we love our father and mother as the noblest beings we know of on earth. They are venerable to us beyond other men because to our mind they are better, holier, and purer than others. All the virtues seem to us to have incarnated themselves in their lives. They are to us the types of manhood and womanhood, the representatives of the moral ideals of humanity. From them we first learned to distinguish between right and wrong, between good and evil, truth and falsehood. The sweet smile with which our mother nodded approval upon the child's generous acts and

words had in it a matchless eloquence, that enkindled in our breast the love of things good, of things beautiful and true. The reproachful frown, the painful look, wherewith our father reprov'd the child's outbursts of envy, hatred, and malice, terrified our conscience like the angry countenance of a deity. To the end of our days we shall not forget the words full of sadness and love, with which our father and mother rebuked our idleness, our heedlessness, the wildness of our ways. The example of our parents' life has been and still is a moral inspiration to us.

No wonder, therefore, that the reverence with which we regard our parents is religious in its origin and nature. We worship God as the ideal of perfection, we honor our parents as types of human excellence. "He that feareth the Lord, will honor his father and his mother." We adore God with hearts overflowing with gratitude toward the Giver of all good. With a lavish hand He scatters blessings along our path, which we gather as we pass. The fountains of His bounty flow by day and night. The heavens rain down the bread of life. The earth brings forth gifts innumerable to sustain our body and gladden our heart. And as our soul rejoices in the benefits received, it offers its thanksgiving unto the Sustainer and Upholder of all, whose mercy goes forth to all His creatures. But all the benefits bestowed on us by God came to us through the heart and from the hand of our parents. The boundless beneficence of God manifested itself through our father and mother. They are the messengers, whom Providence sent to us, bearing in their hands the material and spiritual treasures, which His loving kindness charged them to deliver unto us. Our parents have been unto us as it were visible gods on earth, through whose eye and soul infinite Love flashed out upon us the deep expression of its presence and power. Our gratitude towards God, if it be genuine, necessarily contains within itself thankfulness towards father and mother. We believe God to be absolute love.

He delights in showering His blessings upon us, because He is love. He requires no service at our hands in return for His countless benefits. But where in the whole range of creation do we meet with such divinely unselfish love save in the heart of parents? The love of all other beings is tainted with an element of self-interest. There is a streak of self-seeking in the love between husband and wife. Some alloy of selfishness is invariably mixed with the metal of friendship. The love of parents alone is wholly disinterested like that of our eternal Father. Their affection is pure gold that has passed through the crucible seven times. They love us without wishing, without hope, for any reward. Parents feel happy in being able to minister to the happiness of their children. Give a mother an opportunity to make a great sacrifice for her child, and she will bless you for enabling her love to express itself. Show but a father how to purchase with his heart's blood the health of his suffering child, how to deliver the life of his son or daughter from the grave, and he will rejoice, as if he had found the world's choicest treasure. As far as the east is from the west, so far is parental love from egotism. The love of parents for their children is the holiest manifestation of divine love. God's lovingkindness incarnates itself in the heart of mothers and fathers.

"He that feareth the Lord will therefore honor his father and mother." Filial piety is the first fruit of religion; in fact, it is the human side of religion. In what does filial piety exist? How does it act? How does it manifest its inner life? Filial piety inspires us to fear our father and mother almost as we fear God, our Heavenly Father. This is the only kind of creature-worship, if I may use the expression, which is not idolatry. Approach your father and mother as if you were coming into the presence of the Infinite. Be overwhelmed by a sense of worshipful awe, as you gaze upon their venerable countenances. Let your accents be low and reverential, measure well and

weigh your words, when you address the authors of your life. The mystery of universal existence, physical, intellectual, and moral, is looking at you through the eyes, is holding converse with you by the mouth, of your father and mother. Pay honor in deeds and words to your parents, with whom you are bound together by a sacred and indissoluble unity, which is the living image and most expressive symbol of that divine unity that embraces all worlds, all beings, all souls, the past, the present, and the future. Our spirit longs to transcend the bounds of our narrow self by rising on the wings of adoration into communion and union with the universal Reason. By rendering the homage of filial piety to father and mother we take the first and most important step away from the prison of self-sufficing and self-worshiping egotism or selfhood, and come to stand in an attitude of reverence and love before those who are not ourselves and yet are at one with us by virtue of countless vital and spiritual ties.

"He that feareth the Lord will honor his father and his mother." If we regard our father and mother as types of noble manhood and womanhood, if their moral superiority is their chiefest title to our veneration, what follows as to the way filial piety requires us to honor them? By striving after moral excellence, in order to be like them, in order to continue their higher life, we pay the most glorious homage to them, and bestow, as it were, divine honors upon them. The highest and holiest kind of worship consists not in praises and hymns, but in the practical adoration of the attribute of divine goodness, which we try to imitate. We endeavor, as far as our human frailty will permit, to walk in the ways of His holiness, in the ways of His justice and mercy. This clinging love for the divine ideal, this yearning to pattern our life upon it, is the service which true piety renders God. If the love we bear our parents is to deserve the holy name of piety, of filial piety, it must manifest itself in a desire to glorify them

through our life, through a life of moral beauty, of high-aspiring endeavor, of ceaseless growth in those godlike qualities, for which we reverence our father and mother. The true and deep self of our parents lies in their spiritual life, in their aspiration after perfection. This is the crown and glory of their existence. Shall their virtues die with them? Or shall they embody themselves in us and live on as immortal powers making for the world's righteousness and redemption? Shall their crown of wisdom and scepter of moral sovereignty be hidden away with them in their graves? Let us, their rightful spiritual heirs, wear their crown, and adorn it from year to year with precious jewels found by our own soul's experience; let us wield their scepter, and continually extend its dominions by fresh victories won by our will and reason over sensuous desires and impulses. Can you conceive of a greater honor to be paid to your parents than that of rescuing the highest, the ideal elements of their life from death, and re-embodiment and unfold them still farther in your own growing life? Thus only can filial love realize itself, thus only can the feelings of filial reverence convert themselves into acts of highest homage.

Do you wish, O sons and daughters, to render thanks to your parents for the innumerable benefits they have bestowed on you? Take up the threads of their life-work and continue to weave them into the living garment of humanity. Turn into a fruitful actuality what in them was but a noble ambition which they were powerless to realize for lack of means and opportunities! What in them were unquenchable longings after the ideals of culture, shall in your life attain their richest fulfilment. Let them be blessed and rewarded beyond all hope and expression by beholding in you the realization of their soul's divinest dreams. Elevate your father and mother, living or departed, by elevating yourselves. Make yourselves kings amongst the children of your time by the grace

divine of wisdom, righteousness, and mercy. Thereby you shall make your parents the progenitors of a royal spiritual line.

He that feareth the Lord will do service to his parents as to his masters, and will help his father and mother in their age. To work for our parents is not a sacrifice, but a privilege. To supply their wants with the first fruits of our labor is not an irksome duty imposed upon us by society, but a blessed right, which our heart claims. It is not in reluctant obedience to the imperial commands of conscience, but because our love rejoices in it that we surround the declining days of our parents with the blessings of plenty. The heavens above and the earth beneath sing with joy as they behold us supporting with our strong arms the old age of our parents. In the wide realm of nature and humanity there is nothing more touching, nothing more expressive of the holiest moral forces in the soul of man than the sight of sons and daughters hastening to the bedside of sick parents, watching over them with the eye of anxious love, and nursing them with untiring attention and devotion. Blessed the son, thrice blessed the daughter, whose kindness eagerly goes forth day by day to do service to father and mother in things great or little, in deeds and words! It is not only in deeds, but also in words that we should strive to give expression to the feelings of love and veneration which we cherish for father and mother. Many of us are bountiful in acts of devotion, but miserly in words of affection toward our parents. Are not words full of sweet tenderness, are no slight tokens expressive of our love and reverence more precious to parents than the richest gifts coldly bestowed? As the hart pants after brooks of water, so does a mother's soul thirst after a look of love, an affectionate word from her grown-up child; as the dry and parched field waits for the dew and rain of heaven, even so does a father's heart yearn after the presence of his son and hunger after the loving words of his

daughter. A few lines from a distant child received after weeks and months of silence, are hailed by father and mother with tearful joy, as if they were a heavenly message. Shall children begrudge their parents a few hours of loving converse in return for a life-time of devotion, a few flowers of tenderness for the garden of Eden which their love planted for them?

How is filial love rewarded? To this question the experience of mankind returns answer: "Honor thy father and mother that a blessing may come upon thee, for the blessing of the parents establisheth the houses of children." Though we may not be able fully to explain it, it is yet a fact as well ascertained as any fact in the life of nature or of man that a curse consumes the houses of those who dishonor, while a blessing establishes the houses of those who honor, their parents. Outraged filial piety is turned into a spirit of vengeance. It takes up its abode in the children of those that dishonor their parents. In the fullness of time their offspring will commend to their lips the ingredients of their own poisoned chalice. Popular imagination and the fancy of poets have often seized upon this theme, and in impressive tales brought its solemn lessons into clear view. You are familiar with the German story of a married couple that ill-treated and almost starved the old and decrepit father of the husband. He was not allowed to sit at the family table, but was confined to his corner behind the stove, where he was given the scanty remnants of the meal in a wooden bowl. One day the parents observed their little son, their only child, working away on a block of wood. "Dear son," they asked, "what are you making?" "I am trying to make," the boy replied, "a wooden bowl from which you shall eat behind my stove, when you will be old." At these words their conscience awoke, and smote with might upon the chords of their cruel hearts, their cheeks blanched, and their eyes filled with tears of repentance. From that time they

treated their poor father with more consideration and kindness. An English poet has enshrined the following awful tale in beautiful verse. The scene is a miserable cottage on the shore of the North Sea. The time is a bleak December night. The wind is howling, the rain is falling in torrents. Within the hut are two men, father and son. The latter of gigantic stature, with brutal features and blood-shot eyes, is fiercely cursing his equally repellant-looking sire. "Out with thee, useless carrion! Must I ever go on filling thy ravenous throat with the fruits of my labor, while thy wretched old hands can do nothing save carrying the food to thy mouth? Out with thee, toothless, drivelling drone! Thy ancient rotten bones shall no longer encumber this house of mine!" So saying he begins to drag his father out by the legs. He drags him from the first room to the second, from the second to the hall, from the hall to the threshold. The father says not a word. But when the son is about to pull him across the threshold into the open air, the father cries: "My son, hold on! So far but not further did I fifty years ago drag my father on a night like this." These awful words strike upon the ears of the son like trumpet sounds of the day of Judgment. He takes up his father, and carries him back into the room, and places him in the chair. All through the long winter night they sit speechless in the darkness. The morning gray shows to the son his father stiff and cold in death. Another writer describes the following harrowing scene. A daughter was quarreling with her mother, speaking daggers to her. The mother bore everything meekly. Suddenly as the daughter was giving expression to certain abusive words, the mother uttered a piercing shriek, threw herself upon the ground, and tore at her gray hair. "Woe is me," she cried, "these are the very words, which forty years ago I addressed to my own poor mother!" Retribution walks with halting and slow steps behind him who despises his father and dishonors his mother, but at last she overtakes

him, and fills him brimful of misery. His own misdeeds and cruel words incarnate themselves in his children, and turn upon him with demon-fury to plague him, and poison his every joy and hope. The peace of his household is destroyed. Black ingratitude gnaws at his vitals. If he is rich, his children wait with ill-concealed impatience for his death, in order to possess themselves of his wealth. If he is poor, he is allowed to pine away in his old age. Forsaken by his own children, he lingers through his last illness attended only by merciful strangers. His expiring breath becomes a curse to his children and their descendants after them. After a few generations the family sinks to the level of criminals and paupers.

But the blessing of the parents establishes the house of the children. There is a vitalizing and upbuilding power in filial piety. Those families in which filial love and reverence are strong and active forces, are seen to be endowed with wonderful life-powers, intellectual and moral. By a divine law indwelling human society, they rise from station to station till they come to occupy the high places of the earth. Know you families, once poor, without learning and social standing, that have within your life-time exalted and distinguished themselves, so as to be an object of admiration and emulation to many? Inquire into the hidden causes of their marvelous growth in moral energy, in culture, wealth, and influence! You will find that parents and children are bound together in such families by the strongest and holiest ties of love and reverence. You will observe their grown-up sons and daughters hanging upon the lips of father and mother, listening to their words of advice as if they were a message of heaven. You will see there both the older and the younger children clinging with tenderest affection to their parents. In such houses you will mark in the behavior of the children toward their father and mother a refinement of manner, a sweetness of temper, a joyous spirit of obedience, that make you feel as

if you were in a breathing paradise and heard humanity's springs of life flowing with melodious murmur. Happy the house in which aged parents dwell secure and happy under the shelter of their children's provident love and care! Thrice happy the house in which dying parents bless their sons and daughters, saying, "May your children be like you, may they be as faithful, as kind, as true to you as you have been to us!" Such houses will endure forever, their foundation is firm, and will never be removed. Filial piety is the fountain of life. It may not always prolong the days of an individual, who may be cut off by blindly-seizing, blindly-destroying disease. But it is sure to give long life to a people, in whose midst it is found. Filial piety gave to faint Israel power to endure in the ages of darkness and persecution. It imparted abundant strength to the feeble remnants of Jacob wandering as fugitives over the face of the earth. Youthful nations shall faint and be weary, and young warrior-races shall utterly fail. But the children of Israel that love and honor father and mother both in deed and word, shall mount up with wings like eagles; they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not be faint.

THE DUTY OF THE PULPIT.

WHAT is the duty of the pulpit? In what does the peculiar office of the preacher consist? He is a teacher, no doubt. But what shall he teach? What kind of knowledge is it his ministry to impart to the people? Our answer is: The office of the preacher has grown out of the office of the ancient prophets of Israel; or rather, it is the very same, only modified in many external and internal respects, in order to meet the altered conditions and requirements of the times. The preachers are to be the successors of the Israelitish prophets.

Of course, all preachers are not true disciples of the prophets. There are unworthy men who usurp and degrade the high calling of a religious and moral teacher. They regard their calling as a business like any other business. They are ministers for revenue only. The larger their income, the more contented they are with their work and their congregation. They are anxious, above all things, to please the people, on whom they depend for a living. They are most eager to be popular with the rich and influential members of their congregation. The first question with them always is, What do my people like best to hear? How shall I satisfy their taste? I must attract and entertain them. I must make them admire me as an orator! They shall flock to hear me with the eager curiosity which makes them wish to see a famous actor or opera singer. The saddest feature of all is, that such contemptible and vain hirelings are the favorite preachers of large numbers of American Jews. They are in our time and generation what the false prophets were in the days of old.

Like the corruptors of the people in those far-off ages, they speak smooth things, such as their bread-givers like to

hear. They tickle the ear of their Jewish hearers with fulsome flattery. They tell them that the Jews are by nature better than the Gentiles, that they are by race intellectually and morally superior to every people on earth. They persuade men, who ought to be roused to a consciousness of their narrow selfishness, dense ignorance, and materialistic life, that they are the chosen aristocracy of the whole human family. They mislead the people, making them believe that all is well with the Jews, that they are secure in their hereditary virtues, that there is for them no danger of spiritual decay and moral degeneracy. They tell people who are mere dwarfs in all things save commercial shrewdness, that they are the most enlightened men on earth. They lay the unction to the heart of those who are dead to the higher life, deaf to the voice of religion, and blind to the wonders of creation, that they are far above their ancestors who for ages suffered martyrdom for the sake of their religious and ethical ideas. Like their ancient prototypes, the modern false prophets do not sorrow over the faults, the sins, and the follies of their people. They care only for their own personal glory and advantage. The highest aim of these men is, to win applause at any price. They cater to the low intellectual wants of the ignorant majority. Their sermons do not rise above the mental and moral level of the multitude. They try but to amuse, and to coax a smile of approval and a look of admiration from their self-satisfied hearers. These phrase-mongers and hired players turn the pulpit into a stage, on which they strut about and cut capers for the delectation of those who pay for the show. The dull and stupid go away delighted with themselves, because they spent a pleasant half-hour without being compelled to think and learn something new. These clerical play-actors are usually surrounded after the service by an ignorant crowd who congratulate them upon their entertaining speech, assuring them that they have expressed exactly their ideas and sentiments.

Fortunately, the number of pernicious foxes who destroy the vineyard of the Lord is not as great as one might judge from the noise they make. A large number of modern preachers take their calling most seriously. They feel overwhelmed by the magnitude of the duties which their sacred office imposes upon them. They know that they are sitting in the seat of the prophets. This thought robs them of peace and contentment. Their soul is ever on fire. They feel that they are responsible to God and their conscience for the moral life or death, for the religious growth or decay, of every member of their congregation. They consider themselves as watchmen on the tower of time. They constantly hear a voice crying: "Woe to the watchman who falls asleep or abandons his post in search of ease, and allows the forces of evil to work havoc without let or hindrance!" Can you fathom the despair of him who says to himself: "Woe is me! The children of God are becoming mere toiling machines, mere pleasure-seekers, because I fail to teach them the truths eternal of the prophets, because I can not awaken them from their spiritual slumber"? What is wealth, what matters glory, friendship, or enmity to men who know themselves to be the messengers of God to their brothers, appointed to proclaim His everlasting laws of righteousness, to teach faith in a supreme Power of justice and love, to inspire all hearts with firm trust in an ever ruling Providence? The true preachers are never doubtful as to what is the duty of the pulpit.

To teach with tongues of fire the belief in the absolute and infinite ground of all being, the belief in the Maker of heaven and earth, the belief in one all-wise God, the Father and Lover of mankind, the Lawgiver, Judge, and Redeemer of all the families of the earth, this is the first and foremost truth which the pulpit must inculcate in season and out of season. This belief is the essence and soul of the religion of the prophets. This faith was the source

of their inspiration, the secret of their courage and power. The preacher who is silent and indifferent about this central idea of all true religion, the minister who does not care whether his flock, young and old, have the fear and love of God in their hearts, is a lying wretch, worse than the thief and forger. If a preacher knows that many of his parishioners call in doubt and, worse still, actually disbelieve the existence of God, shall he observe silence about this all-embracing theme, in order not to be considered a bore?

I have frequently been told by members of my congregation: "We Jews are no believers; we do not go to the temple to be instructed on matters of faith. We are not interested in such questions. Talk to us on live topics! We know all you can tell us on that old subject."

I would be a contemptible time-server, a miserable slave working for wages, were I not to use all the arguments of philosophy and history and all the means of persuasive eloquence, in order to re-awaken their slumbering faith or recall to life their dead belief in God. Though I might not convince them, I have done my duty. Though I may grieve over the lack of success, my conscience at least is clear. But if I neglect this paramount duty for fear of being considered a tedious speaker, I stand accused before God and my conscience. Every soul lost to faith will be accounted to me as spiritual murder.

The belief in God is no mere metaphysical conception. It is the highest ethical idea, containing within itself all the principles of moral conduct, all the ideals of humanity. To preach the fear and love of God, means to preach righteousness, to show the ways of life and goodness revealed by Him through the aspiring souls of His prophets. To the faith of Yahve, God and goodness are identical thoughts. For the Israelite to believe in God signifies to observe the divine laws of justice and mercy. It is therefore the duty of the pulpit to teach the good or godly life.

God and righteousness must be the theme of the preacher's sermons just as they were the burden of the prophets' oracles. It is the duty of the pulpit to measure the conduct of the people, in things both great and small, by the standard of the highest moral and religious ideas. The preacher should be like the prophets of old—the living, ever-wakeful conscience of his congregation. It is not the province of the pulpit to entertain. This is the business of the stage and other like institutions. It lies outside of the sphere of the pulpit to impart any kind of secular knowledge as an end in itself. The pulpit uses the knowledge supplied by science, art, and history solely for the purpose of bringing into light the truths of faith and tracing the ideas and enforcing the laws of moral conduct.

It is the preacher's mission to be the religious and moral monitor of his congregation. He should fearlessly criticise the rich and the poor, the men and the women, the young and the old, for their moral shortcomings. There is no pardon for him from God, if, from fear of making enemies, he fails to tell Jacob his transgression and Israel his sin. He must be full of noble enthusiasm for the perfect life, and on all occasions compare his own conduct and that of his fellow-men with the moral ideals set up by the prophets and teachers of Israel.

To do this persistently and successfully he must be a man of dauntless courage. He must not be afraid of giving offense to the leaders of his congregation. He must speak the truth, however unpleasant, though he run the risk of losing the friendship of influential men. He must preach, teach, and act in accordance with his deepest convictions, and be wholly unconcerned about the consequences which might flow therefrom to his own detriment. He must be ready to give up his charge at any moment and go with his family to face poverty, rather than be a flatterer and hypocrite. He must be willing to be an object of vicious criticism to the ignorant puffed up with

their own conceit, an object of scorn to shallow scoffers and to the purse-proud gilded youth. To discharge faithfully the duties of the pulpit, the preacher must be free from vanity and pride. He must be a despiser of money, indifferent to public applause and all the shows and trappings of external honors. He must love the cause of religion and morality better than his own life. He should work with an eye single to the spiritual growth and moral advancement of the community. He should be contented to be a failure in all that concerns his own interest, if he but succeed in helping men to understand and realize the higher life.

No man can devote all his energies, with a sustained effort, to the general good, unless he feels that he has a mission from God to do such life-work, arduous and thankless, yet of inestimable value. No minister can be a fearless champion of truth, reckless of all consequences, defying the powerful and rich, chiding the masses, putting the proud to the blush, if he is not inspired by deathless love for the highest well-being, the immortal good of his fellow-men.

The true teacher in Israel glows with enthusiasm for the universal mission of Yahvism. He is consumed with sleepless care for the present and the future of this people of endless sorrows and immortal destinies. Infinite pity and love possess his soul for poor maligned Israel. His heart is full of grief, because actual Israel falls so sadly behind the ideal Israel of the prophets.

His eyes grow dim, as he sees the missionary people of spirituality mostly sunk in materialism. He burns with indignation that the servant of God refuses to live and work any longer for his high calling, that the people of the Book of Revelation no longer know nor care to know the Book of Life, which the Christian nations cherish as the apple of their eye. Therefore must he raise his voice like a trumpet and tell the Israelites their sins and rebuke them for their faithlessness and the spiritual deadness of their souls.

Whoever is a true teacher in Israel will not only try to improve the outward conduct of men, he will also put forth strenuous efforts to change their heart, and ennoble their inward life. It is his duty to guide and educate the higher faculties of their soul, to plant in them the principles of righteous conduct, to transform and elevate their character. Good actions which do not spring from noble motives are of no moral value to the doer of them. Charity which is not born of love is mere dust and chaff. The virtues which have not their roots deep in a moral will are merely acts of prudence or a blind habit. It is the duty of the preacher to enlighten, spiritualize, and invigorate the will. He should feed the will of his hearers on the sublimest moral ideas, on the inspiring examples of the world's greatest leaders, the immortal revealers of truth.

The pulpit has still grander aims to pursue. It must not be satisfied with judging, for praise or censure, the actions and motives of men by the moral standards and ideas of the past. The pulpit has inherited from Hebrew prophecy the mission ever to extend the boundaries of ethical knowledge and insight, to go on developing the moral ideas from more to more, to make the ideals of humanity ever loftier and diviner. The preacher should endeavor to be among the pathfinders of moral progress. He ought to be among the first to see the visions of the larger and better life which is to be in coming days. The light of new spiritual evolutions should first dawn upon his wakeful soul, and his clear notes should proclaim to the age the gospel of nobler duties and sweeter modes of life than known to former generations. The principles of morality are not something absolutely fixed and stable. They are no antique precious stones, polished to perfection by the master-hands of departed artificers and transmitted as an heirloom from generation to generation, to be preserved in their given shape, not to be increased nor

diminished. The moral ideas and ideals are capable of infinite growth. They are the seeds divine implanted in the human soul. There is no bound to their powers of growth. They unfold with the unfolding life of civilization and are the flower and fruit of the growing social organism. It is the office of the religious teacher to look into the moral needs of his time and show to the people the new fruits of the spirit which the conditions of the age are ripening. For the genius of history gives to every age new problems to solve. The old solutions never fully meet the new conditions. The social diseases of our time can not be wholly cured by the remedies offered by the religious and moral thought of past times. Those appointed to lead the people must closely observe the movements, the evils, the conflicts and dangers of their time, and rise to conceptions of social duty higher than those recognized heretofore. The loud discords of our day, the fierce feud of poor and rich, the clashing of interests and classes, demand ideals of private and public conduct towering above the prevalent ideas and ideals of justice and mutual obligations. It is the office of the pulpit to bring home to the heart of the people the higher claims which humanity makes in our day on individuals and society, and to fire them with enthusiasm to co-operate with the work which the age is charged to perform.

It is not enough for the preacher to inculcate only what may be called the private virtues and to neglect the field of public or civic virtues. The duties of citizenship form a very important, perhaps the most important, part of morality. Yet this whole province of ethics is persistently left alone by most preachers. The selfish demagogues of our time, who fear nothing as much as the moralizing influence of the pulpit on public opinion, have inoculated the masses with the idea, that the pulpit should not be allowed to discuss the social and political problems of the day. A few preachers of superior character and

power, such as the late Henry Ward Beecher, have shown the moral courage to defy this pernicious superstition. They dared follow the example given by their great prototypes, the Hebrew prophets, who stood in the very midst of the currents of the time and judged all events, all political actors and parties, by the infallible standard of universal justice and social truth. The modern preachers of righteousness should walk in the footsteps of their immortal predecessors. Their mind should take an absorbing interest in the political and social life of their own nation and also of all the nations who play a part in the drama of modern civilization. They should have a comprehensive knowledge of the history of their own people and of all the great races, and be thoroughly familiar with the leading facts and general truths which bear on the economic conditions of social well-being. They should know and teach by what virtues and principles nations rise, and by what vices and follies they fall. The American minister should by study and observation come to have a clear insight into the fundamental moral principles on which the republic rests, and by the sapping of which it is bound to perish. It is his office to warn the people of the dangers which threaten the commonwealth, to make known the maladies which are vitiating its vitality, and to rouse men and women to a sense of their individual responsibility for the evils which are poisoning the fountain-heads of national life.

The newspapers have largely absorbed this all-important function of the ministry, and claim to discharge it better than any other agency hitherto known. But unfortunately, very few of them make good their claims to be conscientious and wise guides of the people. Being merely business enterprises, most of them have but one aim, to make money by all means, fair or foul. Most of them are the worst exponents of the lying spirit of blind and unscrupulous partisanship. Instead of moulding public

opinion in the interests of the general good of the country, many of them lend their influence and voice to the worst passions of sectional partisanship or, worse still, are in the pay of organized plunderers and self-seeking political coteries. But for those newspapers which are above party and above the lust for wealth, the press of the country would have to be considered a power for evil rather than for good. It is the duty of the pulpit to give all its strength to the cause of political morality so nobly represented by a few independent and truly patriotic newspapers. It must, of course, keep aloof from politics in the narrow sense, from all party strife and contention. The preacher must not descend into the arena of common political warfare. But he should be foremost in fighting against official corruption, against debasing and falsifying the suffrage through fraud and chicanery, foremost in doing battle for honesty, efficiency, and economy in the administration of city and state, for patriotism, honor, and wisdom in those clothed with authority.

The pulpit is eminently fitted to render this kind of service to the people. For the sincere teachers of faith and righteousness are most likely to penetrate to the moral root of the questions which agitate the nation, because their high calling excludes the thought of political ambition, because their mental vision and judgment are not obscured by greed of office and the love of power. The preacher who is inspired by the shining example of the prophets has no desire to rule and command. Men in whom the spirit of the Hebrew prophets lives incarnate, have no wish to be the rulers of the people. They only long to be the instruments of public justice and the messengers of social truth to the people. They do not parade as statesmen, nor do they dream of obtaining political power. All they strive after is that mercy and truth shall meet together in the land, that righteousness and peace shall kiss each other in every part of the commonwealth, that

truth shall spring out of the heart of the people and justice look down from the high places of the earth. The only reward they hope for is, that they may open the eyes of the blind, so as to make them see the dangers of the times, and may cause the ears of the deaf to hear the warning voice of the God of history.

But, while dealing with the questions of the day, the religious teacher should ever rise in his instructions and monitions from the individual case to the universal ideas, from passing events to the eternal truths which hover as creative powers above all times, all happenings, all nations. From the bewildering perplexities and confusions of the hour, he must ascend with his hearers to the imperishable ideals of humanity; from the finite, he must take the people with him on the wings of thought to the contemplation of the Infinite; from the shifting rules and laws of the day, he should rise with them to stand face to face with the eternal verities which will endure though heaven and earth pass away.

WHAT MAY MINISTERS AND LAYMEN ACCOMPLISH IN HALF-AN-HOUR?

WHAT might a minister do in half-an-hour? Why, the answer is self-evident! He may, in half-an-hour, deliver a beautiful and soul-stirring sermon, abounding in moral truths and adorned with all the graces of genuine oratory. Within that space of time an eloquent preacher may make a speech so powerful as to lift scorners by sheer spiritual force out of their seat of vanity and sin and carry them in a column of fiery but righteous wrath to the very heaven of repentance. In thirty minutes a true minister of God may melt the stoniest hearts in his audience, and thaw them into dew of pity. Half-an-hour's time should be sufficient for a religious speaker to handle any subject skillfully and exhaustively, making it clear even to the comprehension of the least educated, while at the same time charming the intelligence and taste of refined minds by chasteness of diction and wealth of thought. A lecture of thirty minutes' duration may be made a gem of composition and truth. All this, and much more, may be accomplished in half-an-hour, and even in less time.

Well, why do ministers so seldom do what appears so desirable from the point of view of wisdom, harmony, and economy? Why do they so often keep their helpless victims in an agony of yawning and dull despair for forty-five minutes, frequently a whole hour, and sometimes the length of an hour and a half? Like innocent lambs doomed to slaughter, the hearers sit in dumb misery submitting to their cruel fate, their only consolation being the

thought that they are suffering for their many sins. Wretched indeed is the state of the audience while the flood-gates of the preacher's vocabulary are opened and a torrent of turbid and turgid words is being poured out upon them, overflowing their minds and drowning every sensation but that of their utter helplessness and inability to escape. The gates of the church or synagogue are shut upon them by the inexorable sexton, and unless they should faint or die outright, they are bound to stay to the end, and neither God nor angel can help them. Should the forlorn creatures, from time to time, stealthily take out their watches to measure the length and width of their desolation and anguish, the minister darts at them a look of withering indignation, so that they shrink like guilty things and blush for shame.

Many preachers that, Sabbath after Sabbath, thus vex and afflict the best and most reverential portion of suffering humanity, are never aware of their sinful ways, never learn to know that by their long discourses they make the earth less habitable and less endurable. Some preachers, however, who at times deliver interminable sermons or lectures, happen to have true friends and a sensitive conscience to tell them that they have fallen into evil ways. Then forsooth they do repent and mourn over the deed that was overdone, and grieve over the overgrown sermon, which, with its unnaturally lengthened limbs and dropsical body, has descended into the grave of oblivion. Of the latter class of preachers that often transgress the bounds of time, but invariably are plagued by remorse afterward, I confess to be one! But a week ago—last Friday night—I again drew out my lecture to the length of three-quarters of an hour. Immediately after service cruel conscience began to attack me with bitter taunts and reproaches. I slunk out of the house of God abashed like a ghost at cock-crow! I took a walk with self-contempt at my side. The very stars seemed to wear a contemptuous smile; they

trembled so ironically! I seemed to hear them say, "Brevity is the soul of wit," aye, "brevity is the soul of wit!" It was late when my perturbed soul could find rest in sleep.

Alas, it was but for a short while that I enjoyed the blessing of self-forgetfulness! For soon the god of dreams began to play his mischievous pranks and tricks about me. I dreamed that I was dead and lay in a silver-mounted coffin ready for interment. I saw a vast amount of flowers in the room, and felt sorry to be no longer alive, that I might preach a strong sermon against such waste of money which could be spent to better purpose in aid of the poor. I regretted exceedingly to leave an intelligent and generous congregation. Still more did I grieve to part from my family. I was distressed that I should nevermore be able to read the books of many great minds, which, through idleness, I had in my life-time failed to read. It was, however, a great consolation to know for certain that the universal hope and belief of mankind in the immortality of man's soul was no mere dream, but a reality. Was not my spirit, while the body lay motionless and lifeless, thinking, meditating, and loving, even with greater energy and clearness than before? Soon a large number of good and tried friends, Jewish and Gentile, filed in and took of me a last look of infinite pity and tenderness. I heard my praises sounded on all sides from all lips in so extravagant a manner that my soul, which knew better, blushed for shame, although my bodily face continued pale and expressionless. All at once I heard one man say to a group of four or five other men in a low whisper, yet not low enough as not to be overheard by me: "All the good they say about him, now that he is gone, may be true; but Heaven forgive him his long sermons and his still longer lectures! At times he was a great bore. How anxiously I watched many a Friday evening for the end of the lecture that seemed never to come. I pitied myself and the other hearers,

but most of all the officers who are perched high in their seats of honor. The rest of the auditors could at least turn about and give vent to their impatience by sighs and expressive contortions of their features. But the poor officers from their high station, exposed on all sides to observation, had, by superhuman efforts, to hide their misery from the public eye and show a satisfied and serene countenance. I liked our lamented friend best during his annual vacation." The whole group looked and nodded assent. One of them, whose name I still remember, heaved a deep sigh and remarked: "Ah, poor soul, he is dead now, he meant it well!" And I who, while in the flesh, was so sensitive to criticism and prone to acknowledge any fault, being now wholly spiritual, felt neither indignation nor remorse nor compassion. Speak on, I said to myself, complain to your heart's content of the length of my sermons! God will surely reward me for having made a thorough use of the rare opportunities you offered me to see and address you in the house of God. When I happened to have you sinners before me, I was bound to give you two or three doses of moral medicine at once.

Presently a change came over the spirit of my dream. I was standing on the dismal shore of the river of death, and there came toward me an old man in a boat. His long beard was white with hoary age, his eyes were glowing and shining like orbs of fire. He beckoned to me, and winged desire wafted me from the river bank into the boat. It was a strange vessel! Some parts were beautiful, made of finest wood with artistically carved figures. Certain spots were covered with plates of gold and inlaid with precious gems. Other parts of the same boat, however, consisted of rotten wood with many holes in it, through which the dark waters were splashing. About the tenth portion of the sail was formed of purest white linen, but the rest was made up of dingy rags loosely held together. But the queerest and at the same time the most frightful feature were numerous tail-like appendages of immense length, which were

grown out of the very body of the boat and trailing alongside of it in the water. They seemed endowed with life, for they were writhing and twisting themselves as if in great pain and fear. Around them were swimming huge monsters, that eagerly swallowed them, but immediately cast them forth again. And I said to the ferryman: "Master, explain to me the mystery of this bark! Why is it so shabby and gorgeous at the same time? Have you no better material and no more skillful builders in your world?" And he answered: "Deluded mortal, this is the shadowy image of thy life on earth. The plates of gold mean—" "Stop!" I cried, "explain no more; I fully and sadly understand the structure of this boat. But tell me, what are these long appendages and the monsters following them?" Then the lank cheeks of Charon distorted themselves into a grim and deathly smile, as he replied: "Poor man, whom flatterers on earth, and especially those sons of Belial, the poetical reporters, called an eloquent speaker, these appendages are the excrescences of thy long sermons, the shadows of thy interminable lectures. Who are the monsters, thou askest? They are the ennui, the tedium, impatience, and despair of thy hearers. They had to swallow the intellectual food thou didst offer them, but they could not retain it." "Cruel demon!" I exclaimed, with tears of rage in my eyes, "wouldst thou even rob me of the good opinion I have of my work on earth?" He vouchsafed me no reply; his eyes only looked merciless scorn that thrilled me with anguish.

Soon I was brought before the dreaded Seat of Judgment, and found myself standing at the foot of the throne of the Ineffable Majesty. A flood of many-colored lights streamed forth from the mystery of Divine Presence. I could not look at the glory before me, for my eyes were dazzled as if by the rays of ten thousand suns. I closed my eyes and stood with my head bent downward. Then I heard a low voice of soul-bewitching sweetness. It spoke

to me in tones thrilling with pity and love like that of a father gently chiding his erring child. "My son," He said, "I have called thee away from earth, and summoned thee to appear before My tribunal. The days of thy pilgrimage in the world of mortality are ended. Thou hast made poor use of the precious gift of time while abiding on the star which mortals call Earth. I gave thee eyes to see with awe My manifold wonders, to behold with reverence the living revelations of My creative will. I vouchsafed unto thee eyes to become mirrors of creation's beauty, and with worshiping joy to gaze into the starry depth of the universe. Yet thou, My mortal child, didst close them to the heavens above that declare My glory, and didst bend them earthward to seek gold and silver or to be affrighted by the shadows of thy passing sorrows. Though endowed by Me with wondrous vision, thou hast lived in the world, wherein I have planted the tree of knowledge, a life of blindness. Thou hast not plucked the delicious fruits of knowledge that were within thy reach. Thou has left the world of sense as ignorant of its harmony as when thou wast made to enter it. Thou hast spent the best part of thy time in idleness and suffered half of it to be consumed in vanity. Child of My love, how grievously hast thou failed! Hadst thou given but half-an-hour every week to the contemplation of My works, and the understanding of My laws that bind suns to remotest suns, to catch a glimpse of My eternal will, as it liveth and stirreth in infinite forms and with expanding creative love ascends from plant and lowly worm through bird and beast to lordly man, hadst thou thus turned thyself but thirty minutes in seven days to learn and know My ways, thou wouldst have lived on with a life of joy as wide, as rich, as divine as My boundless revelation, which mortals call Nature! What hast thou done with thy time? My messengers I sent to mankind in all generations, My prophets, seers, and sweet singers, My high-priests of truth have bequeathed to thee

treasures of wisdom, have revealed My ways, the ways of goodness and justice, love and mercy, have brought down the true, the beautiful, and the eternal from heaven to earth. They have laid quite bare the foundations of the earth and unveiled the mysteries of existence! Hadst thou devoted every day of thy life but half-an-hour to learn and understand what untold ages with toilsome labor have prepared for thee, thou wouldst have gained much of the wisdom of the noblest minds that lived in thy time and before thee, thou wouldst have fallen heir to the kingdom of the past and the present. Half-an-hour's time every day of thy life devoted to suffering humanity, would have dried many a tear, would have lifted many of My fallen children from the dust, might have rescued many a weak man or woman from utter ruin! Thirty minutes given day after day to thy needy and helpless fellow-men, would have lessened the evils of earth and increased its joys. Half-an-hour snatched daily from thy selfish pleasures and selfish griefs, would have built up some of the waste places of the earth and made it more habitable and beautiful. Hadst thou, since thou didst arrive at maturity, consecrated half-an-hour every day to gather together all the truth accessible to thee on any subject in the realm of nature or mind, and written day by day a passage of lucid and earnest truth, thou mightest have left behind thee a valuable book as a lasting memorial of thy earthly life. As it is, thou hast but written two wretched novels, that nobody reads, but thy friends, out of kindness for thee. But more grievously than in all these things, hast thou sinned as a preacher. I took thee from behind the plow of poverty and delivered thee from the hand of oppressing care, and said unto thee: Be thou a teacher unto My children, to guide them in My ways and to lead them gently along My path, to strengthen the weak with the words of thy mouth, to infuse courage into the despairing. I destined thee to serve the spirit of My truth in the midst of

My congregation, to lead the lost sheep of Israel to the mountain of My revelation, and enkindle the sacred fire of faith in the hearts of the young. But woe is thee, My son! how sadly hast thou failed in thy holy mission. Instead of drawing them toward their Maker, toward truth, righteousness, and love, by means of short, attractive sermons, full of sound doctrine and sound morality, thou hast kept my sons and daughters from My house through wearisome, long speeches and lectures. Thou hast frightened away My people from the fount of truth, thou hast turned the Sabbath eve into hours of distress and of torture to their spirit. But for thee they would have crowded My sanctuary, listened eagerly to the words of admonition. The terror of thy endless lectures kept them at home, where they joined themselves together to indulge often in the games invented by Satan, the arch-enemy of the human race. Thou hast been weighed and found wanting, because thou hast given little in too many words."

When I had heard these dread words issuing from the mouth of Eternal Justice, I changed color, my knees knocked against each other with trembling, my whole frame shook with terror. Soon I fell on my face in agony of despair. Then an angel touched me lightly on the shoulder and whispered, "Rise and plead for mercy! for He is a merciful God." I therefore rose to my feet, and raising my hands toward the seat of Divine Mercy, I said, weeping bitterly: "O pardon and forgive Thy erring servant! I sinned, but not in a spirit of willfulness, I ever intended to make my sermons and lectures short, but they invariably turned out long. But I am not the only transgressor. My teachers, great leaders in Israel, used also to make exceedingly long speeches. I imitated their evil ways, as most all my cotemporaries, Jewish and Christian, were noted for their desperately long sermons. Candor emboldens me to say, that compared with some of the most famous preachers, I am the very embodiment of brevity. Besides,

I never preach longer than forty-five minutes." A voice of thunder rebuked me: "Speak no falsehood in the presence of thy Maker! Last Day of Atonement thou didst preach an hour and a half. The young of my temple therefore staid away from the evening service, and have not returned to this day." "Pardon and forgive my iniquity," I again pleaded, "let me but once more return to the earth! I will mend my ways. I will never preach longer than twenty minutes." "No, half-an-hour thou mayest consume, but no more; for once I will be gracious unto thee and restore thee to thy family, thy books, and thy congregation. But, beware! an angel will watch thee, invisible to thee. The very first instance thou exceedest the bound of time, off thou goest, never to return!" "Thanks and praise to Thee," I said, with overflowing gratitude, "for Thy lovingkindness. But suppose a subject should require more time?" "Then break it off in the middle!" Thereupon Divine Mercy commanded two angels to bring me back to earth. They bore me on their wings to my home, and, strange to say, thrust me in through the window into my dwelling-place. I found myself bathed in tears. I then vowed solemnly to keep forever the promise I had made before the Seat of Judgment.

HELL AND HEAVEN.*

YOU wish me to state my views regarding Hell and Heaven. Really, I am ashamed to confess how densely ignorant I am at present as to those interesting localities. Thirty-two years ago I visited Hell for the first and last time. I was then in my feeble way helping to drive out the Bourbon Devils from Naples. This occupation awakened in me the desire to go and see the Devils in their celebrated home. So I descended one day into Hell with my trusty Italian guide, Dante Alighieri. Thus I acquired a pretty accurate knowledge of the geography and topography of Hell. I made the acquaintance of many highborn ladies and gentlemen, and of numbers of renowned preachers and politicians. They all fanned themselves constantly on account of the oppressive heat. I was introduced to several Devil gentlemen, the superintendents of the various departments, the most courteous among whom was the chief of the fire department. He made me acquainted with one of his principal officers, the head of the Standard oil department, which is used there for heating and cooking hard sinners. Since then I have not visited that tropical country, because I dislike excessive heat. It makes me bilious. I can not, therefore, tell what Hell looks like nowadays.

Many great changes have since taken place which must have greatly altered the state of things down there. For instance, slavery has been abolished in the South and in several other countries. When I was a little boy the comets used to be considered wandering hells, traveling hotels, as it were, for the accommodation of sinful souls. Science

* A letter to the editor of *Truth*, a Louisville weekly.

has, however, lately discovered that comets are but assemblages or chains of meteors loosely held together by mutual attraction. There is surely no room on them for an infernal establishment. Is the moon a hell, as wise men and women formerly thought it to be? In my present lamentable state of ignorance I dare not give either an affirmative or negative answer to this all-important question. Still, I am inclined to think that the transitions from dreadful heat to horrible cold, though supplying, without any extra arrangement, most suitable torments for the wicked, must in the long run totally ruin the health of the supervising Devils. Ague and fever must make life unbearable to them, and determine them to emigrate. Indeed, I honestly believe that Hell has of late years been transferred to the earth—to Russia. Millions of souls are tormented there by veritable devils. Religion, manhood, self-respect, honor, hope, are crushed out of them by contrivances which no devils in Hell could have conceived. By means of half a million of sub-devils, the arch-devil has succeeded in turning multitudes of human beings into beasts. That Hell, misnamed a Christian country, is surrounded by high and thick walls of ignorance; it has lofty gates, the accursed gates of despotism. The inscription on those gates ought to be:

Per me si va nella città dolente,
Per me si va nel eterno dolore,
Per me si va tra la perduta gente,
Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate!

“Through me you pass into the city of woe; through me you pass into eternal pain; through me to the people lost for aye; all hope abandon ye who enter here!”

As to Heaven, I will tell you all I know about it, precious little though it be. I lived in Heaven many ages before I became a denizen of this planet. I have still a faint recollection of how bitterly I cried when I was bidden to leave the ever-green meadows, the garden of bliss, with its trees

bearing the fruits of knowledge and joy, and take up my abode in the house of a poor minister. I clung to the feet of my guardian angel and implored him to let me stay and forever play with the young angels, with whom I went daily to school and received instruction from Gabriel. My guardian angel took me in his arms, laid my head on his bosom, and lulled me to sleep with a magic song, of which I remember but these few detached words: "Servant of God, suffering love, doing good to God's children, uprooting evil." When I woke up, I found myself in a small room, lighted up by two tallow candles. I was gazed upon with intent, solemn eyes by two bearded men, one very old, the other young, and I heard the faint whispered words of a pale, beautiful young woman, "Oh, God, bless my first-born son," to which her aged mother devoutly said, "Amen, amen!" I was so deeply agitated that I began to cry aloud and bitterly. I cried: "Heaven, oh lost Heaven; take me back to Heaven!" My human relatives did not understand me, but my guardian angel whispered: "Be still, prove worthy; try to regain Heaven. Make a Heaven of this earth. I will not forsake thee, and bring thee often Heaven's messages." During the first five years of my life Heaven was not entirely shut out from my vision. Lying on my back on the meadow stretching behind our house, I would for hours look up to the blue heavens above. After awhile several little angels, my former playmates, would open a window and smilingly look upon me and talk to me. Sometimes they opened a gate so that my vision could penetrate far into the interior of Heaven. Then I would see angels and saints move in solemn procession to the heavenly sanctuary, singing soul-bewitching songs, of which the echoes reached my ear. Since that blessed time I saw so much deviltry, misery, and oppression on earth that they, together with my own sins and passions, have sadly dimmed my sight. The world's bitter prejudices, the cruel fanaticisms of race, men's spiritual pride,

their religious conceit and arrogant ignorance strutting about in the livery of Heaven, have shut out Heaven. The sighs, the groans, the cries of the oppressed, have rendered the echoes of the heavenly music inaudible. Yet, I hope that before I shall take my final departure from this planet my eye will once more see the visions of childhood and my ear hear the gracious melodies of Heaven; and if not here, then in the hereafter. I believe in the immortality of the soul and in a return to God. Whatever He has reserved for man in the world to come, I accept with a loving and confiding soul. More I do not know; more I can not know. Yet, I envy those divines who have two telephones in their house, connecting them both with Hell and Heaven. No wonder that they have such accurate and minute knowledge of both places! Listening through the telephone at their left, they hear the agonized cries, the bitter lamentation of the tortured wicked, the gnashing of their teeth, the sound of their hands clapping together in hopeless woe. And straightway they sit down and give in a sermon to be delivered a faithful account of what they have heard, hoping thereby to terrify the sinners. Then they go to the telephone to their right. Hark, they are listening! They hear all—the hymns and hallelujahs of the blessed, their conversations and discussions. They hear more. They hear all that the Lord says. All His plans and purposes are made known to them in detail. With what glee they then write down for the edification of the elect all the joyous news their pious ears have taken in! Blessed men we call them, because they are the depositaries of all the secrets of Hell and Heaven.

MUSIC AND RELIGION.

MUSIC and song are the universal language of religion. All hearts understand it, all souls are thrilled by it. All men, whatever their creed or no creed, rise on the waves of music above their own narrow selves, and commune with the general Soul. By means of song and music alone does the human mind succeed in expressing the inexpressible. In this language alone can the spirit of man speak mouth to mouth with the universal Spirit. In musical strains the heart of mortals is able to voice its quenchless longing after the Eternal. Only in the accents of song can Faith chant the soul's undying, mystic love of the Lord of all.

The understanding in vain stretches lame hands of inquiry to grasp the Infinite. It gropes along the narrow paths of knowledge to find the eternal verities in which the heavens and the earth are established. Yet it gathers but dust and chaff. The understanding can not embrace God, the all-enfolding Unity, the living Harmony of all existence. For the intelligence is compelled by its own constitution to divide the indivisible One. In order to comprehend aught, it must break up the inseparable Unity into parts. Thought is forever chained to palpable or imaginable forms. The most abstract ideas must still wear the shapes and features of things visible, at least of sensuous experience. In order to become knowable they must assume a name which circumscribes and isolates them. The understanding lives and has its being wholly in finite parts. Its home and office are within the confines of the senses. It can not transcend experience, and all experience is bound to parts. It has no wings on which to reach the Infinite and Absolute.

Faith is not the offspring of the understanding. The belief in one only God, the infinite ground of all existence, the belief in an absolute principle of unity embracing both nature and the soul, the belief in a universal Reason and Love transcending human comprehension, has not come to us as a message of the analyzing and comparing understanding. The belief in a Power Divine which makes for the better and the best in nature and for righteousness in the growing life of man, is not the fruit of the mind's gathered experience systematized as science. Such faith is the immediate revelation of the absolute Self and Reason in the reason of man. Enclosed and safe within our central heart abides the belief in the Divine Unity. Faith in the existence of the Universal and Infinite, faith in an all-good Power, is the indestructible ground underlying all our beliefs and thoughts. God is the highest and ultimate truth which we can not prove, because there is nothing beyond it to prove it by, because all truths spring from it and are a dream without it. But when the understanding is called to give a clear expression to the soul's inexpressible faith, to define the indefinable, it staggers and blunders and fails. It must give a name to the nameless Mystery. Any name individualizes and isolates what is the Be-all, the beginning, the middle, and the end of all existence. The attributes of God are minutely analyzed. His relations to the world and the soul, to free-will and necessity, to good and evil, are carefully elaborated and worked up into systems of theology. The soul's immediate perception of the Divine and Universal is made to wear the chains of analyzing logic. Faith is imprisoned in words. The word is worshiped instead of the living presence of God in the worshipping soul. Names are adored in place of the ineffable Reality, which is beyond the ken of language. Every creed, therefore, articulates and proclaims but part of the universal truth. Hence the jar and discord of the churches, each claiming to be alone in full possession of the knowledge of God. Hence the mad Babel-din

of warring sects and dogmas. Hence the demon-fury of fanaticism and religious hate. Mankind has been these many thousands of years building the tower of faith which shall reach to Heaven. But there is confusion of tongues among the builders, so that one can not understand the religious language of another.

But when the soul utters forth her longing and hope and adoration in music and song, the din and confusion of creeds cease at once. All souls are of one faith, while they hear the universal language of faith. For this language is free from the limitations of thought, from the tyranny of the logical categories, from all the letters of common speech. Music does not deal with particulars. It hovers, an uncaught bird, in the pure, divine air of the universal, the spiritual. Music is the spirit of harmony which moves as the principle of unity above the parts, giving them meaning and beauty. God is the living Harmony of the universe, the creative Unity of nature and humanity. By the magic of music's harmony the soul is able to reveal its faith and ecstatic joy in the all-pervading Harmony Divine we adore and love as God. In the music of a Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn this Divine Mystery sounds its clearest notes of love and redemption, and wells up in the thousand responses of the yearning heart. From of old all true prayer has been a song, accompanied by the sounds of musical instruments. It is in the immortal songs called the Psalms that Faith sounded all the heights and depths of the soul's relation to the World-Soul. It is in the swelling song of the congregation, rising and falling with the hymnal notes, that all hearts feel their nearness to God, and experience the beatitude of spirits blending in adoration with the Universal Spirit.

JACOB'S DREAM.

A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE.*

FROM the uttermost ends of our land my love comes to you in this hour with greetings on its wings. From the shore of the far-sounding Pacific I send you my blessings for the New Year. Three thousand miles separate me from the objects of my love, from my friends, from the consecrated spot where I have for twenty years tried to teach you the truth of God and the ways of the higher life. While my body is far away from you, my mind is at this moment in closest touch with your mind, my meditations blend with your devout thoughts, my prayers for your welfare in the coming year mingle with your own prayers and together ascend to the throne of the Eternal. Impelled by quenchless longing, my soul wings its flight to the place where I have builded my spiritual and moral home by the altar of your sanctuary. The best results of my life, few though they be and marred by many faults and mistakes, are stored up as vital elements in the character, the works, and the ideals of Congregation Adath Israel. If you wish to judge me, judge me by yourselves, by the best men and women now assembled in the house of God. If you desire to determine my worth, gauge it by the moral and intellectual worth of the generation which we have trained up together in joy and in sorrow, to which we have devoted our best years and the noblest forces of our being. Let

*Sent by the author to his Congregation from San Francisco, where he was detained by the state of his health. It was read by the Junior Rabbi.

our tree of life be judged by its fruits. The tree itself may in a few years be withered and consumed, and its very roots decay in the ground, but its numerous offshoots will be green and flourishing and bearing fruits in ages to come, and its seeds will spring up like cedars of Lebanon in the garden of God. Thus, my true self is with you and within you. While physically absent, my present spirit is blessing you and your children, and imploring God to vouchsafe unto you a year of fruitful work, a year of rejoicing in the fruits of your hands, a year of peace and contentment. My truest self is addressing you now by the mouth of my friend and fellow-teacher.

“Jacob went forth from Beer-sheba, and went toward Haran. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took one of the stones of the place, and put it under his head, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God were ascending and descending on it. And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord, the God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed. . . . And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How fearful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven. And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put under his head, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. And he called the name of that place Beth-el. . . . And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace: then shall the Lord be my God, and this stone,

which I have set up for a pillar, shall be God's house; and of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto Thee." (*Genesis*, xxviii, 10-22.)

In this hour we are in the proper frame of mind, I believe, to understand the meaning of Jacob's dream, and to take home to ourselves the solemn lessons which the beautiful poem was intended to convey. Our own personal experience, bitter and sweet, which we have gathered on our pilgrim's progress may help us to interpret aright the dream of our ancestor, and find it to be the dream of our own soul groping in darkness for an answer to the riddle of our existence. We too have arrived at a way-station in our lives. It is called a New Year. The sun of the old year has set. We pause and rest for a while to reflect on what has been, on what we have achieved and gained in the course of years. We survey the landscape of the past and contemplate the field of the present. We ask ourselves: What good has life brought us? Has it fulfilled the rich promises which it made to us in our childhood and youth? Has it profited us to plan and scheme, to toil and bear burdens and often to stagger under the load of our difficulties and responsibilities? Have the seeds which we have sown in the furrows of time ripened into a harvest of happiness? To these questions we answer in the spirit of the ancient seer who composed Jacob's dream. To those who, like Jacob at the beginning of his career, in blind selfishness seek the end and aim of their life in their own selves, to those whose sole ambition and aspiration it is to obtain happiness and glory for themselves, life proves to be a lonely and barren desert, as it did to our fugitive forefather during the period of his relentless egotism. We can not win the blessings of life by self-seeking. This is an eternal law, seated at the core of our being, working at all times and in all directions, ever present and active in the heart of nature and humanity. He who thinks, strives, and toils with an eye single to his own

good is foredoomed to failure. We may put forth the most tremendous efforts, if it be for our own self-aggrandizement, for our own glory and pleasure, we shall find ourselves thwarted and deceived by powers we can not overcome. Every pursuit whose sole end is the benefit of self leads to sad disappointment. However shrewdly we may contrive it, however cunningly we may carry on the activities of our life, egotism invariably terminates in moral bankruptcy. All hopes are blighted, all plans miscarry, all joys taste bitter, all successes are felt to be vain, if we ourselves are the be-all and the end-all of our strivings and achievements. To such selfish wanderers the field of existence offers but hard stones to rest their heads on in their weary pilgrimage through the years. Wealth gotten and used merely for selfish purposes turns to stone; knowledge, culture which pursues no other end but the pleasure and intellectual power of the owner thereof, instead of a blessing becomes a curse. If a man is only for himself, all goods from the highest to the lowest turn to ashes. He that seeks himself and makes himself the center of all his willing and doing will, like Jacob of old, be a poor fugitive on earth, forever running after the blessings of life, while the blessings are forever fleeing from him.

By what spiritual means shall we escape such bitter disappointment? How shall we avoid being driven into the arms of pessimism or despair of life? How shall we prevent ourselves from feeling and thinking like the Preacher and crying out with him on an occasion like this, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity"? Without the divine dream of religion, without the dream of an ideal world beyond ourselves, for which we have to live and work and suffer and sacrifice, our own individual existence is indeed a barren delusion. As soon as we rise above the wretched realities to which alone egotism clings, and begin to dream the dream of the world's seers and pathfinders and martyrs, the ground on which we rest is wondrously transformed and changed into a heavenly landscape. Let us

but grasp the central truth of all religion and philosophy, that our life and all our activities do not reach their end in ourselves but in our fellow-men, in the social whole and in our descendants, in an ideal future which shall realize the plans of God. As soon as I am thoroughly imbued with the conviction that I do not exist for myself, and that my life-work is but a means to a higher end, and that end reaching out into an eternal world, I am cured of the disease of discontent and go forward on my pilgrimage without fear and complaining, doing my task with cheerful trust and confidence in the wisdom of Providence. Ours is the will to propose to ourselves various ends in accordance with the dictates of duty and love. But the results of our efforts can not possibly be foreseen by us, they go far beyond us and are greater and more numerous than our boldest imagination can divine. Our will, illumined by wisdom, creates the deed, but as soon as the deed is created it goes forth and becomes an independent power, producing influences transcending all possible calculation. 'Tis our glory that we may make ourselves the center of vast beneficent effects, but these effects form ever-widening circles which spread far beyond our vision. No man, however great and far-seeing, has ever done anything of which the results did not go infinitely beyond what he intended to accomplish. As a rule, the results aimed at even by the greatest of men appear ridiculously insignificant compared with the far-off results not intended by him. Columbus went forth in search of the eastern coast of India. His immediate purpose was to gather vast treasures, by means of which he was to equip a crusade and wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the hand of the infidel. A result undreamed of by him was the discovery of America, and the effect of that discovery surpasses the power of the greatest mind to conceive. The discoverers of great scientific truths, the great inventors of steam and telegraphy, have produced tremendous revolutions in the thought and life of humanity which no

human eye could foresee and no fancy grasp. We are but instruments in the hands of God, willing instruments if we are wise, unwilling instruments if we are blind and selfish.

With this vital thought which came to Jacob on his journey, with this comforting truth in our heart to guide and cheer us through the coming year, we can not but dream tonight the beautiful dream of the ancient seer, the dream of religious idealism, the dream of our inalienable share in the universal and eternal life. The ground whereon we rest is not an isolated, godless spot, full of darkness and moral confusion, full of profitless toil and fruitless sorrows, but stands in perpetual inter-communication and inter-relation with the world above us. We and the place we inhabit are not set apart, as things inferior and despicable, from the celestial order. This earth, our dwelling-place, is as much a part of heaven as any planet or sun. Behold, a ladder is standing on the ground, the top of which reaches to heaven. The divine creative power forms a ladder of unity between the whole universe and this earth, even the particular place whereon we abide. The angels of God, divine forces and laws, which are revelations of His will and wisdom, are perennially ascending and descending thereon, forming a wondrous chain of living relations in heaven and earth. What an elevating thought! We are not banished away from God and the eyes of His Providence in some gloomy corner of the universe. We are seated at the very heart of existence. The light, the creative love, and the manifestations of the Eternal are constantly descending down unto us from every star and world-system, while answering influences ascend without ceasing from the earth to all the realms of heaven. Each of us is a part of this universal order. No man is so insignificant, so humble and poor that he has no part in the universal life. Blessed dream, that shows us our dignity, our greatness and importance in relation to the heavens above and the earth beneath! The place whereon

we stand is holy ground. With our feeble powers we are doing the work of the Eternal, with every noble act and thought and sacrifice we are sending forth influences, which rise on the ladder of humanity to affect for good generations yet unborn. Our existence is rooted in the earth, but the true end and aim of our life reach to heaven, and the purpose of our work and sufferings is accomplished in the vast and ever-growing life of humanity.

What a joyful dream is vouchsafed unto us on solemn occasions like this! Despair of life can not invade our soul. We feel that we have not lived in vain. We are associated with the heaven of humanity, with the best hopes and aspirations of the race through our children and disciples. A ladder is standing on the ground and the top thereof reaches to heaven. And on that ladder we see the angels of God, immortal souls, descend to us in the guise of loving sons and daughters. Every child is a messenger from heaven, a revelation of the grace and love of our Eternal Father. Through our children by blood or spiritual adoption we make ourselves immortal on earth. Through them we project ourselves into futurity. Through them we reach out a hand to grasp the hand of far-off generations. Through them we become a beneficent power which shall not pass away.

At the same time we behold tonight other angels of God ascending on the ladder of existence from earth to heaven. We see beloved beings, venerable fathers and mothers, darling children, brothers and sisters, companions of our life leaving this earth and mounting heavenward to dwell transfigured and blessed in the world of immortality. Through our departed friends our heart is in close touch with heaven. Through our deathless love which we bear to them we are in constant communication with the spiritual world. Our holy memories are our richest ideal possessions. They make us realize that we are but a link in the endless living chain of generations; that

it is our duty to continue the life and work of our fathers and forefathers, and transmit it enriched with new ideals and moral powers to our children and children's children. They remind us that, though our pilgrimage on earth be short, it is yet a journey towards the city of God, towards the promised land of universal love and justice, toward which nations and individuals are moving in procession, led by the light of divine wisdom.

Let us be grateful to the world's seers for having taught us to dream the blissful dream of religion! For in the vision of that dream we find ourselves in the constant presence of God. We are not alone and abandoned, we are not allowed to wrestle painfully and fail miserably. Our life can not be a failure, seeing that it is dedicated to the life of God unfolding itself in the development of humanity. Our work must be crowned with success, because we know that it will blend with the works of innumerable noble men, and will somehow combine with the operations of Divine Providence throughout the ages. God is standing by us as He stood above Jacob in his dream. His promises come to us as in the whispering voice of a loving father. They are sure to be fulfilled, not in us but in our descendants, in our spiritual successors in far-off days. What God promised to Jacob was partly fulfilled many hundreds of years later in his children, is still being fulfilled in a thousand ways and places, and will reach its perfect fulfillment only when all the races of men will be blessed in Israel and the whole earth will be the holy land of God, flowing with the milk of human kindness and bringing forth fruits of righteousness and peace. In this sense we are truly dreaming the dream of our ancestor, for we are all waiting and working for the kingdom of humanity promised of old to the prophets of Israel.

When we awaken from the dream of religion, to attend to the practical duties of life, we exclaim, with Jacob,

"How fearful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Religion makes us feel that the spot we inhabit is consecrated ground. God is present in our feelings and thoughts and works. Our home is a temple of God as much as any sanctuary. The house in which you bring up your children in the spirit of lovingkindness and purity and truthfulness is as holy as the Holy of Holies in the Temple at Jerusalem. The table at which the members of your family sit ranged in sweet converse, eating of the fruits of your honest labor, is an altar of God. Where husband and wife and children are twined together in love, faithfulness, and soulful helpfulness, there stands the ladder of moral ascent, and there is the gate of heaven, through which the prayers of parents for the welfare of their children and the prayers of the children for their parents rise to God.

In our truest house of God, which is our home, we vow, like Jacob, at the beginning of the year to be satisfied with whatever God will grant us. Be it little or much, let us be satisfied with the gifts of God, as long as they enable us to serve Him and to raise servants unto His name and work. Let us strive after the grace of a contented disposition. Perfect happiness is not attainable, is not intended for us. We exist here for ulterior universal ends, which are infinitely more important and far-reaching than individual happiness. But modest contentment is within our reach, if we use the gifts of Heaven wisely and meekly. We have much to thank for and rejoice in. We should rejoice in our moral possibilities, in the power of growing wiser in thought, stronger in willing, kinder and juster, with the revolving years. We should find contentment in the fact that we are able to give a true home to our beloved ones, by which we may become a blessing to many families of the earth. We should feel grateful that we have the heart and the ability to dedicate part of our

possessions to God. What we give to the poor and needy, trying to lift them up and enable them to earn a livelihood, is given to God. Whatever wealth and time and energy we spend on behalf of those smitten with disease, whatever efforts and means we expend in bringing healing and light to those sorely afflicted, is tithes given to God of what He has bestowed on us. Let us find satisfaction in the faith and power we possess to change all the stones of hardship, of sorrow and suffering into one sacred altar, on which we offer daily sacrifices of righteousness and officiate as the high-priests of the ideal humanity which is to be. Let us gratefully rejoice in the gift of dreaming the divine dreams of religion, the dreams of all-transfiguring idealism. Let us resolve to translate these dreams into daily practice and transform them into the living rock of a noble character. With these thoughts and dreams and resolutions let us start on our journey through the coming year.

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